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A Summer in England

WITH

HENRY WARD BEECHER:

GIVING THE ADDRESSES, LECTURES, AND SERMONS DELIVERED
BY HIM IN GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE SUMMER
OF 1886.

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOUR, EXPRESSIONS OF
PUBLIC OPINION, ETC. EDITED BY

JAMES B. POND.

With Photographic Portrait of Mr. Beecher.

NEW YORK:
FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT.

1887.

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By J. B. POND.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER,

Ozias W. Pond,

*MY COMPANION ON MANY A LONG JOURNEY WITH MR. BEECHER.
AND MY ASSOCIATE IN BUSINESS,*

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

J. B. P.



PREFACE.

It was my expectation to issue this volume very soon after our return from England.

I had intended it to be not so much a publication as a souvenir for Mr. and Mrs. Beecher's friends and my own. But there were unexpected delays; my health was not good, and business preoccupations and disappointments laid heavy taxes upon my time. Besides these, Mr. Beecher entrusted some business of his own into my hands which demanded my close attention. I greatly desired to see him complete his "Life of Jesus, the Christ," and he was much disposed to do this, the more so as publishers had made overtures for his autobiography; one house even asking permission to send him a check for twenty thousand dollars if he would only promise to begin the work this summer. He confessed to me that no task would give him so much delight as the writing of his own remembrances; but he felt that he had neither the right nor the conscience to attempt any other literary work while the Life of Christ remained unfinished; he felt that there were moral obligations to the subscribers of the first volume and to his own work in the world which only the completion of that book could fulfil. He asked me to find, if I could, a publisher to undertake both works. I did so, and perfected both

contracts with Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co. By their terms Mr. Beecher was to complete the *Life of Christ* by the 1st of July, and the autobiography eighteen months later. With the contracts I delivered to Mr. Beecher the publishers' check for five thousand dollars as an advance on the two works.

Other business of Mr. Beecher's took me to Washington City in March; I was there on Saturday, the 5th, when I was shocked by the receipt of a telegram from Colonel H. B. Beecher in these words:

“Father very ill. Apoplexy. Suffering no pain.”

I hurried to Brooklyn, reaching there the next morning, Sunday. I found my beloved and revered friend paralyzed and unconscious. Around his bed were two of his sons, Col. Henry B. and Mr. Wm. C. Beecher, and his daughter, Mrs. Scoville; while in her own room adjoining the sick-chamber sat Mrs. Beecher. It is not for me to attempt a description of the scene or the passage of time around that bedside, the sad waiting, and the solemn end.

Mr. Beecher was my nearest and dearest friend for thirteen years. Excepting only Arizona and New Mexico, there was not a State or Territory in the Union in which we had not travelled together. In sunshine and in storm; by night, by day, by every conceivable mode of travel; on steamboats and rowboats; by stage, and on the backs of mules, I had journeyed at his side. I was near him in the days of 1876-'8, the time of his deepest sorrow, when he was reviled and spit upon; I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations, and at the entrances of hotels and public halls,—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess. I have looked

upon him when I felt I would give my poor life a thousand times could that sacrifice alleviate the mental sufferings that I knew he was undergoing. There were times when it seemed as though he must give way, times when I was the only friend within his reach, and he sought refuge near and with me. It was thus that he came to love and trust me, and that my love and veneration for him became so strong that to lose him now leaves me like a ship without a helm or a commander.

Especially during those three darkest years was he the subject of my sad admiration. Often have I seen him on our entering a strange town hooted at by the swarming crowd, and greeted with indecent salutations. On such occasions he would pass on, seemingly unmoved, to his hotel, and remain there until the hour for his public appearance; then, confronted by great throngs, he would lift up his voice, always for humanity and godliness. He always saw and seized his opportunity to speak to the whole great *People*; and when he had spoken, the assemblages would linger to draw near to and greet the man whom they had so lately despised. How changed I have often seen the public attitude toward him when he left a town into which he had come but the day before! Thus he went from city to city, making friends and advocates of all who heard or met him; and thus for the thirteen years was it my delight to accompany him in his work of re-establishing himself in that love and confidence of the people from which unprincipled enemies and an often merciless press had attempted to thrust him out forever. When it came my turn to be in deep trouble, he was my only comforter.

I thank God that it was my privilege to attend his fortunes to the end, and to see and hear on both sides of

the Continent, and on both sides of the ocean, demonstrations of love and confidence that came at length in so unsullied and vast a stream, from the Church, his friends, his country, and his race, toward him who had brought so many thousands of them so much nearer than they had been to the common Master of us all.

JAMES B. POND.

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A SUMMER IN ENGLAND

WITH

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE, AND WELCOME TO ENGLAND.

THE following record was almost ready for the book-binder, with the exception only of these prefatory pages, when the great man of whom it tells, apparently in the fullest enjoyment of health, was suddenly stricken by death. It was not my original intention, but is my severe disappointment, that this should have to be offered as a tribute to the memory of the departed, which was intended for his friends in the enjoyment of his presence and his pastoral charge.

In the summer of 1876 I made a tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland with the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. At that time I took pains to inquire as to Mr. Beecher's probable reception should he decide to visit England. I found on all sides a sort of hesitancy: his strongest friends advised against his coming; there seemed to be an almost universal prejudice against him. Dining one evening with a gentleman in presence of a large company, including several members of his own house-

hold, I happened to quote Mr. Beecher. The gentleman replied, "I do not allow that name mentioned in my family." It is now my pleasure to tell of a visit to England by Mr. Beecher and his wife, at the close of which that very gentleman (who entertained them at his house in London) and members of his family offered welcoming congratulations, parting words, good wishes, and blessings to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher, whose portraits now hang in places of honor in the house where once his name was not allowed to be mentioned.

In 1876, I say, I could nowhere get encouragement to bring him to England. The secular press was against him; there was no kind word for him from the religious press, excepting only the *Christian World*. Only here and there an old acquaintance, or a reading minister, expressed any sentiment towards him that, it seems to me, deserved to be called Christian. But these things only fixed my resolve to show the English public how mistaken they were. It became my constant purpose to get him upon British soil and have his voice heard among Englishmen. I never afterwards lost any fair opportunity to present to him the necessity of accomplishing this end; but when I talked with the most influential members of his church, even his deacons and assistant pastor gave me no encouragement. The best word said was, "If he goes, he must not lecture; he must only preach." There was no belief that the English public would give him a cordial hearing.

As to Mr. Beecher, he always said, "You need not talk England to me; I will not do it. I shall not go; or if I do, I will not speak in public." Still my determination only grew. I urged every friend of his whom I knew to suggest the desirability of his being heard again

in England, and at length I began to see that such words were having their effect.

“Deacon H. thinks I ought to go to England and preach; but if I do, I shall never lecture there.” This was his casual remark, I replying, “Did you ever lecture without benefiting the public? How many times have you met great audiences of sceptical opponents and curiosity-mongers in America to see them, after hearing you, leave the hall your sincere and devoted friends? I want you to be heard all over England for the good it will do. I want the world to know why you are so beloved by all who know and hear you; and nothing will teach that like your presence.”

This kind of persuasion went on from year to year, and it was only in the winter of 1885-6, during a short tour among our Western cities, that he began to speak favorably of going abroad; and by and by I made him a large business offer to lecture in England five days each week, leaving him Saturdays for rest and Sundays for preaching. I believed and said it would be the crowning year of his life. He did not say No, and my hopes grew strong. It had taken me three years of frequent persuasion to get his consent to make his first tour to California, and his second through the Western States. I had to use the same methods to bring about his “Circuit of the Continent” in 1883.

I had already written letters to England to his friends and mine; and I now got answers that assured me that the people were now ready and anxious to hear him. The steady power of his life, his great influence always used for good, the constant publication over there of his sermons, had gradually gained and secured him a large and widening circle of friends. These letters gave him

great satisfaction, and the project gained favor among his nearest friends. These now became my helpers both in Plymouth Church and in the community where he lived. It began to be rumored in Brooklyn and New York that the journey would be made, and the public response was, as one put it, "He will do us honor over there."

One morning in May, 1886, when I visited him at his lovely home in Peekskill and went so far as to show him advertisements of steamships, he made inquiries, and bade me ask the advice of a certain near friend and church officer upon the choice of a steamer. Finally the steamer was selected, and at last I was made happy by Mr. Beecher saying, "Well, Pond, go ahead ; we will take the *Etruria*."

The following Sunday he announced his purpose in his church, and on the succeeding Sabbath hundreds tried in vain to gain admission to the crowded church : the pew-holders and their friends came early in the morning and filled the place. It was almost impossible to persuade the great crowd outside to disperse. The church was decorated with flowers in unusual abundance. Every feature of the service, the music, the sermon, and the evident feeling of the audience, rose to the impressive character of a farewell worship. At its close Mr. Beecher was surrounded by scores of friends, all eager to express their love and affection, and to offer any service they might.

We were to sail on Saturday morning, June 19th. At the prayer-meeting on Friday evening hundreds failed to get into the lecture-room. Mr. Beecher was asked to go into the large auditorium. "No," he said, "this is our prayer-meeting room, where we have met on Friday

evenings for forty years, and I do not feel like making this evening an exception."

A great overflow of church-members and friends filled the auditorium adjoining the lecture-room, waiting to say Good-by after the prayer-meeting. Here until eleven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were detained, saying Good-by, and receiving God-speed; children clinging to Mr. Beecher, and he kissing them and saying some precious word to each. Then Mr. and Mrs. Beecher went home, to gain a short sleep and to be on board the *Etruria* at six o'clock the next morning; while the Trustees remained in the church for a few moments later, to order officially an advance to Mr. Beecher of six months' pay, and to grant a leave of absence until such time as he might choose to return.

Promptly at six o'clock the *Etruria* left her wharf. Her decks were crowded with passengers not yet aware of Mr. Beecher's presence; but as he stood almost alone on the fore-castle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted the attention of the people on the ferry-boats, and simultaneously the whistles of the tug-boats and other neighboring steam-craft were sounded in salute.

Three thousand Plymouth Church people had risen before the sun to pay a farewell tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher; and as the *Etruria* steamed down New York harbor, the excursion-steamer *Grand Republic*, with this great throng on board, followed close behind. Just before the *Etruria* reached Liberty Island her engines were stopped, and the *Grand Republic* came alongside, her three thousand passengers crowding to the nearer guards and sending up cheer after cheer. Mr. Beecher stood where he could overlook the heads of those around

him, and, resting one hand upon his wife's shoulder, lifted his hat and stood uncovered and bowing, while Mrs. Beecher waved her handkerchief in return to the innumerable salutations of her friends. Dodworth's band played "Hail to the Chief," and the whistles of the steamers saluted; then, as the *Grand Republic* sheered off and these sounds were hushed, the receding voices of Plymouth Church choir were heard across the water singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Mr. Beecher stood uncovered until the last sound died away.

We passed Sandy Hook at 10.30 o'clock, and were soon out at sea, bound for England. Now we had our first opportunity to look about us on the ship. We found baskets, bouquets, and banks of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher's cabins were beautifully decorated. Many friends had sent letters of farewell; and one had provided a basket of twenty homing pigeons, with instructions how to send messages, what birds to fly first, and what others at two and three o'clock. Mr. Beecher wrote messages to his sons, and to friends in various parts of the country, fastened them to the birds according to directions, took the birds in his hands, playfully gave them parting instructions, and then let them fly. They reached their destination safely, as in due time we learned.

The day was beautiful. There were five hundred and sixty-three names on the passenger-list, and every one seemed well and happy. The following day, however, was rough; the ship tossed heavily. Mr. Beecher was sea-sick, and continued so for four days. But the 24th of June was his seventy-third birthday; the sea was smooth, the sun bright, and the weather perfect, and

he appeared on deck. I had been intrusted with birthday cards and letters from friends, and these were now presented. His mind was diverted from the sea to pleasing thoughts of home and friends, and for the rest of the voyage he enjoyed every hour.

On Saturday morning, 26th, at daybreak, we awoke off the Irish coast. There was a heavy fog. The fog-whistle was making a horrid din. We could hear voices in the distance, noises of life and commerce. Soon the fog lifted and we saw land. At six o'clock we reached Queenstown. Here many of our passengers disembarked; and here, with the Dublin morning papers, we got letters and telegrams, and numberless invitations for Mr. Beecher to dine, and to speak on the Home Rule question. We saw that Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak at Liverpool, and decided to remain and hear him. We received letters from Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Parker, Dr. Henry Allon, and a host of others of Mr. Beecher's clerical friends, inviting him to preach, and scores of applications, from all parts of the Kingdom, for lectures. As we drew near Liverpool, the deck of our steamer presented the usual closing scenes, of throngs in changed apparel, merriment and happiness.

We landed at 7.30 in the evening, and were met by delegations from Bradford, Leeds, York, Carnarvon, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin, and other cities. Reporters from the London papers were also in waiting. So—I was on English soil, with Henry Ward Beecher! My fondest dream was realized.

We spent Sunday, the 27th, in Liverpool. Mr. Beecher had several invitations to preach, but was obliged to decline all, since he had not regained the vigor lost in his sea-sickness. He found his way to some

church alone, and sat in a large congregation unrecognized for the first time since he was ordained a minister. In the afternoon many clergymen and many men active in politics called to pay their respects.

The next day we heard Mr. Gladstone. He spoke at Hengler's Circus to an immense audience. We had the fortune to obtain a ticket for Mr. Beecher to the platform, and one each for Mrs. Beecher and myself, in the auditorium.

After squeezing and twisting our way through the crowd for half an hour, we finally got a place for Mrs. Beecher to sit, and I stood in the packed aisle for an hour before proceedings began. Yet all was orderly; only once was there any excitement. Mr. Beecher found it necessary to cross the platform in sight of the audience while they were waiting. He was recognized. The vast crowd cheered and applauded to the echo, and refused to be quiet until Mr. Beecher acknowledged the attention. He heard Gladstone for the first time, and at his best, as was generally conceded by those accustomed to hearing him. We rode back to our hotel. I asked Mr. Beecher how he liked it.

"It was a very powerful and very luminous speech," he replied. "Here is a man fagged out with the campaign, with his voice nearly scotched; if he can make such a speech under such circumstances, what would it be were he fresh and elastic? Of course, I was thinking all the time how it would affect the British public. To us Americans it is a stupendous argument in favor of Home Rule, which is as simple as the alphabet to our part of the world. Home Rule is the keynote to the whole American system. The British Government is a suppressed democracy. If all men in

England were as free to vote as in our own land, this question would be very easily settled."

We remained for the night at the Northwestern Hotel in Liverpool, where Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were made very comfortable in the Royal suite, amid flowers and special decorations.

On Tuesday morning, June 29th, our party all left Liverpool at 9.40 in a special saloon car for London, where we arrived at 2.15. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parker met Mr. and Mrs. Beecher at the station, and took them to their residence at Daleham Gardens, a beautiful modern English home in the northwestern part of London, the fragrance of whose flowers and the brilliant hue of whose foliage were extremely attractive. The dinner, which was in waiting on Mrs. Parker's table, and the welcome which accompanied it would forever banish home-sickness. Only in English homes can the fulness of welcome to strangers be realized.

Remaining in London from June 29th to July 4th, Mr. Beecher was enabled to take a thorough rest: yet he was active; he called on me almost daily with letters that had come applying for lectures.

"I was never made for rest," he has frequently said to me.

Arrangements were made for him to preach for his friend, Dr. Parker, on Sunday, July 4th. This was to be his first public appearance in London. It was not, however. On July 1st Dr. Parker preached his usual Thursday-morning sermon in his church, the City Temple. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in attendance. The Temple was crowded; I think it was understood that he was to have a day undisturbed, but Dr. Parker was too full of English welcome, and, Mr. Beecher sit-

ting in the audience, he could not resist mentioning the fact, but called him to the pulpit and said to his congregation:

“We have with us this morning the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. If I were introducing any clergyman from a great distance, I should have to explain a good deal about him in order to bring you into sympathy with the occasion. In this instance, however, the name is its own introduction. [Loud applause.]

“That is a very good cheer to begin with, but it would never do for a finish. I should not care to belong to any church where the congregation could not laugh and cry according to conviction and impulse. Let there be no restraint this morning. If you love Mr. Beecher and welcome him, say so! [Loud and long-continued applause, the congregation standing.]

“Mr. Beecher has kindly undertaken to do three things in this church at present. [Laughter.] What he may do in the future, I dare not say; but I am living in the sweet contentment of present blessings. Mr. Beecher has engaged to close the service this morning with prayer. Secondly, he has engaged to preach in this church next Thursday morning at twelve o'clock, and, not to keep us waiting too long, he has promised to preach in this church on Sunday morning next. [Loud applause.] This is just like him. If he ever did an ungenerous thing, I never heard of it. Some people have thought that sometimes he was just on the verge of doing an unusual thing, an imprudent thing, but never has any man accused him, in my hearing or to my knowledge, of ungenerousness. He gives and works with both hands earnestly and diligently. This comes to my mind as what one might term an extemporaneous suggestion, namely, that Mr. Beecher, accustomed to republican institutions, should for the nonce submit himself to our monarchical usages, and if I might avail myself of the tyranny which is supposed to attach to imperial government, I should venture, in tones that cannot be too

restrained and dulcet, to suggest that he should not only conclude the service with prayer, but should say something to us. [Loud applause.] That is, if anything should occur to his dull and infertile imagination. Who can tell what may occur to him? In the inscrutable ways of Providence, some ideas may dawn upon him. [Laughter.] We shall presently see. My brethren, in your name, as well as in my own, shall I extend to Mr. Beecher an English Christian welcome? [Loud applause.]

“There is in London what is called, very appropriately, ‘an American Exchange.’ [Laughter.] I can never forget the kindness I received in the United States. I can never forget the day when I had the honor and pleasure of preaching in Plymouth Church. Then I never dreamed that Mr. Beecher would be with me as he is to-day. But he is here. And Mrs. Beecher is here. [Loud applause.] And never was my poor little pill-box of a home-house turned so upside down as it has been since their arrival. What with telegrams and reporters and letters and suppliants, and people offering to give Mr. Beecher receptions, my quietude has been utterly spoiled. We are Americanizing our institutions; in a day or two we may get accustomed to it. It is like taking a voyage over the sea. The first day or two is apt to be a little uncertain—not to put too fine a point on it. [Laughter.] But this is an honor which we value. We welcome a servant of God; we welcome one of the principal prophets of the Church. We have read his sermons and his prayers for many a long year. He grows younger with the years. My brethren, I am sorry to break in upon a man’s singularity, so that the palm may, even for a moment, seem to be divided between two. I am, however, constrained to violate the sanctity of a definite personality, and to say that last week there was in England a Grand Old Man—[Loud applause];—to-day there are two of them.” [Loud and long-continued applause.]

Mr. Beecher was received with great cheering. He said:

“An old Methodist minister of my acquaintance, in preaching a revival sermon, commented upon the difficulty of winning the amiable and the kind, and he illustrated it by saying: ‘We can easily cut the grain that leans away from us, but the sickle slips over the grain that leans towards us.’ I could have faced an oppugnant audience, and spread my sails to the wind of opposition easily; but so much kindness disarms me. When I heard my honored brother preaching, I said to myself, ‘He is a lion.’ But when I saw him practising these seductive arts, I said, ‘He is a fox.’ [Much laughter.]

“I represent this morning, I think, somewhat, that most useful instrument of bands, the drum; I am very empty, and therefore just qualified to make a good deal of noise. I have but very little that I can say to you. Kind reference has been made to clouds that overhung the years of the past; they have gone down below the horizon and are forgotten. Contrary to my expectations, I have come again to the land of my fathers. From the county of Kent sprang my line, with a dash of blood from Wales. I must confess I am one of those in whom sentiment has predominant power; and while I go into cathedrals, both here and on the Continent, with profound sensibility, I also profess, when I step on the shores of my fathers’ land, to have coming to me all the sensations that a son should have for his father and for his ancestors. I will not undertake to be the laudator of England, but this I can say: Through light and through dark, through good and through evil, she has proved herself to be the right hand of Almighty God for light, for liberty, and for victory. [Applause.] And if we have unfolded on our continent institutions which might well be copied, with modifications, at the old home, it is because we have so much room to build larger: the architect was England; we have but enlarged the patterns given us, and built as she would have built if she had had an island big enough, and if she had not been encumbered with various and commixed institutions that must be removed before the foundations of the new and more glorious future shall be laid.

“ And in coming to England, I recognize with profound gratitude how much I, as well as every other truth-speaking man that loves God and his fellow-men, owe to the religious literature of England. The very men whom I could never follow have followed me all the days of my life, and that which I could not take from them as food I have received from them sometimes as chastisement. [Laughter.] It is a good thing for one to be chastised in this world in various ways, as my brother here can testify ; for as marble is but a rude and rough block until the chisel has cut away all the encumbrances that hide the true portraiture within it, so a man that is unchiselled is a rude stone yet, and the man that has been very much chiselled is apt to be an Apollo or an Apollyon, as the case might be. [Laughter.] England ! I love her churches, but above all I love those in whose face shines the glory of God as it is in Christ Jesus. You are not strangers to me ; you are my blood-kindred, and it is the blood of Christ. You are my brothers, my fathers, my mothers, my sisters, my children. With all my heart, I say, I thank you for the expression of your confidence, and yet more for your love. I shall be glad according to the measure of my strength to serve my brother and you, but more than all to serve Him whom I love above father or mother or brother or sister ; who loved me and redeemed me by his precious blood. And in him let us unite in some words of prayer :

“ Dear Lord, we come to thee again ; not as the needy, for we are not needy, we are fuller than we can carry. Thy mercies overflow our cup ; it drops down with perpetual overfilling. We come to thee because, when the heart is full and we do not know what to think nor what to do, in the bosom of thy love we find rest. Grant that the love which we have for thee may be purified by suffering, by striving, by endurance, by growing knowledge, that all other knowledge may rise up and shine in the lustre and light of thy love. And as God is love, and they who love are of God, O, blessed God, look upon those that love thee and are of thee, and that rejoice through thee and will rejoice, through death, that they

are the children of God because they are the children of love. Give to every heart that which it needs, and keep from every one that which it asks and needs not. Go into every sanctuary of the soul, unseen and sacred from men, and bless them there; go into every household and abide with them there; break the bread to every household, and open thy hand, and say, 'Peace be with you.'

"Bless thy dear servant. Already blessed, may his blossoms be yet fresher, and the fruit more abundant and sweeter. Abide in his household; abide with this congregation; abide with us all. Be pleased to remember thy servant the Queen of this Empire, and endue her with long life and with more and more benign influence, that she may, an exemplar of purity, lead on the way to higher and higher glorious civilization. Remember those that are to be joined with her in authority, that the light of a divine wisdom may shine upon their path; and in all the honest strife and struggle of men for that which they think best, be pleased, O Lord, to divide between thought and thought, and purpose and purpose, and lead out the right thing. May the glory of the Lord stand over this great nation for a thousand years, and again for a thousand years. Lord, hear us, love us, take care of us, for thine own name's sake. Amen."

Many of the vast congregation lingered to give the hand of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. There were many Americans, and not a few members of Plymouth Church. American feeling ran high, and it was indeed to me a realization of my long desires.

I am permitted to give here some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Beecher at this time to friends at home, which will give his impressions of matters thus far. Of course it was written without the faintest idea of publicity; and it shows how sincerely he was gratified by his reception:

“LONDON, July 2, 1886.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: We reached Queenstown Saturday morning, Liverpool Saturday evening before sundown, though it was ten o'clock before we landed, and by eleven we were safely lodged in the Northwestern Hotel, where we spent Sunday, resting. We waited over Monday that we might hear Gladstone speak. All England is aflame over the Irish Question. It is said that the excitement is greater than has ever been known. Gladstone's speech was said to have been the best that he has made during this campaign, and it was admirable, and the popular enthusiasm beyond all bounds. He is the idol of the common people.

“We came to London on Tuesday; charming weather and beautiful country. The Parkers were waiting for us at Euston Station, and received us with overflowing cordiality. . . .

“If I had ten times the [self] appreciation which I have, I must have been satisfied with my public reception. The great dailies announced my arrival with leading editorials—and all kind; letters pour in by the bushel, Pond receiving sixty on a single morning. Dr. Allon had letters for me at Queenstown, and called on me at once in London. I am to lunch with him to-day, Friday, July 2d; go to the Lord Mayor's dinner at seven; invited to Mr. Phelps' (our minister) next Monday. On to-day week a dinner is to be given me, to which eminent men in all ranks of life are to come, and various other attentions are preparing. In the midst of all these goings-on, I hope that I am not ungrateful in saying that one day at Peekskill is fuller of joy than any of them, and that an old-fashioned tea at a friend's old house has in it more pith of joy than the whole of them!

“I forgot to mention that yesterday I heard Dr. Parker give an admirable sermon at the City Temple. After it, while taking up a collection, he announced my presence, and said that I would make the closing prayer. On my ascending the pulpit, he said that he had a word first, and proceeded to some cordial words of introduction, and then, in the name of the church in City Temple, to give a welcome to Old England.

Such an enthusiasm broke out that one might have thought it was a political crowd cheering a victory. They clapped, they rose and cheered, they waved their handkerchiefs, and for a few moments it seemed as if the roof would fall in. I have received many ovations in my life, but none, circumstances considered, that surpassed this. His climax was somewhat in this wise: 'A few weeks ago, in speaking of our affairs, I mentioned that England had one "Grand Old Man" [alluding to Gladstone]; to-day she has two.' Whereat they fairly foamed! I am to preach for him on Sunday morning, and again next week on his Thursday sermon. So you see I am not likely to stagnate for a while.

"As yet, we have seen little of London; we shall begin to-day. Tell — that two editions of 'Evolution and Religion' have been sold, and a third is on hand. The truth is spreading. Leading clergymen here are in their own minds as much believers as I am, nor do I find that any special prejudice will exist against me from this cause.

"I have been urgently invited to speak upon the Irish Question, but have stoutly declined, not because my heart is not with Gladstone, but because it would put a club into the hands of the Tories, and on the whole do more evil than good. When at Liverpool, in an audience of five thousand, before Gladstone arrived, as soon as I came to the platform there arose a storm of applause which swept in gusts again and again all over the house—cheers, clapping, waving of handkerchiefs. I was requested by the manager to go back to the ante-room and receive Mr. Gladstone. I was introduced to him, to Mrs. Gladstone, and to their daughter, and I spoke with him and complimented his speech, saying, 'I had no words to express myself of its excellence.' To which he replied simply, 'Certainly you are a good judge of such efforts.' After Gladstone had finished, an effort was made by the audience to call me out, but I could not be made to understand what they wanted, and soon got away.

"I think I am better known in England than in America: the cab-drivers and the very boys seemed familiar to recog-

nize me, and certainly my sermons are far more circulated and read in England than in America; but then the English are a sermon-reading people.

"I almost blush to be chronicling myself so largely, but then, you know, 'it's all in the family,' and 'I won't do so again.'"

A couple of days after our arrival in London Mr. Beecher was interviewed by a representative of the *Daily News*, and this is what he said about the English elections, as reported by the *News*:

"A comparison of past and present experience in England leads Mr. Beecher to some interesting observations on English as compared with American elections. 'When I was here before, you know,' said the pastor of Brooklyn Church, 'I came out of a storm and tornado on our side. That storm is all gone there now, but I come to find it here in England about your own affairs. But, on the whole, the English elections have been far more quiet externally than I had been led to expect they would be. I have ridden down your streets during the voting time, and, although I saw activity enough, I saw nothing that equalled the intense excitement that exists in our own country at our Presidential elections. Our evenings there are great times during an election. The clubs and the various wards of the city, and even the people of different occupations, organize processions with band of music, and banners, and mottoes, and all manner of emblems. The city at night is one wild hubbub. It is all good-natured, though. Almost never any fighting. There were monster processions preceding the election of Cleveland, such as never were seen in New York City before—processions extending three or four miles; processions which could not pass any given point under two or three hours; and yet, as far as I know, there never was an arrest, or any occasion for one. Yes, I see you have had some disturbances reported in to-day's papers, but I understand

how exceptional these are, and I am agreeably surprised at the tranquillity and apparent orderliness with which you are passing through these exciting times.'

"Mr. Beecher has attended one political meeting in this country. He stayed in Liverpool a day longer than he intended, in order to be present at Mr. Gladstone's meeting there. 'It was full of novelty to me,' he explained, 'and full of the greatest interest. I was there simply as a spectator watching English human nature, and also much absorbed in Mr. Gladstone's eloquence. The meeting, I have heard, was exceptionally enthusiastic. It differed from our American meetings, perhaps, in there being a little more violence of excitement and more continuous noise of applause. Our New England audiences are more reserved. With your people there is a sort of exterior stolidity—I won't say that: *undemonstrativeness* is the word. But when you do let fly, I think you atone for all the reserve before. You make a tremendous row.'

"'There is one thing,' said Mr. Beecher, entering upon a kind of neutral survey of the political battle now raging here—'there is one thing that the English can hardly understand in the situation of a man like myself. All the men that are in conflict now, swinging their war-clubs and hitting each other on the head, are in some sense projected on our historical canvas. We read them, and we read of them, and we are profoundly interested in them. They are, in a sense, ideal characters to us over there, and we have them in the greatest reverence and respect. Mr. Gladstone is in that way like men already gone—like Pitt and Fox. We have not seen him. We have read his books, and seen him gradually unfolding from the earlier and upper-ecclesiastical condition in which he was, and, like the swelling of the vine in summer-time, with additional clusters constantly coming out in widening and forthputting life; and so he stands out like another man. And now, when I come here and find Mr. Bright dealing blows at Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone pelting letters at Mr. Bright, it seems to me as though it must have been a comedy got up

for the occasion. To find these persons, all who seemed to us beings in the air, as it were, doing just as other folks do—well, it is a strange illusion that it produces. In English politics one in my position must follow some of the leaders; but the men we have been accustomed to follow have got their hands in each other's hair. That perplexes us. We stand off. If the American standpoint were taken, the question at issue would be as simple as A B C; but when we come over here, there are details rather than principles separating these great men, and on these details we are not informed. While, therefore, in the first instance our whole thought would go with Gladstone, yet when we come to read the other men we say to ourselves, "I do not see exactly how this can be met," and then we are puzzled. But it is on the detail and not on the general scheme at all. It is the working it into shape to suit institutions that already exist, or to the changes that it is supposed will follow.'"

CHAPTER II.

SERMONIZING, ETC.

MR. BEECHER preached his first sermon in City Temple the Sunday following, July 4th. The congregation were admitted by ticket; church-members first, and then the public, to the capacity of the auditorium. Hundreds came who had to be turned away. That week the papers teemed with praise for the great American preacher. Every daily paper in London had some kind notice of him. It is not usual in England for the secular press to notice religious doings, especially those of Dissenters. This is left to the religious weekly papers.

Each denomination has its well-supported organ, and a number of these papers are thoroughly established, their influence extending literally to the limits of civilization. The *Christian World* circulates all over the world, and is known as the foremost of religious journals; it is non-sectarian. Advertising is more expensive in this paper than in a large London daily. The *Methodist Times* and the *Primitive Methodist* are organs of their respective denominations, and circulate far and wide. The *Baptist* is a well-established oracle of the creed of its name. The *Non-Conformist and Independent* is the organ of the Congregational Church, and is considered authority on Congregationalism. There are many others that have their special supports. The *Christian Age* is a Calvinistic paper. The *Christian*

Herald and Signs of the Times has an enormous circulation amongst the lower classes. It is illustrated with large wood-cuts, exactly calculated for its class of readers. It contains stories and religious news and churchified secular news. It is edited by a clergyman of the Church of England, who stands in great favor with the great masses that this paper instructs.

More generous newspaper criticisms could not have been written than Mr. Beecher received at the hands of both the secular and religious press. The *Daily News* published his sermon nearly *verbatim*. It seemed strange to English editors that a religious congregation should be allowed to smile, and in its closing editorial comments the *News* said:

“ It was a sermon of great power, emphatically the expression of a strong personality, and with all its characteristics subordinate to this leading one of a dominating will. The preacher seemed to be very much in earnest, and not least so in his many humorous effects. The congregation often smiled, and sometimes laughed outright; yet there was no sense of incongruity, mainly because the humor seemed always the mere accident of expression, and not a thing sought for itself. It is strange preaching. We are not called upon here to estimate its spiritual value. Certainly the letters to which Dr. Parker referred subsequently—in announcing that Mr. Beecher would be heard in the same place next Thursday—would tend to show that for many in England its value must be high. With perhaps one notable exception it is unlike anything we are accustomed to here. In its strength and tenderness of humor, above all in its self-confidence, running sometimes into a kind of irreverent audacity, it has all the qualities of the spiritual soil from which it springs.”

The *Globe* (Church of England) said :

“To Churchmen, accustomed to the pure serenity of the Book of Common Prayer, and to the always chastened utterances of their preachers, there is necessarily something startling in the importation of humor into hortatory discourses. There are, of course, degrees in humor ; it may lie merely in emphasis on a word, in a twinkle of the eye, or in a curl of the lip, as well as in quaintness of expression, or in the intentionally ‘funny’ anecdote.

“It does not appear, however, that Mr. Beecher descends to the tricks of the buffoon. His humor would seem to be merely occasional and illustrative, and not altogether on the surface. ‘Love vaunteth not itself,’ says the Apostle, and Mr. Beecher adds : ‘It does not, every time it lays a golden egg, rise from the nest to cackle.’ ‘Love is not puffed up,’ says St. Paul, and Mr. Beecher cries : ‘O ! that some men might be touched with a lancet ; how the puffed-upness would come down ! ’ ”

The *Daily Standard* and *Daily Telegraph* were quite as favorably impressed. The *Christian World* published the sermon entire, and columns of editorial comments. In a leading article it said :

“The sermons of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher are like a fresh breeze from the Atlantic. We refer not only to the raciness of their language, which guarantees wakefulness even to the most crowded congregation in summer weather, but also, and still more, to the plain common-sense philosophy of his teaching. But there is one aspect of his doctrine which interests us more than all the others, and that is his constant insistence on life, conduct, practical morality, as the truest essence of religion, and the present significance of salvation. We do not, of course, suggest that this line of thought is peculiar to Mr. Beecher. It is in the air ; it pervades Christian society ; it is breathed by the spirit of the age ; still, there is a sense in which Mr. Beecher and other American prophets have a

special testimony to bear which is not often heard precisely in the same tones on this side of the Atlantic.

“Mr. Beecher’s physique would mark him out in any assembly as a man of unusual strength of character and intellectual power. That full brow, like ‘some tall cliff that lifts its awful form;’ that serene, massive mouth, automatically eloquent; those slightly prominent eyes, capable of vivid fire-flashes, only needed kindling to show themselves the sanctuary of a lofty inspiration, the temple and organs of a God-given genius.

“Who can describe that sermon so as to convey any adequate impression to the minds of those who did not hear it? So full of racy humor and philosophic elevation; so replete with double-distilled common-sense; so original in its structure and ideas, enforced with so much felicity of phrase, fervor of delivery, and dramatic force; so alive at all points; so fresh and breezy; so full of light and shade; a strain of high reasoning, suddenly passing into a vein of playful satire; impassioned declamation, softening down into the most moving pathos; or a bit of logical analysis, culminating in a poetic image of exquisite beauty,—the whole so telling and interesting, so many-sided, and so human. If any critic chooses to pick out an Americanism here and there, or to scent an occasional violation of the strictest canon of good taste, he is welcome to his congenial but unsavory task. For ourselves, having heard that sermon, we feel disposed to pronounce our own ‘Nunc Dimittis.’

“It was a great sermon—great in all the elements of powerful and moving public address. It was a healthy sermon, such as no dyspeptic could have preached,—robust in its thinking, winsome in its appeals, with flashes of wit like the violet summer lightning playing continually around the theme. One did not wonder that such preaching, so intellectual in its quality, and yet going home so straight to all the actual experiences and necessities of human life, should be the attractive force it is to hearers of every type,—merchants, statesmen, and men of all the professions. If we could graft a bit of

Beecher on to the present race of theological students, the pulpit would become a power in our generation with which philosopher, statesman, and journalist alike would have to reckon. . . . He is tribune and prophet in one."

The *Non-Conformist and Independent* published the sermon *verbatim*, with column editorial notices. The *Christian Union* published his portrait and two columns of editorial comment, which I wish I had room to quote : but there is a whole season to recount ; I only extract the following :

"On Sunday morning the City Temple was crowded to its utmost capacity with a notable audience to hear Henry Ward Beecher. Among the congregation were ministers of all denominations, including clergymen—high, low, and broad—and Roman Catholic priests; while here and there might be seen distinguished actors, authors, barristers, politicians, and members of the learned professions. Never since the early days of Edward Irving's ministry has there assembled in one congregation an auditory so characteristic for men of all shades of belief and stations in life. So eager, indeed, were Londoners to hear the Brooklyn preacher, that it was remarked if the City Temple had been ten times its present size it would have been filled. Such a fact only shows that Mr. Beecher's name is a household word with the religious public in London.

"As St. Paul's struck the hour of eleven, Mr. Beecher entered the pulpit, when the eyes of the whole assembly were instantly fixed upon his calm and majestic face. For a moment his lips quivered with evident nervousness, and his hand slightly trembled as he raised it to lead the morning's devotion. It was manifest that his heart was touched, for his voice faltered a little as, in great simplicity of words, he invoked the blessing of Heaven on that worshipping throng. The emotion manifested by Mr. Beecher produced a sympathetic effect upon his auditory which was sustained to the end of the service.

"After prayer, Mr. Beecher read the new version of the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. Though he read the chapter without note or comment, he seemed to bring out of it a freshness of interpretation that made it new to the spiritual discernment.

"After the singing of an anthem, Mr. Beecher chose for his text, 'And the greatest of these is Love.' Then for the first time he looked his congregation full in the face in calm contemplation. The sermon, which occupied an hour in the delivery, was one of the most impressive we ever listened to. And yet it would be difficult to say where lay the secret that held spell-bound for an hour, on that 4th of July, the attention of so vast an assembly. The first thing that impressed us in Mr. Beecher's utterances was that he spoke to the people from the fulness of his heart. He seemed to have a story to unfold—a story in which his own inmost soul had experienced some conflict or illumination. Slowly but cogently one thought after another was thrown off from the speaker's mind, each thought touching more sensibly the tender chords of the human heart. Now and again Mr. Beecher paused in his discourse, as if waiting for some new inspiration of thought—his eyes, while looking into space, eloquent with mental penetration. Step by step he carried his audience along with him in thought, while he sought to set at rest some of the questionings that perplex seekers after truth, and which had awakened in himself much anxious thought.

"Perhaps one of the most distinguishing features in Mr. Beecher's sermon was the unique largeness of his theology—we had almost said his perfect freedom from it. For he has evidently got out of the shallow waters of dogmatism and ecclesiasticism into the higher realm of mind. He clings to the 'old faith' and the 'old truth,' but without the trappings with which theologians have enshrouded them. 'I am a free man,' he cried in one of the ecstatic moments on Sunday morning—reminding one of a bird that had escaped from imprisonment into the free air of the sunny heavens. And the bright radiance that played upon his countenance told too

plainly he was free from the leading-strings of orthodoxy, so called, and from the shackles of man-made creeds and professional dogmas."

From a three-column editorial in the London *Christian Union* I extract the following :

"So ended a remarkable and memorable service. As the years roll on, we shall often think of the grand old American preacher who, on a bright July morning in 1886, talked to us in brave, sweet words about the gospel of love."

Mr. Beecher had from the 4th to the 19th of July "to play," as he called it, or to do as he pleased. He dined with the Lord Mayor of London on Monday, the 5th. On Tuesday he wrote letters and received callers, and in the evening he and Mrs. Beecher, with Dr. and Mrs. Parker, on invitation from Mr. Henry Irving visited the Lyceum Theatre to witness his and Miss Terry's performance in the play of "Faust." Wednesday Mrs. Parker gave a reception. Mr. Beecher preached again for Dr. Parker in the City Temple on Thursday, July 8th, to another overflowing congregation, and with as many more enthusiastic notices from the press. As on former occasions, the congregation had to be admitted by ticket, and, since many were unable to secure tickets, a rumor easily started in one of the religious papers that Mr. Beecher was preaching the Gospel for money, and that tickets to hear him preach were sold at the doors of the house of the Lord. The secular press took it up; American news-correspondents cabled it to their respective journals across the Atlantic; the London *Truth* enlarged upon it, and Labouchère's letter to the New York *World* repeated it.

I wrote the following letter to the editor of *The Baptist*, which was published in that paper. It was also kindly inserted in the leading papers of nearly every city where Mr. Beecher lectured or preached:

CHARGING TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

To the Editor of "The Baptist."

DEAR SIR: May I be allowed to correct a statement made in your excellent paper of the 23d inst. concerning Mr. Beecher and his lectures and sermons?

Mr. Beecher does not charge for preaching outside his own pulpit in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. I have managed all his lecture tours for the past fifteen years, and I have always arranged that he should preach on the Sabbath while absent from home, and that under no circumstances was there to be a charge of any kind made for hearing him preach the Gospel. True, when in other cities, in order to protect pew-holders and members of the regular congregations, it has been necessary to issue tickets of admission to the side doors before the house was opened to the general public.

Mr. Beecher is a lecturer as well as preacher. He delivers on an average 150 lectures a year, and has during some seasons lectured upwards of 250 times, besides preaching every Sabbath. He lectures because he finds it profitable both to himself and to those who are glad to pay their money to hear him; but never has he received a penny for preaching outside his own pulpit: and if London were bullion, and he could have it for preaching one sermon here, it would not even tempt him.

Mr. Beecher receives from me the same pay per lecture that I give him in America. My business is furnishing lectures and high-class entertainments to lyceums and lecture associations in America. I supply lecture and musical societies throughout the United States with the best talent to be had. It is part of the American system of education, and the

Americans are educated to it, and generally prefer it to trashy shows. They expect great men to address them ; and when Dean Stanley, Prof. Huxley, and Herbert Spencer came to America, I had hundreds of applications from all parts of the land asking their terms and approximate date ; and when I replied that these men could not be secured, many of my constituents accused me of shiftlessness and neglect of business, and poured upon me all sorts of abuse because I did not supply them. I have "imported" a great deal of English talent : George Dawson, Canon Kingsley, Bellew, Matthew Arnold, and last season Canon Farrar—who made a great deal of money in America, lectured every day and preached twice every Sabbath for three months. He was not abused nor falsely accused because of his success. Thousands tried to get tickets to hear him preach. They were not to be had, as the church congregations where he preached had them for themselves and friends. Canon Farrar received £200 each for his last three lectures in America, and the management made as much more. The public were not only satisfied but grateful that so rare an opportunity had been offered them.

Mr. Beecher is not a rich man, nor a money-lover. He does not know what becomes of his money. He lives the Gospel that he preaches. He has many drafts on his purse that he would like to meet. He does all that he can to assist the needy. He has 2,800 members of his church, all as dear as his children to him. Reverses overtake many. His name is the first that goes on a note to give a deserving friend a new start in life. Could you but know a hundredth part of the good he is constantly doing, you would be as ardent a believer as I am. I bring him to England during his summer vacation to lecture. He gets every penny from me for his lectures that he gets from any service in Great Britain. He wants to preach every Sunday, so I leave Saturdays open, and place the Sundays where he likes to preach. If it were money we were after, I would have him lecture Saturdays and rest Sundays, and make £25 to £100 myself, and he £50 better off [every week] so far as this world's goods are concerned. The

ministers for whom he preaches manage their own congregations, and Mr. Beecher does not know as much about it as you do.

Referring to Mr. Spurgeon on this subject of "charging to hear a sermon," where "the managers charged a shilling to hear him preach," and he remarked that "if he had known it he never would have preached," I will ask you to kindly explain the difference between charging a shilling and doing as I have on three different occasions when I went to hear Mr. Spurgeon with some friends. By putting money in a box at the side door I was allowed to go in and get seats, and I always found that a good-sized congregation was accommodated in this way by "paying what they liked" before the main doors were opened to the general public.

If this is not charging an admission, I want to know what it is. I certainly could not have got a comfortable seat unless I complied with this custom.

I am yours very truly,

J. B. POND,

Manager of Henry Ward Beecher's Lectures.

On Friday evening, July 9th, a banquet was given to Mr. Beecher at Hotel Metropole by Mr. Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange. Eighty people sat down to the dinner. At the right of the host sat the guest, and on his left the American Minister to England, Hon. E. J. Phelps. Among the guests were Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London; Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, Alderman of London; the Hon. Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court; Mr. James Wyld, F.R.G.S., D.C.L.; the Rev. James Fleming, D.D., Canon of York; Hon. Thomas M. Waller, U. S. Consul; Hon. Charles F. Russell, U. S. Consul, Liverpool; Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., Treasurer of the Royal Academy; Rev. John R. Diggle, M.A., Chairman of

the School Board of London; Rev. R. H. Haweis; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles Dickens; Mr. Christopher Eales; Hon. John B. Hughes, U. S. Consul at Birmingham; Mr. James Clark of the *Christian World*, and other well-known citizens of Great Britain, including representatives of the London press.

Eloquent and enthusiastic addresses of welcome, of grateful acknowledgment for Mr. Beecher's teachings, and wishes for his long life and continued good works, followed one upon another. Mr. Beecher's speech is given in this volume, in full. It was the first of his public addresses. Invitations to lecture and to preach now came by the hundreds from all parts of the Kingdom. Ministers were constantly asking for Mr. Beecher's *terms for preaching*. They were willing to pay more for sermons than for lectures; but ascertaining that sermons were not purchasable, they then insisted on lectures.

Sunday, July 11th, was an interesting day. Mr. Beecher preached in Union Chapel, Islington, London, for his old friend, Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, the scholarly representative of the highest class of cultivated, well-educated Congregationalists. There was as great a congregation of intelligent people as I have ever seen. The usual system of first admitting members of the society by ticket was adopted exclusively up to a certain hour. Then the doors were thrown open to the public, and the large auditorium immediately packed to its utmost capacity. As great a throng outside was unable to get in.

After service, and dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Allon, he and I attended service at Westminster Abbey, and by previous invitation called upon Dean Bradley, where a

number of clergymen of the Church of England were gathered to meet him. Tea was served, and the Dean invited Mr. Beecher through the various historical private rooms about the Abbey. Dean Stanley's library and desk were just as when he died. Incidents and anecdotes of their late friend were exchanged between Dean Bradley and Mr. Beecher. The accompanying clergymen listened to the dialogue as though fearing to lose a word. As Mr. Beecher entered the Jerusalem Chamber, he said :

“I am struck with awe. No room has greater interest to me, unless it be the ‘Upper Room.’”

He recalled with remarkable rapidity and correctness the many religious events that had taken place there—the Westminster Assembly and Confession of Faith, the two revisions of the Bible, etc.; and the eminent and scholarly men brought up within the very gates of that sanctuary listened with intense interest to his familiar but eloquent exposition of what must have seemed their own peculiar province of history.

I shall never forget the afternoon, which passed away so quickly that it seemed there must have been some fault in the reckoning of time. I wish I might recollect the names of the accompanying gentlemen; but every one's interest and attention went to a common centre.

The next notable incident came on Tuesday, the 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and myself had been invited to dine with Mr. Henry Irving at his home in Hammer-smith, London. “The Grange” is the name of his beautiful villa place of about six acres. Here, as Mrs. Parker truly expressed it, is “a poem in a dwelling.” After passing through Mr. Irving's grounds and his house, Mr. Beecher remarked (Mr. Irving having re-

mained outside): "This is the only place I have yet seen that surpasses Peekskill." Indeed, no one but Henry Irving, with his life-long study of art, a traveller and a genius, could have conceived such delicacy and harmony as we that day enjoyed at "The Grange," and his hospitality was in keeping with the surroundings.

The day following Mr. and Mrs. Beecher yielded to the incessant importunings of the photographer. This consumed a day, and tired us out. Messrs. Elliott and Fry wanted so many sittings that the long hours yielded equally long faces.

I had advertised Mr. Beecher's first lecture to take place the following Monday, July 19th, and now such encouraging reports came from the box office that my brother Ozias and myself (associated in business) began to feel a very natural elation. I told Mr. Beecher he was "sure to be great." He replied as usual under like circumstances:

"That's your part, not mine." He never, in all my lecture experience, showed the slightest gratification at a large audience, or disappointment at a small one. I remarked once, while on a tour in America, "Mr. Beecher, we have a small audience to-night." He replied:

"Well, I shall have to give them a better lecture."

On his third Sunday Mr. Beecher preached in Westminster Chapel, Westminster, London. This, of course, will not be confounded with Westminster Abbey. It is one of the first Congregational churches in London, and its pastor won my heart by his extreme gentleness of manner, and love and appreciation of Mr. Beecher.

"This," said Mr. Beecher after service, "is the first Sunday since arriving in England that I have felt that

I was *preaching*." The congregation was of the accustomed capacity of the house.

The Sunday following he preached in Westbourne Park Chapel for Rev. Dr. Clifford. That was a Baptist "church," as we Americans would call it, and Dr. Clifford one of the leaders of thought and action among the Baptist ministers of England.

Of this Sabbath with Mr. Beecher, Dr. Clifford editorially writes in *The Baptist* of July 30, 1886:

" 'Printed prayers' have failed to subdue 'a prejudice' born with me against putting the sacred pleadings of living souls into the cold frigidity of type. Even the spiritual wealth of Mr. Beecher's prayers has not vanquished my Puritanic hostility. But to hear him pray,—this is totally different, and goes far to make his 'volume of prayers' a new and welcome book to me. The surprising freshness as of a spring morning, the healing radiance as of a summer sun, the astonishing opulence as of harvest plenty, carry the spirit right into the presence of the Eternal Father, and make communion with him so intensely real and deeply inspiring that the brief moment is luminous with the light, and rich with the power of God. Not a hackneyed expression or an ill-chosen word; not a solitary halt in the pellucid flow of spiritual yearning; not the faintest taint of striving after effect, but the most convincing evidence of striving after, or rather of actual fellowship with, God. Anything more simple, rest-giving, than his language, more sweet than the spirit of resignation and trust he breathed, or more gladdening than the joy he communicated, I do not remember ever to have experienced in the services of God's Church. Long will those hallowed moments live in memory and life.

"Mr. Beecher must be heard to be fairly judged. The chief charm and central inspiring force is the man. The whole soul of the man lives in his preaching. There is no vaporous rhetoric, no glittering phrase-making, no mere

embroidery of speech; but an overwhelming spiritual reality, a life that has been lived with God, and speaks as from the divine presence, strong in soul-forces of unaffected goodness, victorious faith, and large-hearted love of men, a blending and interfusing of high moral and intellectual qualities, which fills you with a sense and emotion of the marvellous. As I meditated on what I had heard, I instantly recalled the wealth of ideas of John Foster, the large views of Robertson, the rich fancy of Jeremy Taylor, the wit and shrewd humor of Thomas Fuller, the spirituality of Thomas à Kempis, and the burning love of the Apostle John."

The next Sunday, August 1st, the Beechers reserved for rest, and visited the English Lakes with their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Parker. This was the only Sabbath rest, except the one on the voyage, he had taken for eighteen months. His sermons at Bradford, Liverpool, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Scarborough, Torquay, Brighton, West Norwood (London), and Harecourt Chapel (London), the address to Theological Students in City Temple (London), and his farewell sermon in England at Dr. Parker's church in London, October 17th, were all fraught with equal interest. Each sermon is given in full.

Of the love and welcome expressed by the Christian clergymen and ministers everywhere it would require volumes to give an account. But Mr. and Mrs. Beecher's reception by the London Congregational Board I give in full, so far as cold type can express it; one must have been a witness to the glorious scenes that took place in Memorial Hall, September 26, 1886, to fully comprehend it. It was worth a journey across the Atlantic to be there. The visit to Mr. James Clark, editor and proprietor of the *Christian World*, at his

beautiful residence in Caterham; the address to the School of Congregational Ministers' Sons; the address to the Theological Students at City Temple, London, and to the Freedman's Aid Society in Westminster Chapel, October 16th; the welcome at Liverpool by the Congregational District Board, October 18th, and the reception in Belfast, are all events in the religious history of our century. Mr. Beecher's remarks on these occasions also are all given in this volume, and I trust will be read and enjoyed in proportion as I enjoyed engineering the collecting and preserving of them.

I will make a special allusion to the meeting with the Theological Students in City Temple on Friday morning, October 15th. There were about six hundred to whom Mr. Beecher was to talk. The remaining seats of the Temple were set aside for ministers and clergymen, who were admitted on presentation of their personal cards at the door. These were taken up at the door by my request; and I now have the cards of 618 ministers who, in addition to the students, attended this meeting.

CHAPTER III.

LECTURING BEGINS.

FROM July 3d until we started again for America, October 23d, Mr. Beecher's "time" belonged to me ; and I propose to give the exact facts because there was much inexcusable misrepresentation as to money matters published, both in England and America, about this business. By arrangements made before leaving home, I was to pay him two hundred dollars a night to lecture five nights in the week. Saturdays he reserved for rest, and Sundays I was to arrange for him to preach in the large cities ; congregations to be admitted free and without any form or appearance of money-taking at the doors, such as is practised in some English chapels. The first lecture took place in Exeter Hall, London, on Monday evening, July 19th.

It was in this same hall that Mr. Beecher had spoken last in England, at the close of his previous visit during our American Civil War. At that time our Union cause was so greatly misunderstood that it was extremely difficult to find in all London a person willing to preside at the hall. Now all was changed. I believe scarcely a clergyman or minister in the city would have declined the honor. But Mr. Beecher said to me :

"Pond, when I spoke here in 1863, and was having hard work to find some one to preside, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the city of London, volunteered

his services. See if you can find him ; I want him to take the chair to-night."

I did find him, still Chamberlain of the city. He very modestly referred me to others who he said would gladly preside and would lend more honor to the occasion than could he ; but at length he kindly consented to serve for this second time. A large audience of ladies and gentlemen packed the great hall ; and when Mr. Scott appeared, the memory of his earlier action still green, the burst of applause grew as it continued, the audience finally rising, waving handkerchiefs and cheering.

Mr. Scott briefly referred to the meeting in the hall twenty-three years ago. He had never regretted occupying the position filled on that occasion, and now Mr. Beecher had asked him to be present again.

Mr. Beecher rose, and was again greeted with great cheers and applause. He stood silent and impassive, his face seemingly untouched by emotion, as he looked around upon the vast audience. As the applause died away, he began to speak ; but before he could make himself heard the applause was again repeated, with additional emphasis, if possible, and Mr. Beecher waited again for it to cease. Then, in a strong voice that reverberated round the hall, he recalled the previous meeting. "A long lapse of time in a man's life," he said, "and such lapses give solidity to a man's opinion ; they also give sagacity."

He was not surprised at the view some people took of America ; they did not know the facts. "America is the younger tree, but the acorns from which it sprang fell from the English oak. Americans are of English lineage and blood. If England is not proud of America,

why, then the latter will make her so." A remark which aroused much applause.

Among the ministers and clergymen upon the platform were Canon Farrar, Canon Fleming, Canon Wilberforce, Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, Rev. Dr. R. H. Haweis, Rev. Dr. Clifford, Rev. Dr. Davidson, Rev. Mr. Simon, Rev. Oswald Dykes, Mr. James Clark of the *Christian World*, and other well-known English preachers and editors. The lecture—that one on the “Reign of the Common People” which so many thousands of Americans have heard with pleasure (and no two audiences ever heard alike!)—occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers.

By way of offering impartial evidence as to the manner of his reception on this and other occasions, and because there was evident in America at the time an unwillingness among the newspapers to let it be known how warmly he was welcomed on every hand, I offer a few quotations from the British press; taking no other liberty with them than to omit matter that would only repeat earlier quotations. The *Daily News* of July 20th reported :

“Exeter Hall filled and Mr. Beecher enthusiastically received, the audience rising and waving handkerchiefs.”

(Then follows a *verbatim* report of the lecture.)

The *Daily Telegraph*, after speaking of the audience in similar words, said :

“At the outset of his address, Mr. Beecher, referring to his mission here twenty-three years ago, and remarking that time corrected many hasty impressions, said that when he looked back at all the things that happened at and before the period

of his visit, he could scarcely reproach the English people for their misjudgment of the great issue that God was then trying by the arbitrament of the sword. The reverend gentleman, whilst not sparing the foibles of the American people, warmly praised their system of education and self-government, declaring that under it there was greater general wealth, happiness, and contentment than had ever been found in any country under any system. He expressed sympathy with those who were struggling against arbitrary power in the other parts of the world, though it did not follow that the people of the United States wanted Russian Nihilists or German Socialists to go there to teach them how to secure good government. That was a trade which the Americans regarded as their own."

The *Daily Standard* of July 20th said:

"Although a charge for admission was made to all parts of the building, of from one to ten shillings each, the hall was filled very speedily, and only a few of the reserved seats on the platform remained unoccupied at the commencement of the proceedings. Mr. Beecher received a very hearty greeting, the cheering continuing for some minutes."

(Here follows a column and a half of criticism.)

The *Daily Times* of the same date says:

"Exeter Hall was crowded in every part to hear Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lecture on 'The Reign of the Common People,' etc., etc.

(A column synopsis of lecture.)

It pleased the London *Daily Globe* to be cynical:

"An essayist many years ago, in commenting on the too-familiar prayer of Burns for the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, put a modicum of freshness into the platitude

by concluding that, if we actually received that gift, we should see something exceedingly unlike ourselves. This is so perfectly certain, and so completely in accord with the universal experience of foreign comment, that as a matter of course, being what we are, we rush, with a perfectly inexhaustible passion for being misinformed, to hang on the lips of every foreigner, however unqualified, to whom a few days of intercourse has given an impression or two of our social or political ways. In comparison with most of these intelligent strangers, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher undoubtedly possesses many advantages. He came among us for the sake of correcting public opinion three-and-twenty years ago. No doubt the break of personal intercourse has been long, but then in most cases there is no intercourse to be broken. And yesterday evening at Exeter Hall he, with extraordinary prudence, avoided the politics of the hour. His object was to teach us how, by changing our habits and learning the lessons of the West, the Common People may be educated so as to be fitted to reign.

"Mr. Beecher has called at a place of business at nine o'clock in the morning and found nobody there. He has called at ten; only the clerks were there: and not till eleven has the principal appeared. Now this is all very dreadful. It is flying in the face of the recipe for becoming not only wealthy, like all really good Americans, but healthy, also like that notoriously eupeptic people, and, above all things, wise like them, for in the way of developing popular intelligence 'the Americans have nothing to learn.'"

(This is the beginning of a column and a half of similar editorial comment, showing at least not "indifference.")

The *Christian World* said:

"Mr. Beecher scored an Exeter Hall triumph on Tuesday evening; for, with the exception of the part of the platform

behind him, he succeeded in filling the hall, in spite of July heat and a wet night. The reserved seats had all been sold days beforehand ; and one hour before the time of the lecture a rushing multitude nearly filled the end of the gallery, while, as soon as Major Pond's gigantic form in evening dress had walked across the hall to remove the barrier that kept the crowd waiting at the side door, these poured in like sheep through a gap, to the cheaper of the reserved seats, and struggled for precedence with a fine Exeter Hall frenzy. Of ministers, the first to appear on the platform was the Rev. Dr. Allon, with four ladies in his charge ; and he was shortly followed by the Rev. Hiles Hitchens and Mr. James Clark ; while at a later period the Revs. Donald Fraser, H. R. Haweis, J. Guinness Rogers, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Fleming, Morlais Jones, and other well-known gentlemen occupied front seats. Dr. Parker was not there, but Mrs. Parker, in company with Mrs. Beecher, was.

“ Mr. Beecher came on the platform just in time to prevent a little exhibition of temper on the part of those who, unamused by organ performance or other entertainment, had been biding their sixty minutes, and were in a humor to stand on their rights in the matter of punctuality. Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, took the chair, as he had done twenty-three years before when Mr. Beecher came over and in the same place stood up to advocate the claims of the North. A roar of applause greeted the venerable orator himself when he rose from his place and with stern-set features gazed forth upon his audience till such time as they should suffer him to speak. So had he twenty-three years before gazed there on a similar audience animated by a different spirit, and this fact his opening sentence recalled.

“ For an hour and a quarter did Mr. Beecher discourse on the Reign of the Common People, as one who spoke freely ; for free he was from note, or manuscript, or book ; free in movement and gesture ; free in dramatic imitation of the omniscient theologian, of the labored letter-writing of the school-boy, of that boy's pedantic usher, and of the wheezy

legislature of the States ; free in the unfettered expression of his views, social, political, and religious ; and free in the indulgence of pleasant little bits of satire, sometimes exercised at the expense of the land of his birth, and sometimes at the expense of the land he is visiting, and sometimes at the expense of the audience itself. One of these fell from him in connection with his chronic trouble of not making himself heard to the people at a distance ; a trouble which, as he is gradually accommodating himself to our notions, he was more successful in overcoming at the Hall than he had hitherto been. When some people complained that they could not hear, he remarked—to the huge delight of the rest of the people who had heard—‘That was the part I didn’t want you to hear.’ After this there were no complaints.”

The Non-Conformist and Independent said:

“As was expected, a crowded audience gathered on Monday night at Exeter Hall to listen to Mr. Beecher’s first lecture. His fame as a platform speaker is as great as his celebrity as a preacher, and possibly there are some persons who prefer him in the former capacity also. The subject announced was calculated to raise expectation very high, and we have heard the desire to obtain good places was so great that five-shilling reserved seats were selling for as much as one guinea each, on Monday last, by the fortunate first purchasers of them. Whether this was the case or not, the hall was filled to excess long before the hour of commencement.”

(Here follows a *verbatim* report of the lecture.)

The second lecture was at Bristol, England, on the following evening, in Colston Hall, which has a seating capacity of three thousand five hundred people. The *Bristol Western Daily Press* said:

"That the visit to Bristol of the distinguished American minister, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, excited considerable interest was shown by the large and representative audience which gathered at Colston Hall last evening to hear his lecture. The chair was taken by Mr. Lorin Lathrop, American consul in Bristol, and besides the lecturer there were several distinguished occupants of the platform."

(Here follow two columns of editorial comment on the lecture.)

The Bristol *Mercury* spoke with equal enthusiasm, and gave a two-column report of the lecture. Likewise did the Bristol *Times and Mirror* of the same day.

The third lecture was given at Cardiff, Wales, in Park Hall, which has about the same capacity as Colston Hall at Bristol. The Bristol *Mercury* said of the occasion:

"At an early hour the great building began to fill, and by eight o'clock every seat was occupied. The eagerness which the audience felt to hear and see the lecturer was made very evident by the applause which broke out when the time for his appearance arrived, and which was kept up intermittently till he stepped on to the platform, preceded by the mayor, who acted as chairman.

"The ovation which he received when he came forward to deliver his lecture was remarkable; not content with clapping, the people rose to their feet and cheered him vociferously. His massive face impresses on one at first the idea of physical strength, but his piercing eyes brighten with his oration, and display the wonderful power and poetic fire of his mind. He opened his lecture in a calm, deliberate manner, as though feeling his way; but once started, his utterances gathered force and earnestness, until his voice rang through the building."

The *Western Mail* was equally enthusiastic in its comments.

The following morning the Cardiff ministers gave Mr. Beecher a reception at Angel Hotel. The Rev. W. Morris, in introducing him, explained to Mr. Beecher that they came to pay respect to one whose power and courage, even while holding what were generally thought to be unorthodox views, they had always admired. Mr. Beecher in reply gave a brief sketch of his life, and ascribed the tenor of his views largely to the influence exerted upon him by the writings of the Rev. Robert Hall. His freedom from acerbity in his work, he thought, was due to his excellent health and perfect liver. After further remarks of a familiar and personal nature which seemed to greatly interest his listeners, a vote of thanks was proposed by the Rev. W. Morris of Cardiff, seconded by the Rev. W. Humphreys of America, and carried.

Thursday evening, July 22d, the fourth lecture was given, in Albert Hall, at Swansea, Wales. The *Daily Leader* of that city says:

“The doors of Albert Hall were thrown open an hour previous to the commencement of the meeting; by 8 o'clock in the evening all the seats were filled, not only by Swansea people, but from those who had gathered from a distance to hear, for once, one of America's most gifted sons.”

(Here follow two columns of editorial comment.)

His fifth and concluding lecture of this week took place at Finsbury Chapel, London, memorable in England by a series of revival meetings under the preaching of Rev. Dr. Charles G. Finney (late President of Oberlin College) some thirty-five years ago, where Mr. Beecher's audience was large and enthusiastic, the lecture being a repetition of his first one in London. —

The next week, July 26th to 30th, inclusive, the lectures were at Westbourne Park Chapel, London, West Croydon, Nottingham, Hanley, and Preston. They were less largely attended than those of the first week, only because the auditoriums were smaller; the rooms were packed.

After resting Saturday and Sunday at the English Lakes, Mr. Beecher resumed his lectures at Birmingham August 3d, lectured at Sheffield August 4th, and again at Exeter Hall, London, August 5th, on the "Wastes and Burdens of Society." Then at the famous watering-place, Harrowgate, on the 6th; here Mr. Beecher rested on Saturday, the 7th. In the evening he reached Bradford, prepared to preach on the following day. On Monday, the 9th, he lectured in Bradford, in St. George's Hall. This hall, seating four thousand people, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The platform was occupied by clergymen and ministers of all denominations. The lecture occupied more than two hours in delivery, and the enthusiasm was a repetition of Exeter Hall, Bristol, and South Wales. It was the same way at Leeds, Dewsbury, Hull, and Manchester, Aug. 13th.

He lectured in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. No more enthusiastic audience had he met in England than here. The *Manchester Guardian* said:

"Mr. Beecher could have nothing to complain of as to the quality of the greeting he received at Free Trade Hall. His most democratic sentiments were received with sympathy and approbation. It was a splendid audience that he addressed.

"The occupants of the platform were for the most part Dissenting ministers, but a few Established Churchmen had also responded to the invitation. Mr. William Birch, Jr., pre-

sided. Before taking the chair he led to the front seats Mrs. Beecher. A burst of applause greeted the lecturer when he appeared on the platform. His commanding presence at once claimed attention. The chairman well described him as a 'rock, a sturdy, manly rock.' The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is seventy-three years of age; but his demeanor and eloquence are those of a man twenty years younger. Long white hair falls over his neck, and yet it only adds a picturesque touch to the intellectual strength of his features and the robust figure of his frame. When he rose to speak, he justified the chairman's description, and stood immovable during the moments that the cheering lasted. As it was his first lecture in Manchester, preconceived ideas of his eloquence probably existed, and many persons were no doubt disappointed, and at the same time pleasantly surprised. Those who expected to be thrilled by all the attributes of the ideal orator were wrong in their estimate, but Mr. Beecher's style had compensating charms. It was the quiet, easy flow of ideas, expressed with extreme simplicity and constantly illustrated with a play of humor and good-natured sarcasm that was irresistible. Mr. Beecher said:

" 'I have been here before, and the associations of this hall will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for my making a few introductory remarks before I begin the lecture itself. In October next it will be twenty-three years since I was introduced in this place and on this platform to an audience made up of I knew not what. But I found out what.' The audience laughed at this reference to the opposing elements which the speaker had to encounter on his former visit. It was at a time, he proceeded, when the affairs of his country were at a crisis. Three years had elapsed since the battle was joined between the North and South. Vicksburg had fallen under the military conduct of General Grant, and Meade at Gettysburg had defeated Lee and driven him back across the Potomac. At that time a great struggle was being made to persuade the English people to take sides with the South, to procure a recognition of belligerent rights from the Parlia-

ment, and it was esteemed a matter of great importance that this should not be done. Over-excited, much worn by all the preliminary years of discussion and debate in his own country, he came to spend a summer of rest in Europe, and he was not good-natured with England. He felt that she had been girding at Americans on the subject of slavery, and when at last in the providence of God they had taken up a position that must eventuate in emancipation, he found, substantially, England against them, or cold. Allow him to make one single heroic exception—the spinners and weavers of Lancashire. There were few spots in history where it would be more proper to erect a monument than to the memory of the humble laborers in this region round about, who by the cotton famine were well-nigh brought to domestic famine themselves, but who refused to give their allegiance to slavery and the South. At that time it was his duty, most reluctantly assumed, to endeavor to explain to English audiences, first in Manchester, then in Glasgow, then in Edinburgh, next at Liverpool, and finally in London, the facts in regard to the great struggle going on in America; and in looking back to that period and at the position which he took in those several tumultuous addresses,—‘You making the noise and I making the addresses,’ he added,—it was a great pleasure to him to be able to assure his hearers that every single substantial sentiment that was set forth in those several popular addresses had now become history. The audiences he then addressed were not misled in a single instance. The war established the fact that the North in wealth, in population, in patriotism, in determination was ahead of the South; and although the Southern people were as brave a people as ever lived, although they manifested their faith in their own cause by the sacrifice of their first-born, decimating their population and absolutely squandering the wealth of the South before, exhausted and breathless, they would give in, yet they were overcome, and in the track of war came emancipation. And now on that point allow him to say, concerning the conduct of the South since the war, that, considering how many millions of men

there were, and that their children had been slaughtered in such numbers, and that their slaves had been emancipated, and that they were universally reduced to poverty, and that the slaves were raised to the rank of citizens with a vote, and that in many of the Southern States the black vote overcame the white vote, and the legislatures were really in hands of the men who a few months before were their boughten and solden slaves,—the conduct of the South, taking it and measuring it by ordinary standards of human nature, had been worthy of admiration and praise. With here and there exceptions, they had submitted and were back again in the Union, not now by coercion, but by the heartiest good-will and choice. He had travelled within two or three years in every Southern slaveholding State. He had addressed the people in their largest halls, and he had put the question to them as plainly as possible, ‘Would you have slavery back again if you could have your choice?’ and he had never any other response than this, ‘We are thankful that slavery is at an end.’ A few words in praise of the conduct of the negroes at the time of the war, and indications of their progress since, were also offered, and Mr. Beecher proceeded with his lecture. It is needless to say that Mr. Beecher is an accomplished and powerful speaker. He kept the attention of his audience for an hour and a half, alternately stirring their passions, exciting laughter, or awakening the tenderest feelings.”

From Manchester to Liverpool, and Saturday was Mr. Beecher’s day of rest. He and Mrs. Beecher visited the exposition, and walked about the business streets, gazing into shop-windows like two children, occasionally stepping in to purchase some article that attracted their attention.

Mr. Beecher preached the next morning in Kirkdale Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool. The day was excessively hot, but that did not appear to detract from the interest with which the great congregation listened. There

was the usual rush for admittance at an early hour, and the great disappointed crowd who were unable to gain admission lingered in the burning sun until after the services were over, in order to get at least a glimpse of the famous preacher.

He lectured in Hengler's Circus the following evening, August 16th. I quote from the Liverpool *Mercury* of August 17th a portion of a two-column article, "Henry Ward Beecher on the Platform:"

"Last night, at Hengler's Circus, Mr. Beecher appeared as a platform orator. He was seen as it were in the open, with full license and freedom to roam, untrammelled by the surroundings of a Sunday congregation, and restricted by none of the sanctity of the pulpit. We are bound to confess that his style on the platform differed from his style in the pulpit only in proportion to the area of the buildings in which he spoke. Mr. Beecher is nothing if he is not natural, and he appears to be altogether too much a child of nature to be capable of any appreciable degree of alteration. His style is, as we said yesterday, essentially the style of the platform; and therefore, regarded as a pulpit orator, he must be viewed in a different aspect. In the latter, conventional restraint and common custom are potent factors. In the pulpit, a man must conform to the fashion of the country, or, even if he has the wisdom of Solon, he will come under the lash of criticism. No man without genius dare speak in the pulpit as Mr. Beecher does; but the very originality which might brand him in the pulpit may make his reputation on the platform. The latter is necessarily a far higher test than the former, as, in the pulpit, men of little brains and men of much meet on the common ground of conformity, accepted cadences of voice, gesture of limb, and almost of expression of countenance.

"A substantial audience assembled last night at the Circus to hear Mr. Beecher, a large body of representative clergy-

men and laymen of the Wesleyan denomination being present on the platform. Mr. Councillor Warrington presided, and introduced Mr. Beecher as an orator whose fame had extended throughout the civilized world."

The Liverpool *Daily Courier* of the same date said:

"There were about three thousand people in Hengler's Circus last night to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's lecture on 'The Reign of the Common People.' Councillor Warrington presided, and on the platform were a large number of ministers, the majority of whom belonged to the Non-conformist bodies in this city. The chairman judiciously confined his remarks to a few sentences, in which he spoke of the increasingly cordial relations between this country and America. It was with an indorsement of this remark that Mr. Beecher, whose reception must have been very gratifying to him, began his lecture, and at once his characteristic style manifested itself in the statement that the relations between those two countries had not always been those of a child and her mother, but that it had seemed at times as if England had been a stepmother."

(A synopsis of two columns of the lecture followed.)

From Liverpool we went to the ancient city of Chester.

Here I may quote extracts from another letter of Mr. Beecher's. He was now in full course, lecturing and preaching, seeing with delight the charming country and receiving with joy the hearty English welcomes on every side; yet there is one little passage in this letter which comes out so simply, and shows how naturally he looked forward to the rest that death would bring him, that it is at once pathetic and comforting to those who loved him:

“CHESTER, ENGLAND, Aug. 17, 1886.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: We left Liverpool this A.M., where we spent Sunday and Monday, some accounts of which you will find in newspapers which we send to you and C——. It was a successful visit, an enthusiastic audience, both on Sunday and Monday night.

“We dropped down here early this [Tuesday] A.M., and have very pleasant rooms for two days at the *Grosvenor* Hotel—that being the family name of the Duke of Westminster, whose place at Euston we rode out to and inspected to-day. The family left yesterday, so that we had the run of the house, and I saw many beautiful things. Mother was delighted. We came back in time to visit the Cathedral before dark. The care-taker was very polite, and showed us much attention and gave us much interesting information. The visit brought up the memory of my old friend John Raymond. It was our first visit after landing at Liverpool,* and you will recall his letters and their enthusiasm. It was one of my vision-seeing days, and the place was full of him, and brought together the wide-apart years. To-morrow I shall lecture here, then dash across to York, then back again to Carnarvon, not far from Holly-head, and on Sunday preach at Carlisle.

“My Sundays have been profitable, and I have enjoyed preaching and tokens of favor very wide-spread and affecting. I find myself far more read in England than in my own country, where my mission seems well-nigh over. The *Christian World* newspaper, which has for years printed my American sermons, now sends a shorthand writer everywhere to report my sermons, and they are printed in the *Christian World Pulpit*. Mr. Clark, the editor, told Pond that the *Pulpit* had more than doubled its circulation since my English sermons began to appear. I find a great breaking-up among the younger ministers of all denominations, and they are glad to follow a path-maker through the tangle of modern science.

* Alluding to his visit in 1863 in company with Dr. John H. Raymond, the president of Vassar College, since deceased.

"The Parkers left London on the same week that we did. We met them again for three days at Lake Windermere, and since then they have been in Scotland. I hope to see them again; but I want to come home. I should be glad to sail to-morrow. I have wandered enough, for I am kept very busy; yet I never was in better health and vigor, and am doing my work easily. I do not think that I shall come back jaded, yet, my friend, I long every year to lay down my task and depart. It is not a *judgment*, formed on reasonable grounds; it is simply a quiet longing of the spirit, a brooding desire to be through with my work,—although I am willing to go on if need be.

"Thursday, 19th. I go to-day across all England to York, and shall see the Cathedral there. I have not had a single experience of exaltation under Cathedral music, such as I had with John Raymond. Is the music tame, or am I more used to it, or are my susceptibilities growing dull with advancing years? All, I think. . . . I visited yesterday a Quaker meeting-house where William Penn once preached. The chapel yet stands here where Matthew Henry, the famous commentator, once preached, though it is now a Unitarian church; it stands on Trinity Street. I also visited the oldest church here, founded about A.D. 600. Saxon architecture at the bottom; the second tier above, transition Norman; and the clere-story, early English Gothic. The priory, now in ruins, was held either by De Quincey himself or his family; and here he wrote much of his famous book. . . ."

From Chester, as indicated in the above letter, we sped away to York and Carnarvon (Wales), Mr. Beecher speaking every night with the accustomed demonstrations, preaching in Carlisle for his friend, Rev. John Adams. He lectured in the same place on the Monday evening following (August 23d). The lecture was in the Drill Shed, there being no other public hall capable of accommodating the great crowd.

In Carlisle Mr. Beecher reserved five days for rest,

visited the Moffatt Hydropathic Establishment with a number of friends from America and Scotland, and remained until the following Saturday, arriving at Glasgow and preaching in that city on Sunday, August 29th, for Rev. Albert Goodrich, in the Elgin Place Congregational Church.

If there was any fear that his bold utterances would prove too strong for the orthodox Scotchmen, his reception by this first Scottish audience must have sufficed to dispel it. It reminded one of his first appearance at the City Temple, London. There was the same crowd outside long before the doors were open, the same filling-up of seats by fortunate ticket-holders, the same rush when the general public was admitted, the same crowding and squeezing to find sitting or standing room. There was also the same eager expectancy when Mr. Beecher entered the pulpit, and a not less earnest and attractive listening to the utterances of the preacher. Mr. Beecher, recruited by his brief vacation, appeared in excellent health, and he spoke in his best style, abating no jot or tittle of his catholic views in deference to the supposed orthodox susceptibilities of a northern congregation. His hearers were sympathetic and responsive, and the readiness with which his quaint humor and his broad theology were received, the unsuppressed laughter which now and then greeted his sayings, and the actual applause of the listeners when he expressed his desire to add a few more words to an already long discourse, were clear indications that among Scotch Congregationalists, at least, Mr. Beecher had found a hearty welcome.

On the next evening he lectured for the first time since his earlier visit in Scotland in St. Andrew's Hall. Dr. Blackie, the Lord Dean of Guild, presided, and the

lecturer was accompanied to the platform by Rev. Albert Goodrich, Rev. Dr. Parker, Bailie Dickson, Messrs. Peter McLeod, John Wilson, John Muir, Leonard Gow, Gilbert Geith, and others. The Glasgow *Herald* of August 31st says:

"The hall was filled when Mr. Beecher arrived, and he was received with prolonged applause. He began with a brief reference to his visit to Glasgow twenty-three years ago. Proceeding, he said:"

(Here follows a two-column report of the lecture.)

The *Scotsman* of the same date says:

"Last evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, Mr. Beecher delivered his lecture on 'The Reign of the Common People' to an audience of about three thousand persons, presided over by Dr. Blackie, Lord Dean of Guild."

(Here follows a *verbatim* report of the lecture.)

The following morning Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were given a breakfast, and invited to meet some fifty or sixty members of Baptist, Congregational, and Evangelical Union churches in Glasgow, full proceedings of which are given in "His Reception at Glasgow."

From Glasgow to Greenock, August 31st. The Greenock *Herald* heads a column article thus:

"Henry Ward Beecher in the Town Hall was an event in the lives of those who heard him. He had an excellent audience, and a hearty welcome."

From Greenock to Dundee, Wednesday, September 1st. I quote the Dundee *Advertiser*:

"Last night the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered one of his popular lectures to an audience which completely filled

Kinnaird Hall. Ex-Provost Moneur presided, and amongst those on the platform were the Rev. Dr. Short, the Rev. Messrs. Stewart Galloway, Houston, Dunlop, D. M. Ross, Cook, John Wylie, Masson, T. S. Dickson, J. Wilson, John Reid, J. George, W. J. Cox, R. Lowrie, W. Hamilton, Miller (Newgigging), White (Blairgowrie), Dakin (Kingstanly), Gloucestershire, Morrison (Caversham, Oxford), Professor Gilray, Mr. Frank Henderson, ex-M.P.; ex-Bailie Robertson, ex-Bailie C. V. Maxwell, Mr. J. L. Cunningham, Mr. R. A. Miller, Mr. James Logie, Mr. John Robertson (Taymount), Mr. W. Chalmers, Mr. J. P. Smith, Mr. McIntyre, U. S. Vice-Consul, etc.

“Ex-Provost Moneur said he had much pleasure in presiding at this meeting, and in introducing to a Dundee audience one of the most distinguished living Americans, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. [Applause.] He need not tell them that Mr. Beecher was the son of a noble father, and that he was a member of a distinguished family, and he need not tell them that he had by his genius and by his sparkling eloquence, by his noble and patriotic philanthropic labors, added lustre to the family name. [Applause.] They could not but honor the man who in conjunction with his illustrious sister—[Applause]—fought such a glorious fight in behalf of the oppressed slaves—[Applause]—when to advocate the abolition of slavery was a very dangerous thing. [Applause.] Such names as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Abraham Lincoln, Lloyd Garrison, and Henry Ward Beecher would be forever identified with that glorious struggle which resulted in the complete emancipation of the American slave. [Applause.] It was quite true that some of them might not be of one mind with Mr. Beecher in regard to various matters, political and religious. He, for one, preferred the theology of Mr. Beecher's father to his own—[Laughter]—but that did not prevent him from honoring one whose splendid gifts and abundant labors in behalf of the country and humanity made him worthy of the esteem and admiration of all right-thinking people. [Applause.]

“Mr. Beecher, who was loudly applauded on rising to his feet, began by saying it was far from his intention to dispute any man’s taste—[Laughter]—and although his honored friend who so kindly introduced him had expressed a preference for his father’s theology over his own, he might be allowed—to borrow a figure—to say that he might go farther and fare worse. [Laughter and applause.] In regard to mere personal and historical allusions, he wished to say that it had been his good fortune from his boyhood that he had never been left to choose his own rather than the will of God in the matter of the poor, the needy, and the suffering—[Hear, hear!]
—and that he had lived long enough to find that he who joined himself to his own race for their weal and uprising joined himself to God. [Applause.] It was also a matter of gratification to him that from long familiarity with the wants of the recently enslaved, and with all those great movements which effected their emancipation, he did not doubt that the work had been done completely and done well. The colored people behaved, both during their term of slavery and during the great war for their emancipation, and since, in a manner that should make their name illustrious in history. Though they had made many mistakes and had been often misled, yet on the whole it might be said that the colored people in the South voted more wisely and more humanely than their masters before the emancipation [Cheers.] The people of the South, he was proud to say, had come to the Union with a loyalty that was unsuspected. They had accepted their places again in the ranks of the nation, and were working with the North, under the Stars and Stripes, to bring in the great day of the Lord on their continent. [Applause.] He had been led to think that great as their loss was during the war, many as their sorrows were, freely as the blood flowed through all their cities and villages, the benefits which had accrued from the war had been innumerable. They had paid a great price, but they had bought their present condition cheaply—cheaply with all the loss.”

After these preliminary words he proceeded with the lecture.

The allusion by the chairman to the uncertainty of his father's son's theology aroused Mr. Beecher and caused him to deviate somewhat from the subject of the lecture. Surrounded on the platform by a score or more of conservative gray-haired Scotch ministers, he took occasion to handle Calvinism less tenderly than usual, and to open up his idea of a living Christianity and a consistent religion.

Never, during my acquaintance with him, have I known Mr. Beecher to rise more inspiringly to the importance and the earnestness of his own belief, and a determination to so impress it upon that audience that it should never be forgotten.

The lecture was that one which I had heard so often, "The Reign of the Common People." I stood listening from the beginning to the close, yet I could not see that he once repeated a sentence or a thought that he had ever spoken before on that subject. It was a grand appeal to his Christian brethren to be more liberal and to think better of the religion of Jesus Christ, which he believed to be the true rule of life and the essential principal of vital growth and power, as well in the mass as in the individual. If I remember aright, there were some thirty clergymen and ministers present.

It was announced by the chairman that Mr. and Mrs. Beecher would remain in the lower hall to extend a hand of welcome and good-fellowship to those who might desire to meet them personally. The entire audience rushed to the lower hall, and for a long time the ushers, hall-keepers, and committee of arrangements endeavored to impress on the people that they "*must give way and allow*

those who so desired to meet Mr. and Mrs. Beecher." The congregation being all of one accord in so desiring, naturally the committee's efforts were fruitless, and Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were obliged to leave the hall and forego the pleasure that had been arranged for them.

The next day we went to Aberdeen, where Mr. Beecher was announced for two lectures; these concluded the week's work. Many know how beautiful the ride is through Scotland from Dundee to Aberdeen, by way of the Caledonian Railway, early in September, with its bordering fields of pasture, meadow, and grain,—the grain golden-ripe, and the harvesters industriously gathering it in. No land that I know of is worked so nearly to its fullest capacity for the production of the necessities of life. One acre of Scotch land is made to produce more than any four acres I ever saw in my own country.

Mr. Beecher declared it one of the most enjoyable journeys he ever made. We had our special car and two accompanying friends from London, and it was a general remark that no part of the world could be more beautiful on a 2d of September than this. Our English friends were somewhat of the Tory order of thinking; they were told by Mr. Beecher that "there should be no reason why Ireland should not be just as prosperous as this; it has the same facilities."

"Ah!" they replied, "you can see the reason. A Scotchman will work and an Irishman will not."

"Give the Irishman a chance," said Mr. Beecher; "you don't give him a fair chance!" He urged this upon them.

The granite city of Aberdeen, built and paved in gray granite, is, I think, the cleanest city in the world.

Buildings that have stood three hundred years look as fresh and new as those but a few years old. Here we were made comfortable in the Queen's Hotel. Drawing-rooms and bedrooms were found profusely adorned with floral offerings, assuring us we were not among strangers.

Mr. Beecher lectured in Music Hall, the largest public hall in Northern Scotland. The audience was very large. Rev. C. C. Macdonald occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by some fifteen clergymen from the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and other churches, including the Church of England. Other clergymen were present in the body of the hall, and among the occupants of the gallery seats was Mr. Alexander Bain, Lord Rector of the University.

The chairman said he had the honor of introducing the prince of American preachers—[Applause]—and one of the most influential directors of public opinion and feeling in the United States. [Applause.] Mr. Beecher was a product of the life of the New World. He was a representative, he thought he might say, of the best characteristics of that life. [Applause.] As a religious teacher—and it was in this capacity that he knew him best—Mr. Beecher had shown in all his works an ardent love of freedom of thought. But that freedom had never tended towards license. [Applause.] There was in Mr. Beecher a devout religious spirit which had regulated that love of freedom and had made him one of the ablest and most popular exponents of the thoughts and aims of the Founder of our religion. [Applause.] There was in him a happy and influential union of intellect and emotion, of force and feeling, which he thought helped us to understand his supremacy in the pulpit. [Applause.] Then, he was progressive. Mr. Beecher, he was satisfied from his writings, had not yet stopped growing. He had not accepted, and he did not claim to have

formulated for himself, a complete system of theology. [Applause.] In his life-thoughts there stood revealed to us a man watching at the gates of celestial wisdom, waiting at the posts of her doors. [Applause.] As a citizen of the great Republic—[Applause]—which was now slowly working its way towards the realization of the grand ideal to its claim to independence, Mr. Beecher's voice has ever been clearly raised on the side of public purity, honor, and justice. [Applause.] They welcomed Mr. Beecher kindly for his own sake—[Applause]—and he ventured to say that they added to that welcome the deep interest they felt in, and the love that they bore towards, a people of whom it was now their pride to think that they owe to the mother-land some at least of those great virtues in which their fathers laid the foundation of a free state, and in which they themselves, by their capacity for self-rule, vindicate to this hour the claim, after barely a century of life, to stand abreast of the most advanced civilization of Christendom. [Applause.]

Mr. Beecher, who was received with cheers, rose and at once proceeded with his lecture, which was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. A *verbatim* report was given in the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press* and in the *Aberdeen Journal*.

The second lecture in Aberdeen was, if possible, more successful than the first.

We bade farewell to bonny Aberdeen on Saturday, September 4th. Mr. Beecher had consented to stop over an hour at Stirling and take part in the inauguration, at the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig of Stirling, of the bust of Robert Burns, the gift of Mr. Carnegie of New York. Mr. Beecher was expected to give expression to the wide-spread and intense feeling of admiration with which the national poet of Scotland was regarded by the people of America.

An enormous crowd had assembled in honor of the occasion; and the fact that so distinguished a person as Mr. Beecher was to deliver the oration had brought excursion-trains from Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Edinburgh. Unfortunately, for the first time since his arrival in England, Mr. Beecher had a severe cold and hoarseness, and as he was to deliver the anniversary sermon at the Evangelical Union Congregational Church (Rev. Robert Craig, A.M., pastor) in Edinburgh, the following day (Sabbath), he was obliged to cancel this promise and disappoint the many thousands at Stirling. Much as Mr. Beecher was grieved whenever he was compelled to break an engagement, I have never known him to show his disappointment except on this occasion. He generally banished the matter from his mind at once after deciding. But here he could not. He afterwards said to me:

“I believe one of the best speeches that ever was in me has never come out; it was for that Burns centennial.”

The night's rest at Hotel Royal in Edinburgh partially drove away the cold, and he preached a great sermon. He used to say, when he had a cold that caused hoarseness:

“Let Sunday come, and I will blow a sermon through it. That will cure it.”

The church was crowded. The singing was by the congregation, as Mr. Beecher liked it to be. The people were in full sympathy with the preacher, and the service must long be remembered in Edinburgh.

The Monday following he lectured in United Presbyterian Synod Hall, a room historical in Presbyterianism. It was beautifully decorated with flowers, and when

filled with a Scotch audience was one of the finest spectacles I ever beheld. The Lord Provost presided, and the large platform was completely occupied by ministers and men of distinction.

Mr. Beecher had not enjoyed the best of health while in Edinburgh. The Scotch mist lay so heavy that it was impossible to see across the streets. The air was rough and chilly, and he and Mrs. Beecher were deprived of viewing to advantage the most picturesque city in Great Britain. But they did visit the Castle, Holyrood Palace, John Knox's grave, and the "poor quarters."

The next lecture was in England, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. When we crossed the line from Scotland into England the sun was out and the clouds had rolled away.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Beecher, "we are in England. Don't you see the clouds have cleared away?"

"Is it because we are in England?" asked Mrs. Beecher.

"What else can it be?" he inquired.

Mrs. Beecher is a matter-of-fact woman; and although she delighted in her husband's jokes, she generally took them *apparently* in earnest.

At Newcastle we found an abundant welcome. The daily newspapers had heralded Mr. Beecher's coming with a great deal of earnest enthusiasm, and during our entire tour of England we did not find a place where the newspapers expressed more cordial appreciation. The *Daily Chronicle* devoted several columns to a review of his visit to England in 1863. For Mr. Beecher's friends at home I must quote briefly, at least, from one of the leading editorials :

"Each successive season seems to draw closer the bonds that connect the English-speaking nations throughout the world. Steam has bridged the Atlantic, and the passage to and fro of the citizens of America and England is so common that it has almost ceased to be noteworthy. Only the other day, after a brief sojourn, Oliver Wendell Holmes returned to the land of his nativity, carrying with him the sunniest memories of the old country. Probably no more grateful compliment was ever paid to England than when the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' said :

" ' One half her dust has walked the rest,
In martyrs, heroes, poets, sages.' "

Since the fall of the pro-slavery power which created so much unhappiness in the world, there has been a gradual drawing together of what Milton called the parent and daughter Empires. On every fitting occasion the Queen has shown her sympathy with the United States. Even the Centenary of American Independence was so celebrated that it served to cement the friendship of the two nations. It has twice been our sovereign's sad self-imposed duty to send letters of condolence over martyred presidents of the American Union.

"To-morrow night we are to have amongst us a distinguished citizen of that great Republic. Henry Ward Beecher's name is naturalized in England. He is known as the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and as editor or contributor to some of the most influential religious papers in the United States. Those who were familiar with the *New York Independent* under his editorship remember its power. But while he has given not a little of his strength to journalism, it is as a preacher and a lecturer that the pastor of Brooklyn Church has made himself famous. . . . As a preacher, the American theologian is animated in the highest degree. Truth is presented by him, not in the abstract, but in concrete forms. He thinks in metaphor. On the platform he has dealt with many topics of vital interest to the community. His visit to

England in the crisis of the great war between North and South powerfully contributed to undeceive our countrymen as to the issues at stake in that battle of giants. . . .

“When Henry Ward Beecher appeared in the chief cities of England and Scotland to uphold the Union and support emancipation, there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the merits of the struggle, even beyond that section of the population which favored Southern independence. In Liverpool especially Mr. Beecher had a formidable task. That city was then a stronghold of the slave power. The seizure of the rams had created an excitement which exhibited itself in pronounced antagonism to the orator. Nevertheless he triumphed. If, on a superficial view, circumstances seemed adverse, there was not a little that contributed to place him on a vantage-ground. He was the brother of the authoress of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ a work which enjoys with Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and the ‘Imitation of Christ’ by Thomas à Kempis, the renown of having been translated into every language of Europe. When Henry Ward Beecher appeared in England ‘Uncle Tom’ had touched all hearts. Since its publication, moreover, there had died in America a confessor of the ancient, silent order, who, if he did not write, could act for humanity. John Brown was hung for essaying to liberate Virginia’s slaves, but even those who detested all war assigned the martyr’s aureole to the hero of Harper’s Ferry. Henry Ward Beecher, being thoroughly familiar with every phase of the anti-slavery controversy, was well able to expose the sophistry of Slidell, Mason, and Spence. To-day he is amongst us on a different errand. It is no longer a great international controversy of which he is the exponent. He will speak to-morrow night as the representative of our kin beyond the sea, and will doubtless receive from the citizens of Newcastle a welcome worthy of his prestige.”

Here we met Dr. Parker and his wife, who were spending their vacation at Sunderland, ten miles south of Newcastle, Mrs. Parker’s former home.

The lecture was given in Town Hall, which seats three thousand five hundred people. Mr. Arthur Coote presided, supported on the platform by Rev. Dr. Parker, J. C. Cuthbertson, A. May, Dr. J. H. Rutherford, and numerous others.

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* on the following Monday reported the lecture in full. It said, editorially:

“The story which the great American divine had to tell the citizens of Newcastle last night was not a new one, and was unlike the thrilling advocacy of ‘freedom for the slave’ with which he claimed English sympathy twenty-three years ago. There were many ministers present, no doubt in the expectation of getting some ‘light and leading’ from the famous preacher, who received a very gratifying reception, the Kentish fire being extinguished by a round of Northumbrian cheers. The reverend gentleman has a right reverend appearance, although he apparently discards anything like clerical attire; but bearing his more than ‘threescore years and ten’ with healthy grace, his flowing white hair, large, open, clean-shaven features, and robust presence, make one think somehow of the ‘Pilgrim Fathers,’ of whom he might be a stout representative, and when carried away by the fervor of his thoughts, the intellectuality of his features assumes the Wesley-Bunyan type. The mobility of the reverend pastor’s physiognomy is of some account, as he does not hesitate to do a little mimicry both with voice and features, and he has a knack of concluding even a serious thought by a ‘happy expression’ at once amusing and effective.

“The chairman at last night’s meeting, Mr. Arthur Coote, in a few well-chosen sentences flattered the American nation, and, by a happy turn, its well-known representative whom they had come to hear; and acknowledge their appreciation of his successful and laborious efforts.”

The *Daily Chronicle* gave a *verbatim* report of the

lecture, and an editorial comment of a column which closed as follows :

“ With him love rather than justice is the burden of the message heard of old by the Sea of Galilee and on the slopes of Olivet. In the best sense of the word, Mr. Beecher is an original thinker, while nothing can surpass the appositeness of his illustrations. Twenty-three years have passed since he lectured in England, but last night it was impossible to detect any evidence of waning power. The eloquence, the humor, and the wisdom of his discourse left nothing to be desired. The orator is yet a learner, and that is the secret of his strength. There is nothing stereotyped about his thinking.”

From Newcastle we went to Sunderland. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were the guests of Andrew Common, Esq., the father of Mrs. Parker. Dr. and Mrs. Parker were here to welcome their friends to the home of her girlhood. Mr. Beecher lectured in Victoria Hall.

The chairman (Andrew Common, Esq.) said that last Sunday week he heard Mr. Beecher preach in Glasgow. The preacher played upon his intellectual and emotional nature like a skilled musician playing on an instrument of which he had complete command. He cried, smiled, laughed. He was charmed and thrilled, softened, subdued and humbled, and yet he was elevated to a spiritual altitude from which he could see things that had never before come within the range of his spiritual vision. [Applause.] It was an inspiration, a new revelation. He had had the pleasure and the privilege of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Beecher to his home as honored guests, and now, when he introduced Mr. Beecher, he should expect them to unite in according to him a thoroughly hearty Sunderland welcome—[Applause]—such a welcome as this go-ahead town knew how to give to a distinguished stranger—[Loud applause]—the eloquent lecturer, and perhaps the grandest preacher since the time of the Apostle Paul. [Applause.]

Stockton-on-Tees was our next lecture-place. Mr. Beecher and I went early, leaving Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. Common and Mrs. Beecher, to come to the lecture in the evening. The usual enthusiastic gathering was assembled ; the platform was crowded with clergymen, Mr. Joseph Dodd, M.P., presiding. The audience was very large. There were flowers in bouquets and baskets and on the platform and on the speaker's desk.

The chairman in a few stirring words, that were received with repeated applause, introduced the lecturer.

The lecture was warmly applauded. Mr. Beecher was at his best, and the audience in full sympathy with him. Mr. Robert Cameron of Sunderland paid a high eulogy to his lecture. He said Mr. Beecher came with a good message from America to England, and was showing that we were one people, with one literature and one love of freedom. He was one of those men who were making the bonds between America and England closer day by day.

Dr. Parker was called to his feet, and had to say something ; he looked at me and said :

“ Major Pond, where do we lecture next ? ”

Such was the enthusiasm that this simple pleasantry brought uproarious applause and cheers. He then told his “ friends and neighbors ” that he knew Mr. Beecher not only as a lecturer but as a man. He knew him intimately in his private as well as in his public capacity, and he was there to say that Mr. Beecher as a man immeasurably transcended Mr. Beecher as a lecturer. (Applause.)

All our party returned to Sunderland that night ; and as this was an hour before train-time, it was occupied in hand-shaking and visiting.

"Pond, this is one of our best days," said Mr. Beecher.

"When do I receive my fee, Major Pond?" asked Dr. Parker.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Beecher said he never enjoyed speaking in his life more than to these English audiences.

From Stockton-on-Tees we went to Gateshead (September 10th). This is really a part of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the two cities being separated by the river Tyne. Mr. Beecher had told me he should lecture on "Evolution" before leaving England; and as he was speaking in a group of towns in North England, the people had a desire to hear him on all possible subjects; so I took the liberty of announcing this subject. When Mr. Beecher ascertained that "Evolution" was announced, he rebelled. He said he could not make the subject come to him as he wanted it, and he surely would not lecture on that subject in England until he could have one or two days to think about it. Rev. Dr. Robb, the Congregational minister at Gateshead, was in sympathy with both Mr. Beecher and myself; but he had announced the subject, and, not being to blame in the least for so doing, was at a loss how to satisfy his people. The tickets were sold; the people must hear Mr. Beecher. The only way I could see, with my years of experience, was to let the audience assemble, and those who were not satisfied could have their money refunded. Mr. Beecher had helped me out of like difficulties before, and I believed he would now, although he had said nothing to that effect.

The Town Hall was crowded. As the *Newcastle Leader* said:

“Mr. Beecher had the felicity of addressing a ‘bumper’ house at Gateshead. The same charges were in operation, but there was the old attraction of a new subject, ‘Evolution and Religion,’ which, although a seemingly less popular title than the ‘Reign of the Common People,’ had something in the way of a revelation about it from so distinguished a divine, and might help to settle the nebulous. Indeed, the audience had a revelation from the lecturer, but it was of a personal, not of a scientific or metaphysical, character.”

In company with Rev. Dr. Robb, the Mayor (who was to preside), and several ministers, I went upon the platform, feeling like a criminal about to hear his sentence.

After introduction by the Mayor, who spoke kindly of the lecturer, Mr. Beecher stepped forward, looking fresh and solid, but with somewhat of an apologetic aspect.

He said : It was not agreeable for a public speaker to commence his address with an explanation and apology, yet he was forced to do it that night, with the certainty that he should disappoint some of those who had come hither. He would preface his apology with a narration of a few items of his own life. He had been lecturing for forty years in his own country, but for the last twelve under the management of Major Pond. During that time they had travelled over nearly four hundred thousand miles; had been in every State, and almost in every Territory, of the United States, together. Now his occupation was such that he could not look after business, or have anything to do with it whatever. In consequence his arrangement was simply this:

“He [pointing to Major Pond] hires me, and does with me as he has a mind to.” [Laughter.] He [Mr. Beecher] was sublet—Major Pond took all the coin over a regular fee, and took all the losses. [Laughter.] He made all the arrange-

ments with committees and in different towns—he [Mr. Beecher] had nothing but the voice. This business was far larger in his country than in England, for the system of lecturing in America had been so perfected as to have become a distinct institution amongst the efforts at popular education. In this long course he had made sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three new lectures in the year, until there were some twenty lectures on the docket. He never wrote them, and so the discussion of a subject assumed different forms in application to different wants in different places, but the titles remained the same although the contents varied almost indefinitely. It had been Mr. Pond's habit to say to the committee of a community: "Here are the lectures which Mr. Beecher is giving this season," and sometimes recommended that he should be tried. After two or three years many of the lectures were dead. He [Mr. Beecher] had almost forgotten the plans of them, and very largely the outlines and subjects. Last Wednesday morning, after speaking in the adjoining village—[Loud laughter]—he was surprised and startled by seeing after a very kind account in one of the morning papers that he was to lecture on "Evolution and Religion." That was a subject very near to his heart, and was a subject on which he purposed to lecture in England some other time; but two years and more were gone by since he delivered it last, and the plan was almost in the air, scattered, and he [Mr. Beecher] instantly sought Major Pond, and told him he could not lecture on Evolution. The thing was not in his mind, he was suffering under a kind of influenza, and he could not take up that subject now. He thought he should lecture at Gateshead on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society." He heard that this lecture on "Evolution" had gone out, and that many would be coming to this assembly for the sake of hearing the discussion on the subject, and it troubled him very much. [Applause.] After a day or two he found that nothing had been done, and then he became as severe as his mild nature would allow him to be—[Laughter]—with Mr. Pond. He found it was no fault of the committee that had the care and management of this lecture.

They had taken in good faith that which they had a right to take, and it was his protest. If there was any blame at all, it should be laid on Major Pond; and when they saw how large and broad he was [pointing to Major Pond] across the shoulders, and how capable of bearing it easily, he felt less scruple in saying it was the Major's fault, and not his, and not the committee's. He could only say that night that he should be very glad indeed to lecture on "Evolution and Religion," but he could not. A man could not lecture on what he had not got in him. He believed he must lecture on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society" or upon nothing, and he would take their judgment in that matter with great cheerfulness. He was also instructed by the committee to say that if there were any gentlemen who had come there on purpose to hear "Evolution and Religion" and were not content with this explanation, by calling at the hall-keeper's room the pecuniary indemnity should be made right with them; but if any man stayed and heard this lecture, he had to stand to the ticket price. [Loud laughter and applause.] He had an impression that when they had heard this, and not heard the other—[Laughter]—they would like this the best. [Renewed laughter.] He thanked them for the great good-nature they had shown—it alleviated his distress, and would help him to get through the occasion. [Applause.]

The explanation and apology seemed sufficient; nobody left the hall, though no doubt some of those present were as much disappointed as the Rev. Mr. Robb had been that day at four o'clock. The *Newcastle Chronicle* the next morning said: "Mr. Beecher gave his Gateshead hearers really a more interesting treat than the Newcastle audience received."

Scarborough was our next point. From here the Parkers returned to London, having spent their vacation in Scotland and North England. They had been more or less with us the past three weeks, and we missed them

very much. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and myself were alone when we reached Scarborough, the famous English resort—the most famous and fashionable. We arrived on Saturday afternoon, the 11th of September. Mr. Beecher preached on Sunday for Rev. Dr. Balgarnie in the Cliff Street Congregational Church, one of the most beautiful church edifices in North England. Dr. Balgarnie has presided over a congregation here for upwards of thirty years. As a Christian minister, he is known and revered throughout England; and as a citizen in the community where he lives, he is a great moral and social power.

The lecture in Scarborough took place in Grand Hall, at the Spa, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Mayor presided, and many city officials and ministers and well-known men were on the platform. This was, indeed, a *fashionable* English audience, and many people who had never heard who "Ward Beecher" was attended because it broke the every-day monotony. The wit, beauty, and fashion were represented. The aristocratic and professional classes were there in large numbers. The Scarborough *Mercury* said:

"Mr. Beecher has come and gone, leaving a rich heritage of thought and knowledge; the great keynote of his lecture was education. He really preached from the platform a great exhortation of knowledge."

The Scarborough *News* said:

"Every form of oratorical supremacy was manifested in the speaker's lecture—calm, statistical statement, bursts of moral indignation, flashes of humor, whirlwinds of wit, torrents of poetical eloquence, undercurrents of tearful pathos, roads of calm reasoning, and of all these varied with a voice of the

most perfect oratorical mobility—now deepening into a whisper of pathos, now rising into a shout of triumphant vindication, and again sinking into tones of expressive humor. Perhaps it was the humor, the peculiar and original American humor, which predominated throughout the whole lecture. It would burst out upon every conceivable and inconceivable occasion, upon every expected and unexpected opportunity, upon every serious and solemn incidence. Yet every burst of humor had its solemn significance, and when the lecturer sat down he was greeted with a round of applause more encouraging than that with which he commenced."

From Scarborough, in the northeast of England, we travelled across the country through Wales down to the far southwest. Monday Mr. Beecher lectured in Northampton. I have seldom enjoyed one of Mr. Beecher's meetings more than I did this one. The Northampton *Mercury* of September 18th described it well :

"A very large audience gathered in the Corn Exchange on Tuesday evening to hear a lecture on the 'Reign of the Common People,' by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who during the last few months has been preaching and lecturing in this country. Mr. Beecher is undoubtedly the greatest American preacher living. Thirty years ago his name was a familiar one throughout the States; and when the anti-slavery agitation began, his was one of the most eloquent voices that appealed for emancipation. His energy during that struggle was marvellous. It was during that crisis that he first visited England, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm wherever he went. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that where he had hundreds of friends and admirers then, there are thousands now, and his sermons are weekly sent into many thousands of English homes. Across the 'herring-pond' he wields a mighty influence. It has been said that to the American he occupies a position that an Englishman can only understand if he imagines a compound of Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, and John

Bright rolled into one, with a little tinge of the late F. W. Robertson added; and a candidate for the Presidency has very poor chances of success if the great preacher is not on his side. Henry Ward Beecher is now seventy-three years of age, but he seems to have lost none of the old power to charm an audience. He is apparently as subtle a thinker as ever; and if he has lost vigor, his orations have gained in mellowness and the ripeness of experience. At the Corn Exchange Mr. Beecher spoke from a temporary platform on the east side of the hall, and was fairly well heard by the majority of those present. Throughout the lecture he spoke chiefly in a quiet, subdued tone of voice, but several times his voice fairly thundered through the hall. Cheers and laughter followed in rapid succession, and would have been much more frequent but for the fear that the lecturer would not be heard.

“The Rev. J. T. Brown presided, and among those present were the Rev. C. Ll. Allen (Daventry), the Rev. J. J. Cooper, the Rev. J. T. Gasquoine, B.A., the Rev. G. Harrison, the Rev. A. B. Middleditch, the Rev. T. Ruston (Long Buckby), etc., etc.

“The chairman said they were here not only to see Mr. Beecher and to listen to him, but to give him a very hearty Northampton welcome. [Loud cheers.] Mr. Beecher needed no introduction: his name was well-nigh as familiar on this as on the other side of the Atlantic; his words were circulated among them as if native-born; and though most had not seen him in the flesh, yet he had been long known and honored as a distinguished power in his own country, a renowned orator and preacher, a fearless speaker of his own thoughts and convictions—[Cheers]—in his own way;—[Hear, hear!]
—and above all known and honored as a noble advocate of the freedom of the slaves. [Loud cheering.] It was the speaker's lot on the eve of the great war which issued in the freedom of the slaves to listen at Brooklyn to a sermon of Mr. Beecher, and never could he forget the manly and eloquent way in which on that occasion he pleaded the cause of the oppressed. And that cause had gloriously triumphed. [Cheers.] With

other reasons, they welcomed Mr. Beecher that night for his chivalrous exertions in that great and good work.

“It added not a little to their pleasure that he came from America. [Cheers.] America! in one sense the child and in another the brother and the peer of old England. [Loud cheers.] ‘To a great extent, sir,’ said Mr. Brown, turning to the lecturer, ‘you are ours —[Cheers]—you are of our race and kindred, though you have the misfortune of being born and living in America.’ [Laughter.] America owed not a little to Northamptonshire. They had helped to lay the foundations of the people; they contributed some of the original germs of that national life which had so wonderfully grown and flourished. There were three names of world-wide reputation which would not have been possessed by America if Northamptonshire had not furnished their ancestors. The illustrious Washington—[Cheers]—the mild, sweet poet Longfellow, and the late, most highly-esteemed Garfield belonged to Northamptonshire. At Brighton stood the house of the Washingtons. From Long Buckby went the Wadsworths from whom, on one side, Longfellow was descended. They went over in the *Mayflower*. And from Eton, on the other side of the town, the Garfields went forth about the same time, and found home and liberty in that foreign land. [Cheers.] So that although our country and America were far apart, yet by virtue of such relations and traditions of the past they were brought nearer together; and he concluded with the expression of the earnest wish and hope that by Mr. Beecher’s visits, and by the growing intercourse which made them better acquainted, these two nations, stronger in their love of liberty and in their assertions of the rights of man, might be bound together in a close, fruitful, lasting friendship, and might be an example of brotherly concord and Christian philanthropy in promoting the highest interests of mankind. [Loud cheers.] The subject of the lecture was of a vast importance that was growing every day, and that would grow more and more important in connection with England and the nations of the earth. [Cheers.]

“ Mr. Beecher was received with rounds of applause, and it was some minutes before he could proceed. He said he had had many and very pleasant introductions since he came to England, but none that surpassed the very kind and pregnant words just spoken. [Cheers.] If there was any chord that vibrated more quickly than any other in his heart, it was that of brotherhood; and when he came to England he did not feel that he had come to a foreign country. Nor had he been able to distinguish any peculiar difference in the countenance of Englishmen and Americans. ‘ We are handsome on our side, and you are on your side. [Laughter.] Perhaps, indeed, you have some advantages over us, but we are a young country and we will catch up with you yet.’ [More laughter.] After a tender allusion to Mr. Brown’s references to ‘ distinguished emigrants ’ from Northamptonshire—men who had made American history rich—he said that since he had been here he had found almost all his familiar American towns again. His mother was born in Guilford—and she was none the worse for that. [Laughter.] Northampton itself was associated with almost the whole period of his own personal education. [Cheers.] There he was graduated,—but it was in Massachusetts. That town derived its name from this; and it was not unworthy of it, either, in its history, which in early times was bloody in the Indian warfare, and the place had since become known for the cultivation of its people and for the institutions of learning which flourished there. So that when invited to Northampton it seemed to him as if a vision of his boyhood had come to him again, and he came to the town with very willing enthusiasm. But certainly he had had such a reception and such a country spread before him as he had never anticipated.”

(Full report of the lecture followed.)

From Northampton we went to Shrewsbury, and thence to Tredegar, Wales. In the large Temperance Hall, in the centre of the town, Mr. Beecher was re-

ceived with vociferous cheers given by an up-standing assembly, whose elation increased when Mr. Beecher said that he had Welsh blood in his veins. One of his ancestors was a Welsh woman; and as to anything extraordinary that he said or did they might "consider that as Welsh." He thoroughly delighted his Welsh audience, and in his religious periods produced a genuine Welsh "hwyl." Hundreds came to hear him from the neighboring hills.

At Torquay he preached Sunday, September 19th, and lectured Monday evening. The sermon and lecture were under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and on both occasions the Royal Public Hall (better known as the Circus) was crowded.

Torquay is another favored resort, and in many respects is more attractive than Scarborough, where we had spent the previous Sabbath. Mr. Beecher remarked to the audience, after being introduced by the chairman (Mr. H. P. Samuelson, J.P.), that he had traversed various parts of England and Scotland, and he had reached the climax in Torquay, for if there was any other place by land or sea surpassing Torquay in various interests it was altogether too good. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Beecher was in one of his most enjoyable moods. His visit seemed to be treated as an event in their lives by everybody around.

The Torquay papers were enthusiastic in Mr. Beecher's praise. The *Times*, at the head of a two-column article, pronounced his lecture much more sparkling, and certainly more suited to the needs of his audience, than the pamphlet lecture of his on the same subject that had recently been going the rounds. Rich and poor, religious and secular, Radicals and Tories, were

all more than gratified, and the committee that co-operated with Messrs. T. Viccars and F. Thomas in the work entailed by Mr. Beecher's visit deserved the hearty thanks of the large number of benefited hearers and readers. People of broad and liberal sentiments were delighted, and doubtless not a few persons of more narrow sympathies were profited by Mr. Beecher's social, religious, and political expositions.

From Torquay to Exeter, where Mr. Beecher visited the Cathedral, and enjoyed much of the day. At its close he lectured. The evening was stormy without, yet there were about fifteen hundred people in the audience, and his appearance on the platform was the signal for well-nigh a storm of applause. The platform was filled with distinguished ministers and citizens. Mr. F. Thomas, on rising to nominate a chairman, made a few introductory remarks, which were received with hearty and repeated applause. He begged to propose that their cosmopolitan ex-Mayor should take the chair. (Applause.)

"The ex-Mayor, who was cordially received, said he felt it a great honor to take the chair at that large meeting, and a great privilege to hear one of America's sons. He had been a reader of Mr. Beecher's sermons for years, but he never expected that he should have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him. He bore an honored name. The name of Beecher would ever be an honored and revered name amongst the lovers of humanity. He [the chairman] remembered well many years ago the deep impression that that wonderful book that his sister wrote had upon the mind of the English people, and he was sure that, as Mr. Thomas said, it was the death-knell of slavery in America. [Applause.] In calling upon the reverend gentleman to deliver his lecture, he was sure that

his fellow-citizens would give him a hearty welcome to this old city. [Applause.]

“Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in some introductory remarks, said allusion had been made very kindly both to the members of his father’s family and also some services that he himself had rendered in the cause of emancipation. Allow him to say that he counted it among the most blessed guidances with which God had furnished him that from his earliest life, and when that cause was deeply unpopular, and when a man was supposed to have sacrificed all his chances in life to avow himself an abolitionist, he was allowed by Divine influence to identify himself with the poor, and to become a voice for the dumb. But when it was said that he had an important influence, and moreover that his sister Mrs. Stowe—[Applause]—was a main cause of emancipation, he must dissent, and take a larger view of the movement than such a scale as that. No one man or score of men could overturn that empire of Satan in America. They were themselves living in the current, but the providence of God was the force, and their acting but feebly reacted against the great sin of slavery. [Hear, hear!] And it must be said that it was an instance also in which was fulfilled the declaration, ‘He restrains the wrath of man, and causes the remainder thereof to praise him.’ For it was not by the conscience of the North, it was not by the wisdom of her statesmen, it was not by any events, intelligent and purposed on their part, that that great misery and wickedness came to its execution and death. [Applause.] If they were going to reckon sublunary causes they must reckon on the extraordinary and unmitigated folly of the slave-owners: they were their own executioners. Their pride and ambition, their domination, although they had held government for fifty years, and could have held it for fifty more prospectively, pointed a career in which the argument was uttered by the sword, and when once it was submitted to the arbitrament of war every man could see that slavery was at an end. After five grievous years and numberless battles and the waste—lit-

erally—of millions of lives, and at an expense that almost outran computation by figures, was brought to an end that gigantic system of modern cruelty and modern weakness—American slavery. Not as the result of anybody's eloquence, but by the right hand and wisdom of Him who decided the fate of nations this thing was done, and no person more profoundly than Mrs. Stowe recognized that she was an instrument in the hands of God. When, in a discussion of differences between some of her other works and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' she was giving a reason why her later writings were thus or thus, he replied to her, 'Well, but in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" you did not put it so.' 'Ah,' she said, 'that was not my book—that was given to me.' And she always spoke of it to this day as an inspiration of God, and as if she was only the amanuensis. [Applause.] The reverend gentleman then proceeded to his lecture."

We went next to Plymouth, Southampton, Portsmouth, and arrived at Brighton on Saturday, September 25th, where Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were to have another sojourn in a famous English resort.

"Pond," said Mr. Beecher, "has it occurred to you that we have but four more weeks in this country? Then, sir, look out! I shall be my own master."

We reached Brighton in somewhat gloomy spirits. Mrs. Beecher had not been well. The chilly, damp air of autumn was having a bad effect upon her. Mr. Beecher perceived it, and mentioned it to me. My brother had been ill for several days, and hardly able to get out. I was also suffering fearfully from malarial trouble. Mr. Beecher remarked, "We are a sort of travelling infirmary: I am the only well one of the lot."

He preached in Brighton, for Rev. J. H. Shillson, to a crowded congregation in the Queen's Square Congregational Church. The following evening he lectured,

I quote the Brighton *Daily Chronicle* of September 28th :

“On Monday evening the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture in the Dome at Brighton on ‘The Wastes and Burdens of Society.’ Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather there was a large audience, it being estimated that nearly three thousand persons were present. The famous American divine, who, although seventy-three years of age, retains much of his old vigor and looked in robust health, was greeted with prolonged cheering. The Mayor (Alderman E. J. Reeves) presided, and as chief magistrate of the town tendered to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher a most cordial welcome. The lecturer, when the hearty applause which greeted him on rising had subdued, at once plunged into his subject, saying that the science of the production of wealth and its application to the happiness of society was the standpoint from which he wished to speak to them to-night.”

(Here follows a *verbatim* report of the lecture.)

CHAPTER IV.

BACK IN LONDON.

TUESDAY, September 28th, was a day and evening never to be forgotten by the friends who assembled at Memorial Hall in London to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher a right English welcome. They were the London Board of Congregational Ministers. It had been decided by them to extend no invitations outside of their regular membership, notwithstanding the urgent appeals that were made not only from brother ministers and ex-members in London, but from all parts of the Kingdom. This course received general censure by the religious newspapers, as the large hall belonging to the board offered ample facilities for a greater number. The *Christian World* said :

“The usually dull routine of the London Board of Congregational Ministers was this week broken through by the presence of a man before whom dulness flies like mist before the sun, and who has the rare gift of clothing theology, which in the hands of most is a weariness to the flesh, with all the charm which belongs to reality and life. It was a most seemly thing that the ministers of that section of the church to which Mr. Beecher more especially belongs should have had the opportunity of shaking by the hand and listening to the voice of one to whose sermons and prayers every ministry which aspires to be abreast of the times owes so much of suggestion and inspiration. It is much to be regretted that the invita-

tion to meet Mr. Beecher was not extended to *every Congregational* and *Baptist* minister in London. There would have been peculiar appropriateness in this, since in his own church at Brooklyn he is in the habit of sprinkling or pouring or immersing, as may be desired in each particular case. Nor can we see any reason why such a united gathering should not have been held, especially after the great display of brotherly feeling in May, as the large room would have afforded ample accommodation for the ministers of both bodies with their wives. But instead of this it was limited to the *Congregational* ministers who are actually members of the board, thus excluding one third even of those in the Congregational ministry in London. Even former members of the board sought for tickets of admission in vain. It is a cause for sincere regret that an occasion which proved so touching and memorable should not have been enjoyed by the largest possible number. It is, however, a cause for thankfulness that in spite of official resistance, by the unanimous vote of those actually present, it was decided that reporters should be admitted, so that those who were not privileged to be present, and could not see the face or hear the touching accents of Mr. Beecher's voice, will be able to read in our columns the very words, and all of them, of his memorable address and not less memorable prayer.

“Mr. Beecher was evidently deeply moved by the enthusiasm of his reception, declaring it to have been one of the most memorable occasions of his life, of which he could not boast, but which he could gratefully rehearse to his children—more to him even than his church. As at Glasgow, his address was chiefly autobiographical, his own spiritual experience being used as a mirror in which the anguish produced by the old Calvinistic theology shone out with singular clearness. Tried by such a test, Calvinism, as a representation of the character of One revealed as our Father, must stand condemned. What agony, what despair, what madness, have followed in its train! Here and there, as Mr. Beecher asserted, ‘it makes a man, but where it makes one, it kills five hundred.’

Happily, its day in England is nearly over; whilst even in Scotland the words of her own sons, Thomas Erskine, McLeod, Campbell, A. J. Scott, in the past, and of George MacDonald, Walter C. Smith, and others happily still in our midst, to say nothing of Englishmen who have passed across the border, like John Pulsford, are gradually but surely flooding that land with a tender light in which this great calumny on the Heavenly Father must surely be banished. Its banishment will be like the lifting of a hideous nightmare from many a tender and sensitive heart. If we are not greatly mistaken, the words spoken by Mr. Beecher in this visit to our land will be no mean factor in hastening the day in which men will wonder that the Church was ever held captive by such views of One whose nature is declared to be love. If the time should ever come in which not only one section, but the whole Church, should thus front the world, Mr. Beecher will have been one of the heralds who has prepared its way. He will assuredly go back to his own land linked to thousands in this country by the tenderest associations, and with their most loving wishes circling his way."

Of all the religious assemblies I have had the happiness to attend, this was surely the greatest to me. The love I felt for Dr. Allon on hearing him deliver his eloquent address of welcome is more than I can describe. He had risen to the occasion. He realized that which was due to sterling worth, and amply paid the tribute.

Mr. Beecher lectured in Ipswich the following evening to a crowded audience in the Public Hall. The Mayor presided. At a very early hour the next day Mr. Beecher and I (Mrs. Beecher had remained in London) took the early train for Norwich, where we arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning to find the beautiful cathedral city asleep. At the Royal Hotel we surprised

and disgusted poor "boots" that men should think of disturbing the cook and housemaids and want breakfast at that "beastly" hour. There being no room in readiness nor immediate prospect of breakfast, we wandered about the city until nine, found a market open, purchased pears, plums, melons, and tomatoes sufficient to supply a good-sized picnic-party for a day; had them sent to our hotel and waited for a sumptuous breakfast, which we had from the material furnished by ourselves.

By and by we went to religious service in the Cathedral, which is one of the noblest in England. It is built of flint and English oak. The spire is the highest in England, and it has stood just as it does now over five hundred years. Many interesting incidents and legends were related to Mr. Beecher, and he enjoyed them heartily.

We also visited St. Andrew's Hall and several institutions about the city, and when at last we returned and got settled in comfortable rooms, we really enjoyed the Royal Hotel. The lecture was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in Victoria Hall, which was crowded to its fullest capacity. Sir T. Fowell Buxton presided. The Mayoress and several of the clergymen and ministers were on the platform, while in the large audience sat many of the principal gentry and citizens of Norwich, as well as ministers of several denominations, who had come in from surrounding towns.

The chairman in presenting the speaker bade him a hearty welcome to Norwich; he said that Norwich and Suffolk men took no small part in the long struggle which abolished slavery in the British dominions in 1834. They were therefore the more able to appreciate the privilege of having among them one who was the

leading standard-bearer in a similar struggle. Not until the history of that struggle came to be written should they know how great a part was played by him they welcomed.

On the following morning our train left Norwich for London at 6 o'clock—not so unseasonable an hour in America, but in England equivalent to our 3 A.M. No conveyance was to be had at that hour. We were obliged to walk to the station, about a mile and a half. Although the sun was up, not a living being did we see, except one kennel-keeper who was letting out a pack of about thirty greyhounds for a run. Both he and the dogs seemed surprised at seeing men about, and looked upon us with no little suspicion. We were the only passengers to start for London so early. But it was a pleasant ride; we reached London at 10.30, and enjoyed several hours' sight-seeing before Mr. Beecher's hour for the afternoon nap. The lecture that evening was in London, Union Chapel, Islington (Rev. Dr. Allon's church), and was on "The Reign" (as we had come into the habit of calling it). The great "chapel" was packed, and here for the first time I saw conclusively that London was the place to give lectures in, if one were after money alone.

Sunday, October 3d, Mr. Beecher preached in London, in the Public Hall, West Norwood, S. E. Though this was in London, it was ten miles drive across the city from Dr. Parker's, where Mr. and Mrs. Beecher made their London home. The lecture took place in the same hall the Monday evening following. Being the accustomed subject, "Reign," no special mention was made in the London papers.

The next evening the lecture was given in Leicester

to a large audience in Floral Hall. We returned next morning to London by early train to enjoy two days' "rest," as he called it. I think he was more fatigued by those two days in looking about London than by any other two days we had passed during the season. On October 7th we experienced a London fog—the first any of our party had ever witnessed. The city lamps were lighted as though it really were night; but the fog was so thick that the gaslights could not penetrate it. It was worse than having night in the daytime.

Our English tour was nearing its close. Mr. Beecher had been engaged to lecture on "Conscience," in City Temple (London), on the 8th, and his last lecture in London, on "Evolution and Religion," was advertised for St. James' Hall on Monday evening, October 11th. He wished these were over, for he wanted to visit friends and see sights in London, which he could not if under obligations to the public. I was sceptical as to the prospects in City Temple, as Mr. Beecher had now already lectured and spoken so many times in London; but when the evening came, the audience came, and I began to think that October was a much better time for lectures than September. The Temple contained a magnificent audience. The chairman of the evening was Mr. James Clarke of the *Christian World*, and sitting by him on the platform were a number of clergymen and ministers, including Dr. Parker. In a few hearty sentences that were roundly cheered, Mr. Clarke introduced the lecturer, saying:

"It is fortunate that no speech is required from your chairman on this occasion; for I much doubt whether I could make my voice heard throughout this great building. But I must say how highly I appreciate the honor of having been

asked to preside on this occasion, and thus have my name associated, even for one evening, with our illustrious visitor so soon about to leave us. Four-and-twenty years ago I had the good fortune to hear several of Mr. Beecher's speeches in this country; and one of them, at least, addressed to the then students of New College, I shall never wholly forget. Since that time it has fallen to my lot to circulate his eloquent and quickening sermons by hundreds of thousands; and to their influence upon the minds of the people I may safely attribute not a little of the cordial welcome given to him in all parts of the country on his present visit; and we may hope and trust that these sermons will be continued for many years to come."

The chairman having resumed his seat, Mr. Beecher rose, and, amid the warmest manifestations of favorable public feeling, advanced, after his custom, to the front of the platform, bearing in his hands a few loose sheets of manuscript, to which he referred at intervals during his speech. Not till those present had unmistakably shown that they were with him heart and soul, and that he had not a jealous enemy among them, was Mr. Beecher allowed to do more than steadfastly gaze at the throng of admiring and loving faces directed towards his own, while a slight nervous twitching of his mouth alone betrayed the emotion under which he labored. He was looking well and robust; his voice was far stronger than when he lectured in London before, and was heard with the greatest ease throughout; and he soon gave proof that not only was he in the best of spirits, but that he had at his easy command that night all his unrivalled resources of dramatic oratory in their most brilliant form.

Great interest had been manifested in the announcement that Mr. Beecher's last lecture in London would

be on Evolution and Religion. I had secured St. James' Hall, and advertised the lecture in the daily and religious papers; and there was much talk and speculation as to the result. I invited many clergymen and ministers to preside, but they regretted that "unavoidable circumstances prevented." Here was a new development! Even ardent friends and admirers declined the honor with thanks—men who had been unsparing in their praise, both with their pens and in their pulpits. I visited scientists, but they, with all sorts of good things to say of Mr. Beecher, had decided not to accept any invitations. I feared that the duty of presiding would devolve upon the manager. Late in the afternoon, I visited a very dear clerical friend and suggested that he would have to preside. He stiffly replied, "No, it will not do." I thought of a brave man in London, to whom I had been introduced at a dinner given by a club of which I was a member, while in New York. I had heard him make a glorious after-dinner speech—it came to me that he was the man of all, and I wondered why I had not thought of him before. I immediately despatched a friend to Mecklenburg Square, with Mr. Beecher's and my compliments to George Augustus Sala, and asked him if he would be kind enough to preside. He immediately said, "Yes, I will be proud of the honor—there is nothing that I would not do for my American friends."

St. James' Hall contained as fine and select an audience as I ever saw. The out-of-towners had come back to London. Many had made short their holiday for the purpose of being back to hear the lecture. The ever-true and loyal friend, Mr. Clarke, and his sons (his partners in business), were in the audience; clergymen and

ministers were there too, but conspicuous for their absence from the platform.

Dr. Parker had accompanied his friend and was sitting by his side on the platform waiting for the chairman to arrive. The audience was quiet; there was an atmosphere of fear, and hope that all might go well; that Mr. Beecher would not spoil all the good work and lose all the good friends he had made in England. I thought, "How foolish people can be! How stiff and unyielding is religious prejudice! With all their experience of Mr. Beecher during these four months, why can't they *know* that he will not do or say anything that is not becoming a Christian minister, a man, and a gentleman?"

The chairman arrived, and at once proceeded to introduce the lecturer in eloquent words, which I regret were not taken down at the time. He said there was not the slightest need that he should expatiate on the many and varied merits of the reverend gentleman; that he had the great honor of introducing to them the eloquent orator, the learned divine, and he might say the patriot citizen of the greatest Republic in the world. The audience cheered and cheered again.

Mr. Beecher stepped to the front of the platform. The cheering this time was less exuberant than on former occasions. I occupied a seat near the front where I could watch every muscle and nerve of his face. I could see the meaning expression of his eye. I felt that he was equipped for the occasion, and the audience was to be treated to one of his best speeches.

I will not burden the page with extracts or even a synopsis of the numerous press reports that followed. Every daily newspaper and the religious papers reported the lecture at great length. Many published it in full.

I quote only a few lines from leading papers. At the head of a two-column editorial the *Christian World* said:

“Before a large and evidently highly appreciative audience Mr. Beecher expounded in St. James’ Hall, on Monday evening, his views on the relation of the new scientific doctrine of evolution to the cardinal articles of the Christian faith. Notwithstanding the oratorical labors of the last few months, Mr. Beecher appeared to be in excellent health, whilst his brilliant, suggestive, and impressive lecture showed that his mental power is still as great as when he was in the prime of his life.”

The London *Morning Post* published a column and a half review of the lecture, heading the article as follows:

“EVOLUTION AND RELIGION

was the title of a lecture delivered last night at St. James’ Hall before a large audience by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. G. A. Sala presided, and introduced the lecturer in a eulogistic speech. Mr. Beecher, who was very warmly received, said that the subject of his address was a difficult one, and was one of the deepest interest to him.”

The *Daily Telegraph* said :

“The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher closed his lecturing tour in England last night at St. James’ Hall, before a very large audience. The lecturer was introduced by Mr. George Augustus Sala. Argument, illustration, and humor were in turn employed, while laughter at one moment and applause at another testified to the enjoyment of his audience and to their hearty concurrence in his views. . . . Having stated his reasons for thinking that the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution would neither do away with churches nor with sects, and having pointed out how evolution established, on a rational basis, the belief in immortality, Mr. Beecher brought his

lecture to a conclusion. He was, he said, an honest man. He would never say that which he did not believe, though he might have uttered in his earlier years opinions which greater experience had taught him to modify. He had a right at this late period of his life, when all human inducements were free and could tempt him no more, to say, as an honest man, as a Christian man, and as a Christian preacher, that evolution was the greatest blessing, not to biology, not to physiology, not to sociology, but to religion. It was with unspeakable gratitude that he declared his thanksgiving to Him who gave our Lord Jesus Christ unto us that He was now bringing round about the Church of His love an illumination that indicated that the night was far spent and the day at hand. [Loud cheers.] The usual votes of thanks to the lecturer and the chairman were passed before the meeting terminated."

The next day we visited Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke at their home in Caterham, Surrey. It was a stormy day. October rains had set in and the air was chilly and damp. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were at the Charing Cross Station at 10 o'clock when Mr. Clarke joined us. We travelled together to Caterham, a suburban village, about thirty miles from London. Mr. Clarke's carriage was in waiting and drove us up the beautiful valley for a mile and a half to Beechhanger, the palatial residence of the most successful publisher of a religious newspaper and religious periodicals in the world. The drive up the valley resembles, more than any I have ever seen, the drive from the station in Peekskill, N. Y., to Mr. Beecher's home, "Boscobel," and the two residences are not unlike in situation. Mr. Clarke found an elevation beautifully situated to command a view of the valley below and the far-off surrounding hills. The grounds were adorned with ornamental trees of endless variety; among them the most stately and beautiful beech-trees

in that part of England, we thought. As we were confined most of the day in the house on account of the rain, I had an opportunity of looking through the large library, which, by the way, is the finest private library I have ever seen. In one room alone I found files of Mr. Clarke's publications running back as far as 1850 ; that of the *Christian World Pulpit* since 1861, I think. I took down the first volume and saw on the first column of the first page, "A Sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn," and reported especially for that periodical. I had a curiosity to see whether during Mr. Beecher's troubles the publications had been discontinued, so I went through every number up to 1886, and found that *not in one number* had there been such a hiatus. For twenty-five years, through tempest and sunshine and darkness and light, Mr. James Clarke had published every week one of Mr. Beecher's sermons. Mr. Beecher was not aware of it. I knew he was not, as I had been searching high and low for years, collecting everything of Mr. Beecher's that was ever published, and I found here in a private library in England the most complete collection of Mr. Beecher's sermons, prayers, and lecture-room talks in existence. I told Mr. Beecher, the day after, of my discovery. He said later, "That's a friend worth having." He had never personally known Mr. Clarke until the day of our visit to Caterham.

It rained that evening as though the heavens had sprung a leak. We went to the church, where Mr. Beecher addressed the Congregational School of Ministers' Sons. It was the most inclement night that we encountered in England. On returning to London we reached Charing Cross at 11.30 P.M. Mr. and Mrs.

Beecher rode in a hansom-cab six miles to Dr. Parker's, where they found their friends waiting. Mr. Beecher said as we parted at the station, "I am pleased with this day's work : one can afford to be tired after so enjoyable a day." Both he and Mrs. Beecher have since spoken of it as among the most pleasant events of the tour.

The never-to-be-forgotten Friday morning, October 15th, Mr. Beecher addressed the Theological Students in City Temple. A full report of it is in this volume.

Our stay in London was now fast coming to an end. Invitations from every direction came for Mr. Beecher to address different institutions, so that in spite of all his resolves to have a holiday, he could not refuse the pressing demands, as far as lay in his power to accept, and he consented to address the Freedman's Missions Aid Society at 10 A.M. This brought together another large congregation in Westminster Chapel. It was on a cause of great interest in England, and notwithstanding its being Saturday, and morning, and at an early hour, the great chapel was filled with one of London's most intelligent audiences. The Chairman, Rev. H. Simon, said they had often before welcomed there the friends of the Freedman's Aid Society, though never at that hour of the day. Mr. Beecher, however, had fixed the time, and they were ready to do anything to oblige him. The address is given in this volume.

CHAPTER V.

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

MR. BEECHER had been tendered a reception by the Congregational Board at Liverpool on Monday the 18th. He preached his farewell sermon on Sunday morning, October 17th, in Dr. Parker's great City Temple, where, on the 1st of July, he had received his first welcome to England. The congregation had to be admitted by ticket up to a certain hour; then the Temple doors were opened wide. Many hundreds had to be disappointed. City Temple was beautifully decorated with flowers in unusual abundance. Accommodations for the audience filled every available inch of room. Mr. Beecher preached on the "Mystery of Suffering" (the last sermon in this book). At the end of the services Dr. Parker said :

"I cannot allow the meeting to close without publicly thanking Mr. Beecher for all the service which he has rendered the Christian churches in this country, and above all to the church assembling within these walls. My thanks are not diminished in warmth or in emphasis when I remember that all this service has been rendered without fee or reward. I must also thank the members of Plymouth Church for having spared their pastor even for a few weeks, that he might render Christian service in this country. I envy Mr. Beecher the welcome which awaits him in his own city, alike by the members of Plymouth Church and by the citizens at large; yet I cannot

but hope that in the enthusiasm of their welcome they will remember the pensiveness of our farewell. We will not look upon this separation as final. 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.' We cannot tell what may occur to bring Mr. and Mrs. Beecher back again to us, but if anything of that nature should happen, we should indeed be dull-minded if we did not instantly interpret it as a gracious providence. Mr. Beecher so leaves us that we are sorry he is going, and he has left behind him so many memories of inspiration and gratitude that we shall all long to see his face amongst us once more. We shall thus part without despair. We will amend the Pagan phrase: 'Vale! Vale!'—*Non æternum Vale!* If we meet not again here, there is no reason why we may not all meet in the land of the great departed, in the Jerusalem whose streets are gold and whose walls are jasper. The eloquent preacher will have exhorted us in vain if any wanderer be lost. Here is an opportunity for sacred vows. Here is a holy hour. Why not now say, 'God helping me, I mean to be in heaven too?' No man ever offered that prayer, carrying with it the whole stress of his heart, who remained unanswered and uncomforted."

We were to take our departure for Liverpool at 5 o'clock. There were so many friends to be bidden good-by, Mr. Beecher could have remained in City Temple all that day shaking hands with them. Returning to Daleham Gardens with Dr. Parker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and myself partook of our last dinner in London. I shall not forget the sadness of that occasion; neither can I express the sympathy and love that went out from my heart to Dr. Parker as I saw him take his friend by the hand, and kiss him upon the cheek, and say the parting "God bless you." As I took the good man by the hand, and was about to speak, I saw the tears dropping from his eyes, and held my peace.

Having to preach that evening, Dr. Parker could not accompany our party to the station, but Mrs. Parker was Mrs. Beecher's escort to the special car that was in waiting to take us to Liverpool. At the station we found groups of friends waiting for an opportunity to speak once more to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. There were two little girls, eleven and thirteen years of age, who had attended all of Mr. Beecher's sermons in London, and to whom he had become very much attached. They told him he was the first "Dissenter" they had ever heard. The hour and the minute came; all were on board; "Good-by," and we rolled out of London. Mr. Beecher could not speak; his heart was with the dear friends from whom he had parted never to see again in this life. Mrs. Beecher participated in his tender sadness, and spoke gently to him. He roused as if from sleep, and said, "I wish everybody knew Dr. Parker as intimately as I do. He is a good man; he is a Christian man."

Former acquaintanceship between Dr. Parker and Mr. Beecher had brought them together. Dr. Parker and his wife had been entertained by Mr. Beecher on two separate occasions in America. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were induced to visit England in part by the prospect of visiting these friends, for Dr. and Mrs. Parker had been our coworkers in helping to bring about the tour. These visits brought the two men into close association, and being of congenial natures, they became very fond of each other. The home of Dr. and Mrs. Parker, with Mr. and Mrs. Beecher as their guests, was a very enjoyable one. Their interesting table-talks and discussions were treasures of repartee, wit, humor, and scholarly argument. Arrangements were so made that during

that summer holiday Dr. Parker and his wife were often with us two or three days at a time. They became a portion of our party. We travelled together, and had our special dining-rooms and parlors in common. The companionship of these four persons was the most enviable, I believe, that ever a man of my position enjoyed. The riches of New York could not be as much to me as the pleasant experiences of that summer.

Monday, October 18th, was our last day in England. The Liverpool Congregational Board—a body which is composed mostly if not wholly of ministers of the Congregational body resident in Liverpool—gave Mr. Beecher a reception at 11 A.M. at the Junior Reform Club. The room was very much crowded. Several out-of-town ministers were present. Mr. Beecher was very much pleased with the warm reception he received, the tender expressions of regard and acknowledgments of good derived from his teaching, and last, but not least, with the very eloquent speech made by Rev. Charles A. Berry of Wolverhampton in proposing a vote of thanks.

As we drove back to our hotel Mr. Beecher said that he was now glad that he had lived to visit England and to see the fruits of fifty years' teaching. He was even inclined to think he was better appreciated in England than at home.

"The speech of Rev. Charles Berry ought to have made you happy," I remarked.

"If I am not mistaken, that man will be heard from some day," said Mr. Beecher. "He has got the right stuff in him."

I had met no young minister in my travels throughout the country that so favorably impressed me: simple,

modest, gentle, and with a force of language and logic that drew one very near to him.

The Rev. O. Davies (of Blackburn), after speaking of Mr. Beecher in eulogistic terms, seconded the vote of thanks, and said that the only thing he had against Mr. Beecher was that he had failed to keep an engagement in Blackburn some weeks ago. The motion was carried amidst loud applause.

Mr. Beecher, in acknowledging the compliment, said that he had one or two more words to say.

He had got the vote, and they could not go back upon that. [Laughter.] Mr. Beecher proceeded to explain the reason he did not keep his engagement in Blackburn. He had adopted a system of lectureship in which an agent undertook all the arrangements. This agent was to the lecturer what the lawyer was to law, and a doctor to medicine. He had bargained with Mr. Pond. He received forty pounds for each lecture, and Mr. Pond paid all expenses. Mr. Pond took great care of him—[Laughter]—and all that was left for him to do was to deliver the lectures. He had nothing to do, any more than a piece of artillery which was charged by men and went off when they touched it. [Laughter.] If he had had to make all the arrangements he would never have been a lecturer at all. He was a perfect believer in what Napoleon had indicated, that letters answered themselves in thirty days. He had received a great number of letters recently. Many of them he had meant to answer, but he had been all his life meaning to answer some letters. [Laughter.] He had meant to do a good many things which had never been performed, and if his friend from Blackburn was disappointed he would remind him that he might have been disappointed had he kept his engagement there. [Laughter.] About August, September, and October, when at home, he was subject to hay-fever, and while in England this year he had suffered from considerable depression. He had gone to Moffat for a week's rest, and this

brought about the abandonment of the Blackburn engagement. He had travelled with Mr. Pond some four hundred thousand miles, had lectured some one thousand one hundred times, but had only five times failed to deliver a lecture when announced to do so. With this explanation he hoped he should be restored to their good graces. His treatment in England during his present visit entirely blotted out his previous experiences, and all he had suffered before was now rubbed out, and they started again with a clean slate. [Applause.]

After a few words from the chairman Mr. Beecher brought the proceedings to a close by engaging in prayer.

In the evening Mr. Beecher lectured in Hengler's Circus on "Evolution and Religion." This was his last lecture in England. Fully as large an audience had assembled as had come to hear him in the same place on the 16th of August. The chairman, Mr. E. R. Russell, M.P., in introducing Mr. Beecher said:

They had met there to hear a great orator—one who had done more by his genius and eloquence than any other man, unless it were their own John Bright, to spread among the whole English-speaking people of the world a community of sentiment and of intelligence.

They also honored Mr. Beecher because he was a life-long friend of liberty—[Cheers]—of freedom of human condition; freedom of thought; freedom of spirit; freedom in every respect in which it could advance human interests and make for the common weal. There were probably many there who remembered as he did when Mr. Beecher's great sister—[Cheers]—made her mark upon the mind and sympathies of the world by her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and he remembered how pleasing it was soon after to learn that she had a brother who was worthy of herself, and who was engaged in the same noble task which she was so energetically prosecuting. They

had watched his career since, and they knew he had done his utmost for that great cause to which he had devoted himself, and that it had been the great triumph of his life to see him succeed, and to see human freedom make a great advance in his country. Now they had to receive him in another capacity—as one devoted to the improvement and enlightenment of the human kind; and they rejoiced that so many of his efforts had been directed to this end in connection with religion. His views were characterized by great liberality, and at the same time, in the judgment of many who were well qualified to form a conviction upon such a matter, thoroughly rooted in the great doctrines upon which our faith and our salvation must depend. [Applause.] It was not for him (Mr. Russell) to offer any observation upon the subject of the lecture. He only looked forward, as they all did, to have the truth placed in new lights. There were in the hall at the moment many opinions on the subject of Evolution, and they could not expect them to be fused into one even by the eloquence of Mr. Ward Beecher; but they did expect much to be added to their intellectual stock, and that their habits of reflection and observation would be improved by the lecture they were about to enjoy. [Loud applause.]

At the close of the lecture, which held the audience spell-bound for two and a half hours, a motion of thanks was proposed by the Rev. Ogmore Davies. Mr. Beecher in acknowledging the vote said:

He thanked them for their cordial reference to his country. That Englishmen should not love America was simply monstrous. They were of the same blood and race-stock, the same institutions, the same religious belief. American history was simply an evolution from that of the English. [Applause.] He had always said that Americans were nothing but good Englishmen planted in a better soil. [Laughter and applause.] When the English-speaking races were united, they would

sweep the nations of the earth, not by a sword, but by a better humanity, lifting men into the higher sphere of morality and religion. [Loud applause.]

We spent Friday, October 19th, in Liverpool. My brother Ozias had been quite feeble for some time, and now was very ill, and we were obliged to leave him at the Northwestern Hotel to take the *Etruria* the Saturday following. We were to join him at Queenstown. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and I left Liverpool for Belfast *via* Fleetwood. We took a steamer at the latter place, and were made quite comfortable until we arrived at Belfast at nine o'clock on the morning of October 20th. Here we had another experience. Mr. Beecher had never seen a jaunting-car, and, while there were hacks and customary English vehicles that were luxurious and comfortable, he proposed to be a "Roman while in Rome," and we succeeded in getting our luggage and ourselves into a jaunting-car, and were whirled and tossed around corners and over rough pavements, and very soon stopped at the Imperial Hotel. Whether either Mr. or Mrs. Beecher or both drew a square breath during that ride I never knew. I know that each held firmly to the seat until we stopped; and neither took any particular interest in viewing the scenery along the line, or had any remarks to pass as to how they liked Ireland. After Mr. Beecher had once got down and assisted Mrs. Beecher to the ground he remarked:

"I am not anxious to know anything more about jaunting-cars."

The Imperial Hotel at Belfast is the model European hotel of all that we saw during our tour in Great Britain; nothing was more sumptuous or more near to just

right, in all our travels, from mine host to the "boots." It made the jolly landlord happy to compliment his hotel, which really was so perfectly kept as to render criticism impossible. At dinner we all voted, "The best bread in the world is to be had at the Imperial Hotel, Belfast."

Belfast is the most like an American city of all we visited. Ship-building and linen-manufacturing are the chief industries. Here all of the great steamers of the famous White Star Line are built. The linen-manufacturing is the most extensive in the world. Much of the day was spent in sight-seeing and shopping, there being so much temptation that Mr. Beecher cut short his afternoon nap. The lecture was an event in Northern Ireland. The city presented the appearance of a holiday. I thought enthusiasm had reached its climax in London and Wales, but here we found something beyond them.

The Belfast *Daily Telegraph* thus describes the event:

"The stately fabric of the Ulster Hall was yesterday evening an unusual source of attraction. From all parts of the town groups of people were eagerly speeding towards that great centre, and wherever two or three were gathered there the words 'Ward Beecher' were ever heard above the bustle of the anxious throng; they were, indeed, the theme of almost every conversation. On approaching the exterior of the fine building it was found necessary to force one's way through a considerable multitude, and the vestibule once gained all seemed right. In the majority of cases it was so. But this was not the experience of him whose business or curiosity led him in the direction of the reserved seats, which were approachable only through the eastern corridor. Hurrying on to the front, the attention of the passer-by was attracted by one who figured as a temporary obstructionist. He held a

strong position beside the entrance to the great hall, and there, with an air of high authority, impeded the course of any person who metaphorically 'tossed not high his ready cap in air' and approached without fitting humility the presence of one so curiously august. Entering the hall, a scene of great animation and expectancy awaited the observer. The balcony and the body of the hall were already well filled, and through its massive portals rolled a continuous stream of people to join the mighty sea of faces that already occupied the building. Before eight o'clock had tolled the sitting accommodation of the commodious building was taxed to its utmost limits. The gathering was thoroughly representative. It contained members of every class, from the rich to the poor, and from the man of average intelligence to the man of culture and refinement. There was also a large number of ladies, who added not a little to the liveliness of the place, and showed by their presence either that curiosity for which their sex is held in high repute, or, better still, their keen appreciation of the lecturer. As eight o'clock approached, the excitement became more and more intense. The slightest movement was sufficient to cause an almost universal projection of heads, and the faintest murmur was the signal for a general bustle to see the great man whose fame has reached us from afar off.

"Shortly after eight o'clock there was a movement in the direction of the western ante-chamber; by means of which the platform is approached; noises were distinctly heard, and footsteps became audible. The excitement of the audience knew no bounds. Hats and umbrellas waved in all directions; pocket-handkerchiefs of many colors streamed fitfully from the balconies; heads bobbed to and fro like India-rubber balls; and opera-glasses were presented with lightning-like rapidity to brows from beneath whose shelter curious eyes peered at the approaching strangers. It was on such a scene as this that Dr. Collier and a number of reverend gentlemen entered, leading with them that venerable lecturer whose thoughts and sentiments have played such a conspicuous part in the educa-

tion and direction of the great thinkers of the New World. The enthusiastic applause was deafening in effect, and continued unabated until the first faint lineaments of the powerful and strongly-marked features of the lion of the evening became discernible. On his near approach the stately carriage, the thick locks of long gray hair, the well-proportioned countenance beaming with intellectuality, the eyes sparkling like diamonds in the precious diadem that encircles a powerful mind, were all impressed indelibly on the imaginations of the audience. At length the great ovation with which he was received subsided, and his well-built figure was seen to full advantage as he passed to a seat commanding a proper view of the audience.

"The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is apparently a man of much firmness. There is even in his gait something that impresses one with the idea of decision and calmness. Nor are the notions thus formed exaggerated. These qualities, together with clear perception, perfect self-control, vigor, and force, all stamp their owner as a man of genius. Mr. Beecher, who was dressed in a black frock-coat, turned-down collar, and black tie, is about five feet seven inches in height, but on a platform, no doubt owing to the manner in which he wears his hair, and the style of his features, he looks much taller. In the reserved area near the reporters' table two chairs had been placed a little out of the line of the front seats, and these a few moments before the lecturer made his appearance were quietly taken by Mrs. Beecher and Major Pond, Mr. Beecher's business manager. Mrs. Beecher is a quiet, pleasant-looking old lady, who in her youth must have been exceedingly good-looking. She was tastefully and becomingly dressed, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy the reception accorded her distinguished husband.

"Dr. Collier, who occupied the chair, introduced Mr. Beecher as one of the most celebrated members of a celebrated family, and a gentleman whose fame as an orator, editor, and author has been sounding not only in all churches, but in the wider realms of journalism, scholarship, and literature. They

recognized in him the physical embodiment of that great American nation whose welfare and whose history are so inseparably entwined with our own. They recognized in him a gentleman who in that country had made his mark, and they claimed kinship with him. They also recognized in him the fearless champion of the good tidings and good-will to all men. [Hear, hear!] He had fearlessly proclaimed that good gospel. Long might he do so, and they would gladly recognize in him the highest type of a clergyman who limited himself to no narrow groove, but strove to strike all the chords of our human nature, and make them vibrate in loving response to the touch of Christian charity and toleration. [Applause.]

“The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who was again enthusiastically received, on approaching the audience planted his feet firmly, assumed the air of perfect homeliness, and then, folding his arms, gazed on the great assembly till their excitement had subsided. There was not a quiver of his lip, not a movement that revealed the slightest agitation, as he told his audience that that morning he had for the first time planted his feet on Ireland, with but one regret—that his time should be so limited that he could spend only a few hours where he should love to spend weeks and months; for the history of Ireland was not confined to their knowledge. They had heard of them on the other side—[Laughter]—and since they could not come to Ireland, Ireland had come in overflowing liberality to them. [Laughter.] He had also heard of the prosperity of this good city, and although he had not been able to explore it, and should not be able, he feared to take more than a glance at it: even that was better than nothing; and he doubted not he should go away with admiration and with renewed sympathy for Northern Ireland and for this metropolis of the North.”

Each Belfast paper commented with equal enthusiasm, and published the lecture entire. At the close of the lecture Mr. Beecher said he did not know whether he had any Irish blood in him or not.

"He had got a little Welsh and a good deal of English blood. One thing he did feel: that if he had not a drop of English blood, and no Scotch nor Welsh blood, he was blood-kindred to his kind, to mankind everywhere throughout the whole world. [Applause.] He felt a profound interest in Great Britain. This great kingdom would unfold itself out of the past into a still more glorious future than it ever yet had. [Applause.] The language which belonged to this dear old nation was spread over the world, and Britain, America, and the Colonial English were more than a match for all the world put together. [Cheers.] Did they ever think what a reservoir there was in their control, what a reservoir the English language was—its poetry, its history, its philosophy, its religion? They had a language as capable as any that was ever spoken. Their institutions were expressed and explained by it, and their political principles and political economy went with the language. Was it a small thing or an indication of Divine Providence that the English people were the only people in this world that could colonize and form States that would last? The history of colonization was entirely the history of the English-speaking people, and they did not seem disposed to forget their trade. [Laughter and applause.] They were going everywhere. Let them never suffer division or irritation, or, above all, the black demon of war to come in their midst. Let them stand together in one language, in the one general faith, in the one hope for mankind, in the one unchanging principle of liberty, and go on from conquering to conquer. [Applause.]

"Rev. John Fordice moved and Rev. G. R. Wedgwood seconded a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which passed by acclamation. A similar compliment to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

"As the reverend gentleman and his wife left the hall they were met by a large assembly, who cheered enthusiastically for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, who gracefully returned their acknowledgment and quickly disappeared in the eastern corridor."

The following morning Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were entertained at a breakfast in the Lombard Hall, Belfast. There were a large number of friends, including many clergymen and ladies. It was a most enjoyable affair. The time after the breakfast until 4 P.M. was occupied in driving about the city in company with Rev. Mr. Fordice, visiting numerous places of interest, not the least among which were the scenes of the late riot. At 4 o'clock we left Belfast for Dublin, where we arrived at 10.30, amidst rain and mud and wind and darkness. We found comfortable accommodations at the Gresham Hotel, and supper and a number of letters from friends in England waiting for us. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Beecher visited the Dublin Botanical Gardens, which they declared the most interesting place of the kind they had ever seen. Two hours were spent at these tropical conservatories, and then a drive through the great park back to Guinness's Brewery. It was not visitors' day. We were ushered into a large reception-parlor, while I hunted up the superintendent, to whom I quietly intimated who the distinguished visitors were, and asked for a suspension of the rule, that we might see the greatest establishment of the kind in the world. The manager was quite pleased with the opportunity, and at once came to Mr. Beecher and, after cordially receiving the party, asked:

"Would you like to see the brewery, sir?"

"I would. How long will it take?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"About a week, sir, if you have nothing else to do."

"I will take as much as I can see in an hour," said Mr. Beecher, and we started. It did not take long for our guide to learn that there was nothing for Mr. Beech-

er to learn as to the process of brewing ale and porter. He (Mr. Beecher) remarked that once on a time he had to undergo great nervous strain, and his physician recommended that he drink a bottle of stout every night. So he set about to ascertain what it was made of and how it was made.

After visiting some of the principal departments of this wonderful establishment, we learned that the ground it occupied consists of forty-six acres in the heart of Dublin. Six miles of underground railroad-tracks traverse the various vaults. Twelve thousand men are employed on the premises. Hundreds of horses and wagons, and many ships, are in the establishment's service. The daily revenue paid to the government is £15,000 (\$75,000) a day for stamps.

I have frequently wondered to myself if the Dublin lecture was truly a success.

Mr. Frederick Windee had agreed to pay me eighty pounds for the lecture. Who Mr. Windee was I did not know, except that his references were good. He wrote me when I made the engagement that "The Reign of the Common People" would not do for Ireland. The subject smacked of politics, and it would not do to advertise it in Dublin. The "Institution" would risk "Wastes and Burdens of Society," which I did not object to, and I knew Mr. Beecher would not.

On our arrival, a little shrewd-faced Irishman met me at the hotel and introduced himself as Mr. Windee. He was very polite, but seemed quite nervous. He seemed to fear that Mr. Beecher was a dangerous man for Dublin, but hoped he would not make a mistake. I assured him that there was not the slightest cause for fear. He had the money, eighty pounds, in Irish bills, and gave

it to me then and there. I asked him who was to preside. He told me the Rev. Mr. Morrison had consented, and he did hope Mr. Beecher would be very careful about referring in any way to religion or politics in his lecture. I had to tell Mr. Beecher what the feeling was. He said nothing.

He and I drove to Metropolitan Hall, where we found a large audience waiting. Mr. Beecher was introduced to the chairman, Rev. S. G. Morrison, a somewhat patriarchal divine, who without ceremony, and with great uncertainty, conducted the lecturer to the platform, where he sat down to as cold a reception as I ever knew him to receive. All was silent. The chairman rose and said :

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you a distinguished orator from Yankeeland. Mr. Beecher is not on this platform in his clerical character, so we are not to be treated to any exposition of his theological sentiments. Mr. Beecher is not here as a politician, and therefore we will not hear from him any exposition of his political principles. [Hear, hear! and applause.] But Mr. Beecher is here to deliver an address of more than ordinary social importance. As a well-known philanthropist, from his long experience, from the wonderful abilities the Great Master has gifted him with, and from his well-known character as one of the most distinguished orators, we may anticipate, I think, an address—a lecture—that shall not only be instructive but delightful. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Beecher to your notice this evening.” [Applause.]

Mr. Beecher, on coming forward, was received with courteous but not cordial applause. He said :

“I have been very kindly introduced by the distinguished and honorable gentleman who has accompanied me, and therefore I accept the position assigned. I have not come to speak

on theology, and you shall never know how much you have missed. [Laughter.] I have not come to speak on politics. I have enough of that in my own country—[Laughter]—and even if I knew about your politics, I should think it very inexpedient, as one born abroad, to meddle with local affairs and local questions. I know that it is not necessary for one to know much about politics in order to make a good speaker; but, nevertheless, I accept the delimitation, and there is nothing left of me but this—that I am a man; that's enough. 'A man's a man for a' that.' And as to the other things, I give them a go-by, in the hope that some twenty or thirty years hence I may revisit you, and that you then will be very glad to hear my opinions about those other subjects." [Applause.]

Mr. Beecher gave his lecture in one of his characteristic moods, caused by an attempt to confine him within certain bounds. The audience soon had reason to believe that he had in some way, perhaps unconsciously, woven a great deal of religion and politics into the lecture; at least the chairman told me after the lecture that he could see and feel it all through. The Dublin papers published the lecture entire the next Monday. The *Freeman's Journal* headed the report with a column editorial as follows:

"Last evening the Dublin public, or as many of them as could conveniently fit inside the Metropolitan Hall, were offered an opportunity of hearing the famous Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The occasion was one of very exceptional interest, for there are very few people to whom the name of the great preacher and lecturer is not familiar, and his life has been eventful enough to make it a subject of comment and criticism to all sorts and conditions of people all the world over. In America, of course, it is quite necessary to say he is not only 'one of the most remarkable men of the country,' but that he has long since become an absolute hero—a sort of transatlan-

tic 'white-haired boy' amongst a very large section of Yankees. Like many other able men whose capacity lay very much in the same direction, he has ever combined a shrewd regard for business, as developed by the acquisition of the almighty dollar, with a very worthy occupation of 'spreading the light.' And so, having put himself under the management of a cute and careful agent, a personage sometimes obscured under the foreign and formidable title of *impressario*, the Rev. Henry has lectured and lectured to the tune of many thousands of pounds. And this, after all, is as it should be. The lectures, judging from that of last night, are well worth paying to hear, to say nothing of the fact that people really never properly appreciate anything that is given to them for nothing. Besides, an honest charge for admission, even to hear an American preacher, is better and, so to speak, more comfortable than the too-familiar invitation that 'all friends are welcome—there will be no charge for admission, but to defray expenses there will be a collection at the door.' The Metropolitan Hall, or, as it is now called, the Christian Union Building, was densely crowded, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to hear and see the distinguished orator, even amongst a considerable number of people who can scarcely be called frequenters or patrons of that establishment. Every one desired to meet the man of whom it is said that he once addressed an adverse meeting 'for six hours at a stretch, and sent them away raving Liberationists.' Most audiences upon whom six hours of oratory happened to be poured would possibly be sent away raving lunatics. But the power and influence of real eloquence is unlimited, and so the Rev. Mr. Beecher can boast that he never wearies his audience.

"It is not very easy to describe his personal appearance so as to give any true idea of his look as he 'delivers in such apt and gracious words' the text of his discourse. In a certain sense he may be said to be a typical lecturer; for somehow or another, whatever be the reason, those of his cloth who have visited this country seem to affect very much the same airs

and graces, and, whether it is the occupation of the public lecturing or the indefinable 'something' in the atmosphere of the country, the general bearing of such men has a singular family likeness the one to the other. But, as Galatea naïvely observes of herself, Henry Ward Beecher is 'original.' For one of his age—he is over seventy-three—he is uncommonly well preserved. Somewhat under the middle size, his figure is well set up, though perhaps too stout to be deemed athletic; but his frame is still firm, strong, vigorous. His head is large, well shaped, and indicates intellectual qualities of a high order. There is much in his florid face that a good portrait-painter would rejoice to find in a subject. The features are well defined, the nose being somewhat aquiline and prominent, the eyes bright, full of expression, and marked by a keenness and shrewdness, and the mouth suggestive of one who has little of the ascetic in his nature and who can appreciate the sweets and comforts of existence as well as lecture against their abuses. There is a strange mixture of shrewdness and tenderness, humor, playfulness and sympathy, intricately blended with those severer moods that 'refuse and restrain.' Add a thin crop of gray hair brushed well back from the forehead and falling with a sort of studied negligence to his broad shoulders, and perhaps some slight notion may be had of the lecturer. That he has a keen sense of humor is obvious. Even so small an incident as a big man sitting down on another man's hat did not escape his appreciation. (Such an incident did occur on the platform.) . . . He was dressed in fine black cloth, wore a turn-down collar, commonly called a 'Shakespeare,' with a black tie, and displayed an impressive expanse of white shirt.

"His theme was 'The Wastes and Burdens of Society,' which he treated from the standpoint of political economy, without going into the subject at all fully; for that, as he observed, 'would find them all there in the morning,—asleep.' He speaks with a decided but by no means strongly flavored American accent, or 'twang' as Artemus Ward calls it. His sentences are for the most part short, crisp, and wonderfully

effective. Though seldom raising his voice beyond a very ordinary key, his words are heard with singular clearness and distinctness. His humor is dry and thoroughly though indescribably American. . . .

"Whatever of useful truth his address contained—and it contained much matter for reflection—he made strikingly attractive and interesting by his method of telling it. He treated the subject not only with great clearness, originality, and force, but occasionally with an eloquence that rather surprised his audience. His illustrations of the mistaken treatment of the young in their start on the journey of life were listened to with great interest, and were very impressive. Occasionally, too, they were quaintly humorous. One man, he said, would observe of his child, 'He is clear-headed and honest; we had better make a lawyer of him:' and they did; and he failed at his profession. Other parents, beholding that their child was 'so good,' said they would make him a clergyman. 'They did; and his parish learned patience.' Such forms of phraseology as, 'An ignorant man is a man unpacked,' punctuated, so to speak, sentiments, advice, and opinions of a very weighty and practical character. Though his expression that if Irishmen in America 'survive whiskey for ten years' they make good citizens was scarcely taken in a good spirit, his subsequent tribute to the gifts of our countrymen formed a sufficient antidote. One of the common characteristics of his style is the fact that the conclusion of sentences contained more or less startling surprises. Thus he described with great impressiveness how he had stood on platforms in peace and good-will with clergymen of Roman Catholic, Protestant, Moravian, Presbyterian, and other persuasions—'when the subject wasn't religion.' Whenever he had anything pungent, or scored a point that went home, or met appreciation, his face lit up wonderfully; and though he never laughed, and seldom even smiled, the humor of his own thought was clearly reflected in his face. The audience listened with rapt attention to the address, and applauded portions of it frequently and warmly.

"The only incident in the nature of an interruption was by no means an unwelcome or inappropriate one. He was alluding to the devastating influence of the seeds of war scattered throughout the world, and mentioned that whilst England had her lion, another nation her bear, another her eagle, and so on, no nation in the world had a lamb or symbol of peace on its banner. At this one of the auditors cried out, 'Ireland has her harp.' This gave rise to a wonderful outburst of cheering; and when the applause ceased, Mr. Beecher, who really seemed quite moved by the suggestiveness of the reminder, said, 'Yes, Ireland has her harp; but alas that the harp should be largely employed in dirges! It wails, it sorrows for the past, is sad for the future. Yet Ireland has her harp; thank God for it!'

"He spoke for about an hour and twenty minutes. The interest of his hearers not only never for a moment flagged, but on the contrary it grew greater as the address proceeded, and, unlike a not uncommon experience at lectures, there were few present who did not feel regret when the end was reached."

The last lecture of the tour had been delivered; there was much hand-shaking: the people had got as thoroughly warm as they dared. Mr. Beecher was jolly and happy as he extended his hand to the hesitating people who gathered around him, seemingly wishing and hoping, but scarcely venturing, to approach him. "Come right along," he said; "this is my good-by shake. I am glad to see you."

We rode back to our hotel. Mrs. Beecher had supper in waiting. We were going to Queenstown to-morrow, and would be on our way home to America.

"Mother, Pond will have to behave himself now; we are no longer under his despotic rule. The tyrant! I guess we'd better not give him any supper."

"I don't want to desert him here," said Mrs. Beecher; "we had better get out of Ireland first."

"But he has domineered over us all summer. You have been in bondage so long you cannot appreciate freedom; you deserve to be kept in slavery."

And so we had our small jokes and enjoyed ourselves. Never were three people more happy. Mr. Beecher reminded me that this was not the first time we had knocked off, a day at a time, a long lecture tour.

Early the next morning we left Dublin for Queens-town, where we arrived at 12 o'clock, having travelled five hours through desolate Ireland; and indeed it was a land of desolation, poverty, and starvation. We did not see where even a garden had been worked the past season. Tall grass and weeds, broken hedges, gates ajar and askew, windows stuffed with rags, and half-starved women and children huddling together in open doorways of the poor tenement hovels like flocks of sheep in a storm,—this was the condition of affairs that prevailed outside of the cities.

At Queenstown we had to spend the Saturday afternoon and night at the Queen's Hotel. The contrast between the "Imperial" at Belfast and the "Queen's" at Queenstown is about the same as the difference between the thrifty northern city and the poverty-stricken south of Ireland, in general.

Mr. and Mrs. Beecher busied themselves reading and answering letters that were awaiting our arrival—good-by messages from friends in every part of the Kingdom. Later on Mr. Beecher and I strolled about the place, yielded to earnest appeals from shopkeepers to examine some specimens of Irish lace, and before we knew it several purchases were made.

The shrewd Irish women shopkeepers here play the blarney very freely on the Americans. Mr. Beecher was identified by a very bright one, who asked if she were not correct in her guess as to his identity. He acknowledged it, and she was very happy to serve him. Many of her friends in America had told her about him; she had many friends there. She interested Mr. Beecher by relating incidents of the number of years she had witnessed the departure of emigrants from this point for America: not a ship for years that had not taken more or less; and some of the scenes of parents parting with their children were heart-rending.

Sunday morning, October 24th, we awoke in Queens-town, and saw the *Etruria* anchored in the harbor, and the tender coming ashore for mail and passengers. She was to make three trips, and we had no need to hurry; but so anxious were we to be on our journey home that we took the first boat, and at 9 o'clock were on board, where we found my brother, much improved in health, and many friends returning by the same steamer. We found another crowd of passengers as great as that we had come over with, all happy, having had a good time, and anxious to get home. We were under way at 1.30. As we steamed out of Queenstown Harbor the day was bright and fair. All passengers were on deck. The gong sounded for dinner, and the crowd rushed for the tables.

"Mother," said Mr. Beecher, "let's take a farewell look at Ireland. Poor Ireland! Poor Ireland!" I saw that the expression came from the depths of his innermost soul.

At 6 o'clock we came into a rough sea. Passengers retired early, and the majority of them did not get up

until the Saturday following. I relate no incidents of that rough voyage. Jonah must have been left behind. I know no other reason why we did not all perish.

We landed in New York Sunday evening, October 31st. the weather cold and wet and very disagreeable. Friends had stood on the wharf for hours to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. Reporters attacked Mr. Beecher from all quarters; but he had nothing to say that day to the reporters, took his carriage, and went directly to his home in Brooklyn.

I asked him before he landed if he should look in on the church that day. He said No; the church could stand it for another week: but he would like to be there in time to run around to the different Sabbath-schools and see the children. He thought they would like to see him. He arrived home at 1 o'clock, and at 3 went out to visit all the Sabbath-schools connected with Plymouth Church, to the great delight and joy of all the children.

Between the 4th of July and the 21st of October—fifteen and a half weeks—Mr. Beecher preached seventeen times, delivered nine public addresses, and fifty-eight lectures. For the fifty-eight lectures he cleared the sum of \$11,600, net of all expenses for himself and Mrs. Beecher from the day they sailed from New York, June 19th, to the day they arrived at their home in Brooklyn, October 31st. That was his summer vacation.

It was not the largest year's work I have known Mr. Beecher to accomplish. The best season I recollect was during the season of 1876 and '77. Between September 21, 1876, and May 14, 1877—thirty-three and a half weeks—Mr. Beecher delivered one hundred and thirty-

five lectures, travelling upwards of twenty-seven thousand miles; returned regularly to his church in Brooklyn to attend his Friday-evening meeting, with the exception of eight of the thirty-four Fridays, and to his pulpit every Sabbath excepting six (during his long Western tour); and on one Sabbath, later, he preached in Louisville, Ky. That same season he preached sixty-eight sermons in his own pulpit, delivered twenty-eight Friday-evening prayer-meeting talks in Plymouth Church, and addressed several legislative bodies and educational institutions during his lecture-travel. Thus he lectured and preached two hundred and thirty-two times in two hundred and thirty-five days. The number of people that he addressed (estimating the audiences to average two thousand people) was four hundred and sixty thousand in the short space of seven months. This is the most remarkable record of which I ever had any knowledge.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END.

MR. BEECHER died of apoplexy at his residence in Brooklyn on Tuesday, March 8, 1887, at 9.40 A.M. The private funeral was held at 9.30 A.M. on the following Thursday, at his late home, where none but members of the family were present. The public funeral took place at Plymouth Church at 10.30 A.M. on Friday, the 11th. In accordance with the request so often repeated by Mr. Beecher, the funeral services were entirely under the direction of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who conducted the simple and impressive ceremonies at the house of mourning, and also at the church in which the world-renowned preacher and orator had earned fame and universal love. Dr. Hall's public address was a model of simplicity, dignity, and manly pathos. He rose to the height of the occasion, and without a sign of exaggerated rhetoric impressed every mind with the greatness of the man who had departed, and comforted every loving heart under his firm yet tender touch. Mr. Beecher's ideas of the fitness of things were never more signally confirmed than by his choice of Dr. Hall, "to bury, not to praise him."

Surging crowds thronged the neighboring thoroughfares. The streets in all directions were filled with the sorrowing multitude, who stood in line for hours with a

hope of viewing once more the face of their departed friend. When the funeral pageant entered Plymouth Church the interior of the great structure was blooming like an immense bower of flowers and living things. Evergreens and roses, smilax and blossoming vines, greeted those who entered. It seemed, indeed, the ushering of the dead into the realm of life! Lying in state during two days the body was viewed by thousands of men, women, and children—the estimated number was over one hundred thousand. The crush to gain one glimpse of the remains was terrible, and in the short space of time which the committee in charge allotted to the public to look upon their departed, but a comparatively small number secured the desired opportunity.

“On Saturday, March 12th,” says the *Brooklyn Citizen*, “Henry Ward Beecher’s body was buried in Greenwood. His hearse was followed in sympathy and honor by millions of his countrymen. The mourners were of all kindred and of every language. Not in this generation, at least, has there been a funeral so nobly significant. In the stately procession walked the viewless forms of principles, of governments, of nations, and of races. The guardian spirit of the slave whom he helped to liberate; the fair, sad genius of the Green Isle, for which he so often and so eloquently pleaded; the dusky representative of the Chinese Empire, in behalf of whose sons he again and again demanded justice; the fair form of modern science with the radiance of the morning sun on her queenly brow; the benign angel of charity, clothed in the whiteness of that purity which renders sin invisible; Democracy, with her free step, flowing hair, and cap of many hues; Columbia, full of matronly grace and benignant as the atmosphere of June; and Christianity, calm, motherly, and forgiving—these are the pall-bearers by whom the body of our hero was borne to its resting-place.”



ADDRESSES.

watch. As he took it in his hand he said, "Gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg, I should have known what to do, but as it is a gold watch I have nothing to say." I am here under more auspicious circumstances, for I have lived to see the desire of my life and the object of my prayer answered in the United States. The profoundest instincts of a people always ripen into a sentiment of love of liberty—liberty, not in its wilder state, not so much an uncontrolled and unorganised individual liberty, as that through society the individual gains for himself more than he could out of society, and so that society will be strong which is in proportion to the genius and strength of each individual who constitutes it. Against all these desires arose that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, for in my youth slavery was yet in existence. I saw it spread in the air, its thunder and the flash of lightning were continually blinding our eyes. I lived to see the great controversy in which men never spoke in the same breath, but spoke from the very heart to the very heart; I lived to see the folly of this democracy precipitating war; I lived to see the war complete itself, and upon a scale unparalleled in modern times; I lived to see our land involved at the end of it, in a loss of thousands of lives, and the debt raised to more than six thousand millions of dollars, and I lived to see almost the whole of that wiped out by the living industry of the people. I have lived to see the discordant feeling of antagonism and fearful animosity which sprang up between North and South almost entirely dissipated. There never was such a union as there is to-day between the North and South, and that, too, in a lifetime of but half a generation it may said, for while there be many old men who cannot get out of beaten tracks, the young and middle-aged and enterprising of the South are all of one mind. It is not a political

sham or pretence that they make when they say they are really happy, and I myself, in travelling through the States of the South not two years ago, stood in the presence of audiences which contained some of the best of people. And I have yet to find a Southern man who will give a vote to restore slavery. Nor have the coloured men been not properly and justly treated; they have had national arrangements for education, but above all, the Christian Churches, North and South, have taken them up, and no part of our population is at present more carefully attended to than are the coloured people of the South. From one single society, the American Missionary Society, is sent forth every year more than 1,000 educated coloured people for teachers amongst the coloured people of the South. There are many other facts connected with this that it might be pertinent to speak of; but time presses. In regard to our land in general, although there is enough to make discord and discontent, yet the aspect for the future is to me very cheering. You must bear in mind that the whole world is like the Nile, and New York is like the delta of the Nile. Immense quantities of soil come down, slimy, thick, and unwholesome, and is deposited on the land; but a few years go on and it makes the land rich. In the same way emigration is about the richest substance with which we can manure our land; for of those who come over to the United States with virtuous intent and build places for themselves and their children, there is not one unwelcome anywhere. We have almost depopulated Iceland, we are making a large drain upon the Scandinavian population of the north, upon Scotchmen and upon Englishmen, and there have been some Irishmen. We have room for them all. It is true in regard to our children of the Green Isle that they are more enterprising in elections than we are; they poll

early and often; but voting, gentlemen, is an art. It is like rifle-shooting—a man misses a good many times before he learns to hit. In time, if the Irishman resists whisky, by the time he has voted ten years or so he will learn to vote as well as any one else. As for that matter, there is a great prejudice against admitting foreigners to the right of the suffrage until they learn how to vote; but I do not believe any man ever learned to swim on the land, and the way to learn how to vote is to vote and keep voting. We are very content with the gifts that are sent to us, but we are not very well content to accept that part of your population which you send to us in the faith of Mormon. We do not like the Mormons, and we won't have them; that is to say, we will not have Mormon polygamy. They have a right to their own opinion; they have a right to liberty of speech and conscience; but they have no right to liberty of conduct when it goes against the Law and Constitution. A process is going on by which that, too, will pass away, for you must take in this, gentlemen, that in an enlightened community, with self-government, there are the same temptations to evil and mischief which exist under any other government. I have taken notice that in a community that has intelligence and absolute liberty, that while evils come upon us, when the evil comes we can put it out. The remedial power of liberty is one of its great virtues. We are now finding that out, for we have a great many statesmen sent us from Germany and the Continental states, Nihilists and Socialists, and even they are perfectly welcome. They walk and talk up and down the street, and we say: "Gentlemen, we are indebted to you for a very great deal; to you on the Continent—you sent us your masters in classics, you sent us your masters in music, you sent them to us, and we thank you for a thousand gifts which

cannot be too highly appreciated; but when you send us men to teach us how to build free cities, we do not thank you." We have built a commonwealth which will stand through life, and we pass on through a hundred years, and its institutions never were so strong as they are to-day. Indeed, those modern constructionists who build up air castles have a poor time with us, and when they undertake to carry out the more destructive malignant forms, we let them talk until they begin to shoot and burn, and then we put our foot down upon them like we would upon a wasp. If you can find any quicker justice than that which has been given to those men in New York and Cincinnati, I would like you to point it out. It has been thought by some that stronger and more centralised institutions are quite essential to Conservatism in the country, but I contend that nowhere in the world is there more sensible Conservatism than that which exists in a free country: The law is nowhere more sound than with us; it is the voice of the people, and, although we may delay long—because we have a very high conception of humanity—yet the law is sure, and it honours itself and saves communities from the mischief it was meant to save them from. I have been asked since I came here to express my opinions in regard to a good many things. Well, gentlemen, I have an opinion about a good many things. I have not thought it expedient to let you know what they are. I have only this to say, that when you come to our genuine American and ask him what he thinks, not of literature, but of the alphabet, he looks you in the face and almost thinks you insult him, but when you ask him what he thinks is alphabetical in our country and has been so for 100 years, I can scarcely help smiling when I say that he will answer: "If you want me to meddle with your affairs I will not say anything." Well, gentlemen, I think I have a

right to speak in that land which I have never forsworn, and which I have never ceased to love, for I am of England, although I live in America; if my emigrant ancestors had not been in a hurry I should have been born here. I claim the right of a foreign Englishman or any other local name you may choose to apply. I have a right to my opinions, and on all proper occasions I express them, and when I do express them I have been always able to let folks know exactly what I mean. I have a right to speak here because all the world is brought so near together that nothing can happen in the remotest corner of the globe, that it does not instantly become the conversation of the whole civilised world. Do you suppose that you can make any passage from the lower to the higher stage of civilisation and we not know it? Do you think anything can take place in Great Britain that is not of interest to us on the other side? We are looking at your affairs now going on, we are now looking at you and your statesmen, from the crown on the head of your revered and most beloved and honoured Queen, whom we esteem almost as much as you do, and upon your statesmen and their opinions, and their careers, for it is a part of our civilisation, and it is a part of our right to rejoice when they are right, and not to rejoice when they are wrong, for even in Great Britain sometimes men are wrong. For I suppose there may have been, or is to be, a time when public men will be angels. But that has not been reached by us, and we scarcely think that you have reached it on your side. Of the result of those things going on in your land let me say this, that it is a matter of profound consideration with us that you are taking the lead among the nations on this side. All the world has felt that the cause of God should rise and go higher. All the world knows that intelligence is spreading downwards, and that the masses of men

are beginning to read and think, and that an outburst of enterprise is going on in the civilised world. And these changes, which are taking place in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in Russia, will take place until He shall come to reign. The wave has swept across you. There was a time when such an interest and commotion would have broken out into a revolution, and there was a time when it would have broken out into the heat of a fiercely fighting reform, but the transition is with you as mild and gradual as is the change from winter into spring, and from spring into summer, and from summer into the abundance of autumn. God bless Great Britain in the labours she has now undergone, and I can only express my feeling and say, may they be for the furtherance of the right of the whole people; may they give additional strength to the nation and be an example and an illumination to all the peoples of the world. Let me say one thing more. I was very much struck with what M. Laveleye said at the Mansion House the other night. He said that, going through history, this was the only instance which had occurred in the history of nations, where we see a great people divided into two energetic and enthusiastic parties, neither the one nor the other striving for an extension of territory, or striving for the subjugation of the weak, nor for the acquisition of public wealth or honour, but fighting with each other as to who shall determine to do the most justice to a part of their own dominions. It is with them a question of justice and equity, some thinking this way to be the best, and others thinking that way to be the best, but both filled with the desire to do that which is best. I thank you again, gentlemen, for the courteous reception you have given me. It will be, I think, received on the other side also very largely with gratification, for while in my time I have received the compliments of my own people in every shape, I

think now I have got old and strifes are nearly done, they are disposed yet to give me their confidence with open heart. It will be a lasting memory that I have been among you and looked upon your faces and felt your pulse and received from you such kind and courteous sympathy.

The other speakers of the evening were Canon FLEMING, Rev. Mr. HAWEIS, Dr. PARKER, Mr. WYLD, Mr. Justice MATTHEWS, Sir T. CHAMBERS, and the Hon. T. N. WALLER. The guests separated soon after eleven o'clock, having spent a memorable time.

Some characteristic letters were received from certain of the gentlemen unable to attend. For example, Dean BRADLEY wrote :—

"It is most kind of you to invite me to dinner to meet Mr. Beecher. I much regret that I am engaged at home that evening. I wonder whether he would care to join a party of 'Colonials' to go over the Abbey with me on Friday next. Perhaps he would like to come to next Sunday's Nave Service, and hear the Bishop of Peterborough, and stay afterwards to a light supper."

Mr. HENRY IRVING wrote :—

"I should be delighted to accept your invitation if I were not cut off from such pleasure by the necessity of being at the theatre and on the stage just as you are sitting down to table. Playing the devil is very well (though it is rather warm now, even for Mephistopheles), but I would much rather be with you and our friend Beecher, than whom there is no man higher in my esteem. It is a good thing for English people that they have the opportunity of getting such a stimulus from the visit of a man who is so striking a representative of the Independent Genius of America."

RECEPTION IN GLASGOW.

ON Monday morning, August 30, Mr. and Mrs. BEECHER were invited to meet at breakfast some fifty or sixty members of an Association of ministers of Baptist, Congregational, and Evangelical Union churches in Glasgow. Dr. and Mrs. PARKER were in Scotland (the Doctor preaching in Edinburgh on Sunday), and the opportunity was taken to invite them on the same occasion. An excellent breakfast was served at the Cockburn Temperance Hotel, the chair being taken by Rev. Dr. F. FERGUSON (Montrose-street E.U. Church), and there were also present, in addition to the guests of the day, Rev. Dr. FLETT (Storie-street, Paisley), Rev. Dr. MORISON (North Dundas-street E.U.), Rev. A. GOODRICH (the minister of the Congregational church at which Mr. BEECHER preached), Rev. J. COATS (Govan Baptist Church), Rev. J. ROSS (Eglinton Congregational Church), Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT (South-side Baptist Church, and secretary of the Association), Rev. R. WALLACE (Govan-hill E.U.), Rev. A. COWE (Hillhead Congregational), Rev. G. C. MILNE (Hutchesontown Congregational), and others. A brief statement having been made by Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT of the history and general objects of the Association, Dr. FERGUSON, the Chairman, introduced the guests. Perhaps, he said, it might appear presumption on the part of the three denominations to appropriate the guests to themselves; and no doubt, if the gathering had been made widely known, no hall would have been large enough for those who would have crowded to it. They were all proud to recognise their distinguished visitors, not only as Christians, but as Independents. The name of BEECHER was a household word, and he might well be called the prince of preachers, while Dr. PARKER might be called the peer of preachers. They were *par nobile fratrum*, and their wives were both intellectual and spiritually-minded ladies, who knew how to use their pens to considerable purpose. He called upon the company to receive

with enthusiasm the distinguished quaternion of intellectual and spiritual peers and peeresses. The applause which greeted the Chairman's remarks having subsided, Mr. BEECHER rose to address the assembly, and was listened to with profound attention and interest. He spoke as follows :

A Story of Religious Experience.

I would say fathers and brethren, only I see nobody old enough to be my father. I ought, perhaps, to apologise for rising at all when my wife is present, for after the significant allusions that have been made, I am obliged to say that she is not confined to a most admirable use of the tongue, but that her right hand knows its cunning——. There, now, she is treading on my feet ! “It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth,” but my neck is so hardened to it that I scarcely think it is a yoke. If you had been in America, sir, and seen all the books that I have seen from her pen, you would not have stinted your literary criticism. For she is the mother and grandmother of housekeeping literature. Well, gentlemen, I am very happy to be with you this morning. I can hardly say what I am. I am not a Congregationalist, although I think Congregationalism to be the truest form of church economy that is known. I began my life in the Presbyterian Church ; I studied in the theological school presided over by my father. I was brought up in the controversy between the old school and the new school Presbyterian Church in America. The new school represented Calvinism as it had been modified by EDWARDES, BELLAMY, WEST, SPRING, and other New England thinkers, and it had been lowered a good many degrees in its tone. The old school represented the Scotch, Irish, and Genevan theology of CALVIN in its most stringent form. They were brought face to face in controversy ; and finally the great assembly that had unity before, after the

manner of the Scotch, was split in two. For in Scotland, I think, nothing is regarded as being good unless it has been divided somehow. I was brought up on the Shorter Catechism ; and it never was short enough. I have lost many a dinner on Sunday night because I could not remember the catechism ; and I attribute, to a certain extent, my prejudice against Calvinism to the lack of those dinners. My father was arraigned as a heretic by the old school Presbytery of Cincinnati, and tried for his life. Then the split that took place in the General Assembly increased the disgust which I felt for the Calvinistic theme. But let me say one thing. When I read, in an uncontroversial spirit, the "Confession of Faith," the Westminster formation, I admire very much that is in it, the crystal clearness of many of its statements, the (at that time) clear statement of the circle of thought that had existed to that day. It was not until after my conversion and my attempt to use the truth for the conversion of other men that I ran against it full tilt. The son of religious people, hereditarily religious, the son of a woman of whom there are few born into this life that are her equals ; the son of my father, of whom, I may say, that while he was eloquent and among the foremost speakers of his day, I remember particularly that I never heard from him a word of uncharitableness, nor saw a symptom of envy or jealousy, or aught else but the most enthusiastic love of men, and of young men and young ministers ; and knowing him in the household, I have yet to know another person that was so devoid of the inferior feelings and so eminent in the topmost feelings of human nature. A child of such parents ought himself to be in sympathy with men on the higher sphere, and I was. Nevertheless, my feet were entangled with doubts, and I went through college, having become addicted to scientific research, with

growing obscurity of mind ; and when I went to the theological seminary it was with this under-purpose, that if I got no further light I should turn aside to some other profession. It pleased GOD that it should be otherwise. Being the son of a clergyman who was the pastor of the second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, and being a theological student, the young ladies of my father's charge asked me if I would take a Bible class. It was a great difficulty ; I did not know how to get out of it, and I did not know how sincerely I could go into it. But I concluded that I would follow the German method, where the most sceptical men in regard to inspired religion thought it perfectly honest to give an interpretation of the Bible as it stood without expressing a yea or a nay about it. I said to myself : " I can make a transcript of all that I find in regard to the life of JESUS CHRIST." In that work I went through the four Gospels until I came to the question of CHRIST as a conversationist. That at once opened itself much more largely, into His familiarity with His disciples, and the things that He said to them and to the poor and to the wicked. As I stood one morning in May in my little room, there came, as a vision from heaven, the idea that CHRIST, representing GOD, loved men not conditionally on their repentance, but loved them anyhow ; that He loved them because they needed loving, and that, instead of receiving them when they got ready, He got ready to help them to receive Him. The idea had never before dawned upon me that the living consciousness of GOD applied to man's soul was the power of resurrection into a new life and exaltation in it. The whole heaven that had been black with clouds began to grow bright, and the clouds to roll away, and within the hour my heart leaped. I went through the woods with glorification, with hallelujahs and songs and half-broken prayers and tears

of unutterable ecstasy. That was the vision of God, that He was in His own nature the sinner's cure, not in a scheme, not in any mechanical arrangement, but from eternity and by reason of what He was in Himself, He was the medicine of the whole universe. When I came to that state, I thought, "Now I can preach." I said nothing about it to anybody, but I went through my course and took a little humble church where the Devil's own kingdom was, in the shape of enormous distilleries. It was said of me in a few months: "He has got nothing to preach about but CHRIST;" and it was true. Little by little the horizon grew wider and wider, till at last I could turn all round, north and south, east and west, from the very heavens to the earth, and there was to me nothing but CHRIST. That has been the secret and the enthusiastic inspiration of my life. I have never discussed nor debated the question of the Divinity of CHRIST. I accept the phrases, and am a believer in the Trinity, not from understanding, but because it is as well to see that the infiniteness of God does not bear any compression of human language; it is too large for words or anything in definition; but still "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit" are with me the formula with which I should declare the nature of God to men, and as to JESUS CHRIST I feel: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." So armed and inspired, I went into the field, and seeking to be like my Master, I took sides with those that needed me most—with the dumb, with the enslaved, with the poor, with the needy. I did not disdain the rich, nor the wise, nor the strong; but my heart went for those that needed some one to think, to pray for them, and to lead them. It was through this attempt to make known to men the unsearchable riches of God that

I came into my first battle with theology and Calvinism. The statements in regard to the nature of God and His moral government seemed to me less and less possible. I could not preach them, and that feeling has never diminished. If the strong points of Calvinism are necessary to orthodoxy, I may as well say to you at once, brethren, I am not orthodox. But if the desire to lift up my fellow-men without regard to nationality or complexion, or conditions—if the view of GOD as made manifest in JESUS CHRIST is the power by which it is to be done—if that is orthodoxy, I am orthodox from the top to the bottom. I have seen a good deal of warfare, I have now been over fifty years in public life, and forty years next autumn in my present charge. During that time the great Temperance movement has rolled a blessedness through our land; during that time the great controversy on the subject of slavery that rent cities and denominations and churches had taken place, had culminated in war, and war in defeat of rebellion had brought upon the country the duty of reconstruction. It has been a time of most wonderful productiveness upon our continent. I have been in the forefront all the time, and the consequence is that I have had my full share of portrait painting, and I had the reputation of being the best abused person in America. But through good report and through evil report the inspiration of my life has been "He loved me." The inspiration of my life to-day is that a Providence of love governs the universe; and my contention with Theology is that it is undertaking to put the whole of the Atlantic ocean into a jug of about four quarts or five, and I rebel against theology—that is, as the presentation of a complete circle of the knowledge of God and of His government in mankind. What I have done has been principally in the pulpit. I have not printed much on the

subject, but, oh ! I have preached it with the utmost rejoicing and relish, not from the philosophical standpoint, but because I wanted a religious truth that would be the means of converting men and building them up in the faith of JESUS CHRIST, and I found these things in the way, and I tore them out of the way. I tore them as a veil that hides the bride, I tore them away that I might behold the beauteous features of my Bride. It has not been in an antagonistic spirit that I have acted, but in the desire that the glory of GOD, shown in the face of JESUS CHRIST, might be made the power of GOD unto salvation. I preached from sympathy with men and from love to GOD. My life has been simply not in myself. My earthly life was given to me by two of the best folks that ever lived on earth ; I was not responsible for it ; I was not consulted about it —my second life was given to me through the grace of GOD, through the Lord JESUS CHRIST, and I can say, by the grace of GOD I am what I am, and have been what I have been, and shall be what I shall be. For my years are numbered. I do not regret it. Indeed, when I hear of one and another of my kindred going home, I am sometimes almost tempted to murmur and say : “ Why they rather than I ? ” But still my health is vigorous, and it is likely that I shall still work for some years to come.

A Believer in Liberty.

Now, in regard to the relations of the gentlemen that are here represented this morning : I am a believer in liberty—liberty in the church, liberty in mankind. I believe in the common sense of common people, and, above all, in the common sense of CHRIST's called, that they are able to take care of anything that needs care in the local church, that they can do it better than any one else can do it for

them; or, if they do not know how to do it, they can always step over to the neighbouring church and ask for advice—for advice is cheap in this world. Therefore I am an Independent or a Congregationalist. But in America there is no line of distinction between Presbyterian churches and Congregational. A Congregational minister goes into a Presbyterian pulpit, and a Presbyterian minister into a Congregational pulpit. About the largest Congregational church in New York is presided over by Dr. W. M. TAYLOR, who is an honest man, and says at once that he is a Presbyterian, but he is willing to administer the church economy according to the Congregational polity. And that has taken all over our land. We do not regard them as being in separate lines. Then as to the Baptists, the difference between them and me is only about two feet. For I can baptize a man in two feet of water any time. I have under my platform a baptistry, and I have more Baptist members in my church than those that constitute all the Baptist churches in Brooklyn. Some people stumble at the idea of Communion; I do not think that there is a closer Communion than ours. All make conditions of some sort. The only open communionists are those who say: "Whether you belong to a church or not, whether you are baptized or not, if you want to love CHRIST and want to follow Him, come to the table of the Lord." That is my position. I do not invite members of this church, the members of sister churches that are in communion with us; I say, if there is a sinner here that is tired of sin, and wants to repent of sin, and wants CHRIST to help him, come—it is the Lord's table, it is not my church's table. My most intimate friendships have been among clergymen of the Baptist churches in America. I look outside of their number almost in vain for confidential, fervent friends. So that I feel united to the Presbyterians for having separated

myself from them, and I feel united to the Baptists because I walk in the same moist places; and I feel of course, a Congregationalist, because I am a Congregationalist, as my fathers were before me, as all New England is. The best Congregationalists I know of in America are Baptists; they are the most thorough in carrying out the local sufficiency of the church, the completeness of every local church for all its economies. I feel, then, that I am in unison with each and every one of you. I am struck in this country by the organisation in churches for the sake of taking care of the churches—all the institutions, all the officers, and all the rest mustered together. But here I see little churches without a bishop or a priest or an elder or anything else, and they are getting along. Children are born in them just as in the highest churches; they are brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; they live together in unity and work together in the service of the Lord; and when a little quarrel breaks out they put their foot on it and put out the fire; and they die and go to heaven, and I don't suppose when they get there they ever repent that there was not a hierarchy over their head. You might as well take the household and the family, and say that no man may marry and have a family until he has three or four degrees of organisation above him. Any sensible men and women—and no others ought to be married—are competent to take care of their domestic economy. And the family is the primitive pattern of the church itself, and is to be the ultimate form of the State itself, for we shall never have the kingdom of God on earth until the Divine principle that underlies and inspires the whole human family—Love—is the one grand spring and moving cause of national as well as of family life. Now, I have but little desire to win credit from you for my orthodoxy. If your theology is right, mine is very poor stuff indeed;

but if mine is right, yours is very poor. But we won't discuss it at all. I am not trying to build up theology, I am trying to build up men—to bring them to higher levels by the conscious power of CHRIST working in them. I measure my orthodoxy by the simplicity and the purity with which I preach that CHRIST died for men. He died for you, and He lives for you, and He has yet the power to lift you out of your sin and exalt you through every step and degree of sanctification till you stand in Zion and behold GOD.

Rev. Dr. PARKER followed, and in the course of his remarks said: The right man will soon be detected by the people, and will have no need of outside commendation. This is peculiarly—I had almost said distinctively—the case with our dear and honoured friend who is with us this morning. If you want to know how he is loved, go to Plymouth Church. If you want to know what the man is, ask his wife, his servants, his friends, who live with him seven days in the week. If I wanted Mr. BEECHER's letter of commendation I should go to Plymouth Church for it. See what was done when he left his native shores. The whole church seemed to say: "We will go, too; whither thou goest we will be." "What poverty will be left behind when you leave us!" they seemed to say; and they came as far as they could, and sang a hymn; and they went back weary in their hearts because the young man eloquent had gone away for a time. They are longing for him back again. Even now they are writing impertinent letters about England, and asking why we are detaining him so long. Even now they are getting impatient with their supplies. Oh, what these poor supplies have to bear! I am not deficient in a certain rude kind of imagination, but I cannot conceive what these miserable men have to endure Sunday by Sunday; I cannot imagine the consideration that would tempt me to go and say: "I am just come to supply Mr. BEECHER's place." I would rather stand out upon a log ten miles off, and speak to the beggars and tramps passing by, and take my chance of a reputation among them. It is unfair to any man to ask him to preach for Mr. BEECHER; it is a piece of pious cruelty. I have been asked: "How does he preach?" and I have replied: "He preaches like everything." He is fifty men. Now he is almost a doctrinalist; he gathers himself up into a kind of patriarchal dignity as if he were about to expound a creed, and

you say: "He is not so heterodox, after all; there is still something about him that is theological and solid and orthodox." Then suddenly he breaks into humour, and his face is like an April day; tears run down his cheeks, and laughter comes up from his soul. Then some people—ridiculous people—smile in church. That is a thing not to be borne—except in Scotland. In Scotland you may laugh in church and enjoy yourselves. Scotland is a land of liberty, the creedless land—the unfettered land, the land of the mountain and the flood, the heathery land. Men can laugh on Sundays as well as Mondays in Scotland—at least, I hope so. I saw a man laugh—very nearly—yesterday morning when I was preaching in Edinburgh. But I do not know whether he is living to-day. I did not follow his disastrous career. Dr. GUTHRIE once told us of a Scotch nurse who was nursing a baby that was crying, "Hush!" said she, "it's the Sawbath; I canna sing ye a song, but I'll whistle ye a paraphrase;" and the baby, hearing that, never cried any more. So I have described Mr. BEECHER as a polygonal preacher, a many-sided preacher; and so I would recognise him to-day, our chief and head, our leader, *facile princeps*, a man that we not only honour and admire, but love.

Rev. A. GOODRICH was the next speaker. He expressed his indebtedness to Mr. BEECHER for his noble utterances and his lifelong work, and held him up as a model for imitation, in regard, at least, to the spirit by which he was animated. He was followed by Rev. Dr. FLETT, who assured Mr. BEECHER that the Westminster standards were no longer the life of Scottish theology, citing the remark of a friend from Dundee, that they were already in their coffin and would soon be buried. Scotland, said the Doctor, would soon be not only free, but the forefront of the free. This brought up Mr. BEECHER again, with the declaration that Dr. FLETT's statement was inexpressibly interesting and encouraging to him. He had, however, great respect for those who believed in Calvinism, because they could work with an instrument which he could never use. He had seen good done by the strangest instruments in the churches, and he thanked God for it. Many men taught what they did not believe; but the man who believed like thunder would be sure to have lightning in him.

WELCOME BY THE LONDON CONGREGATIONAL BOARD.

The Board of London Congregational Ministers, with their Wives, or other lady friends, and a few invited Guests, entertained Mr. and Mrs. BEECHER at a social meeting on Tuesday, Sep. 28, in the Memorial Hall. Soon after four o'clock a goodly company had assembled in the Library, where tea and coffee were served. An hour having been occupied in *conversazione* fashion, an adjournment took place to the Large Hall above, till the tables were cleared. The company, probably 400 or upwards, then re-formed in the Library, and the meeting was constituted by Rev. JOHN NUNN, Minister of Haverstock-hill Church, the year's Chairman of the Board, taking the President's seat and giving out a hymn, which was sung. Rev. JOSIAH VINEY, of Caterham, next led the meeting in prayer.

The Chairman's Speech.

Rev. JOHN NUNN said: Ladies and Gentlemen—(should I not rather say Brethren and Sisters?),—This is the opening meeting of the Session of 1886—1887, but it is unlike any inaugural meeting which I can remember or have heard of; for, first, there is to be no Chairman's address, which, however, in the present case will not grieve you. Then we are favoured with the presence of ladies, I believe for the third time in the history of the Board. On the first occasion a few ladies witnessed from the gallery the presentation of a testimonial to a former

secretary, the late Rev. Robert Ashton ; on the second occasion, Dr. Tyler, who, with all his conservatism, is a great innovator, signalised his chairmanship by a conversazione, when the wives and daughters of members were admitted to the floor of the House. Once again the ladies are with us, and, by the laws of progress, surely ought to be received as Associate Members of the Board. Our courage, however, has not been equal to this, but by way of advance they are with us at an inaugural meeting. Now the omission of the chairman's address and the presence of ladies are both due to a third circumstance, viz., that we have invited as our guests this evening a very eminent minister and his wife—Rev. Henry Ward and Mrs. Beecher. They are bound to us by at least these ties—that they belong to the great English-speaking nation of the United States, that they come of the New England Puritan stock, that they follow the Congregational way, and that they serve as we do in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is many years since Mr. Beecher visited England before. Not many of our ministers now in London would have seen him at that time, and very few of our number will have heard him in his church at Brooklyn ; but his name as one of the greatest preachers of the age is nevertheless a household word among us. His sermons are widely read in this country for their freshness and grasp of thought, their wide range of subjects, their graphic, incisive style and poetic fancy ; for their intimate and sympathetic dealing with the affairs of the men of to-day, their bold grappling with the difficulties of belief, their endeavour to harmonise the knowledge of God as derived from His works and from His word, their practical aim, their passionate earnestness, their contagious inspiration. With so broad a survey as that which is embraced by Mr. Beecher's ministry,

it is unlikely that we should all agree in all his teachings. His large faith in his brethren would turn to incredulity if we were to profess anything of the kind. But at least we cannot slumber when sitting at his feet. His utterances are thought-provoking, and whether we can fully agree, or must reserve our judgment, or wholly dissent, his putting of things often compels us to reconsider, and sometimes to recast the forms in which we hold the truth. But, on the other hand, he not seldom leads us towards the Holy of Holies, and helps us to come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God. When Mr. Beecher told the ministers of Glasgow that one morning, long ago, "there came as a vision from heaven, the idea that Christ, representing God, loved men not conditionally on their repentance, but loved them, anyhow; that He loved them because they needed loving, and that, instead of receiving them when they got ready, He got ready to help them to receive Him;" that he then thought, "Now I can preach," and that it was soon said of him, "He has got nothing to preach about but Christ," he told them that which makes all Christian men and ministers kin. And when he further said, "I am trying to build up men—to bring them to higher levels by the conscious power of Christ working in them. I measure my orthodoxy by the simplicity and the purity with which I preach that Christ died for men. He died for you and He lives for you, and He has yet the power to lift you out of your sin and exalt you through every step and degree of sanctification till you stand in Zion and behold God;" surely He created or strengthened a bond, which neither lapse of time nor distance of place, nor secondary differences can sever. It was, therefore, natural that many members of the Board, feeling a deep interest in Mr. Beecher as a great pulpit orator and teacher, should desire to show him

courtesy, respect, and honour ; and to see and hear him ere he returned home. Our assembly this evening is the result. It will now devolve on Dr. Allon, as one of the oldest members of the Board, as quite the oldest of our London pastors, and as a personal friend of Mr. Beecher, to express our greetings to him better than I can pretend to do. Meanwhile, as the Chairman of the Board, it is my pleasant duty, Mr. Beecher, heartily to welcome you in the name of all who are here present, and of others who cannot be present this evening, and with yourself to welcome also Mrs. Beecher, the valued helpmeet of your life and ministry for many past years. In the name of the brethren and sisters here allow me, Mr. Beecher, to shake hands with you. We had wished that Mrs. Beecher might have been with us on the platform, but her diffidence would not allow it ; and Mr. Sissons has presented to her, in our name, a bouquet—a fading memorial of our unfading esteem and respect.

Address of Welcome.

Rev. Dr. ALLON then read the following address :—

MY DEAR MR. BEECHER,—I have been requested by the officers of the Board of Congregational Ministers in London to address to you, in the name of its members, a few words of fraternal greeting and welcome. Until this morning I had purposed only a few sentences of simple and spontaneous recognition ; but the interest which your coming hither has excited has been so great that the character of our meeting has changed ; and as I speak for others as well as for myself, and with the restrained references of a personal address, I have presumed upon your good-nature permitting me to put upon paper the few words that I would speak. For the information of some here, if not

your own, I may say that the Board of Congregational Ministers is a purely spontaneous and fraternal fellowship, formed rather more than a century ago, and at the present time comprising about two-thirds of the Congregational ministers of London and its suburbs. From time to time at our monthly meetings we are glad to welcome as visitors ministerial brethren from different parts of the kingdom, from our own English colonies, from the continent of Europe, and especially from the United States of America. I do not speak words of flattery to you, a loyal citizen of the United States, and her uncompromising champion, but words of literal truth, in affirming that America is one of the best beloved and most proudly-vaunted of the children of this fruitful "mother of nations." When you were here last, in 1863, it was a time of confused processes. The relationship was one of mutual misunderstandings and resentments. We in England, not wholly without reason, lacked faith in the lofty aims of American statesmen. You, one of the most ardent and uncompromising of American Abolitionists, not unnaturally wondered that we did not discern the ultimate purpose of your statesmen beneath their political finessing. You resented, and I think somewhat misinterpreted, our lack of faith. You felt the subtle atmosphere of the North, its strong religious and abolitionist oxygen; we could judge it only by its history, its organised movements and formulated speech. Perhaps the convulsion was a moral necessity in the relations of England and America, as well as in the development of America itself. The calmer moods, and more restful and instinctive faith of the last few years sufficiently indicate that the perverseness, the bickerings, and the misconceptions of the preceding period were only the casual grit of adolescence—of that critical period when

the parent does not gracefully recognise the natural term of parental authority, and when the child is feverishly suspicious and petulantly resentful. You find us to-day open-hearted and full-hearted, in warm appreciation of your own ungrudging esteem; more united in mutual family affection than at any period in the history of the two nations. It is not our fault that the interest which your visit to us to-night has excited has changed the simple fraternal recognition that was intended into something like an ovation. It is not every American who would have evoked it. It is an indication of the honour which attaches to your name, and of the estimation in which your great gifts and services are held. But we may not forget that on your former visit even these did not suffice to quell resentment. True, you were then a quarter of a century younger, but you were not unknown to fame; half your public life had been lived, and the place that you had taken in the esteem of all English-speaking peoples was very high. I well remember my own first realisation of your exceptional gifts. It was from the lips of your distinguished sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, during her visit to England in 1853. She had been hearing one of our greatest English preachers; but instead of the boundless admiration that an Englishman naturally expected: "He is," she said "all very well, but oh! for half-an-hour of my brother Henry!" How largely my English ignorance and vanity discounted the comparative estimate it is not necessary for me here to say. A few years afterwards you honoured me with your personal acquaintance—the beginning of a friendship that has been one of the joys and blessings of my life. We honour in you, my dear brother, the great law of distinctive endowment, which is surely intended by the Creator to excite special admiration and esteem.

It is no disparagement of men equal in other qualities specially to honour those exceptionally endowed. In you we honour a great preacher. Like the poet, the preacher is born, not made. The manipulation of the greatest artists in human nature can touch only the form and circumstance of the man; the mystic life, that by its subtle qualities of affinity, susceptibility, and intensity, makes one man to differ from another, is the distinctive gift of Him who entrusts to one man ten talents, to another only one. To you God has given the ten talents, and each seems to contribute its quality and force to the harmony and power of the entire preacher. The qualities of such power as the orator wields defy analysis; they may be enumerated and classified—light and heat—but their actinic power, their interrelations, which make up the one forceful life—who shall appraise? The river that bears upon its bosom half the merchandise of the world is simply the collective force of the rivulets and distillations of half-a-dozen counties; we simply recognise, admire, and are thankful. Only it must be said that with great original endowments you have combined a diligent culture and a practical energy that have made them great practical forces. No man is “a mute inglorious Milton” save through culpable lack of practical uses; the greatest gifts are as though they were not if not practically applied. Why, the simple list of your preachings and lecturings in England is enough to take the breath away of the youngest man endowed with only ordinary muscular and intellectual forces. And such has been the record of your life, “always abounding in the work of the Lord.” As preacher, as lecturer, as social and political reformer, as author, you have spared no toil, shrank from no conflict, compromised no conviction; with largeness of grasp, catholicity of sympathy, and strenuous

energy, you have applied whatever you believed to be the truth of Christ to the common things of daily life. The luminousness of your apprehension and the fearlessness of your application have won for you the esteem even of those who have differed from you the most widely. Whatever men may have thought about Henry Ward Beecher—and they have thought and said strange things—whatever their judgment of the truth of his principles or the wisdom of his methods, there has, I suspect, been no exception to the conviction that through and through he was one of the most manly of men—a man who, at any cost, must speak his thought and do his duty. One knows how even this may be but the policy and the cant of the demagogue—but where it is this the keen instinct of men invariably detects it; only a man thoroughly true can hold his own in the fierce light that beats upon the pulpit for half a century. Of your ingenuous, straightforward, and uniform courage there can be no question; your fearless advocacy of the slave—when to be an Abolitionist was to risk more than reputation—until slavery was engulfed in the tornado of fierce passions that it invoked; your courageous denunciation of political corruptions and social immoralities; your theological and ecclesiastical freedom, have won for you our high respect. We do not always agree with you—our tribute of admiration would not be much if we did—catholicity demands differences as the condition of its charities. Perhaps on some matters the views of some of us may be diametrically opposed to your own. Nor am I so foolish as to disparage dogmatic opinions. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” The theology of a man largely determines the strength, the sanctity, and the spirit of his religiousness, and is of vital importance in a religious teacher. Fidelity to truth is the religion of a man’s intellect,

to be jealously guarded in all its forms and inspirations. In no case should charity itself induce us to conceal or to compromise any truth that we think to be such. Where we differ we will debate with you, withstand you to the face, so far as our own convictions of truth demand it. But there are truths and truths, the relative importance of which must affect feeling and fellowship. There are conceptions of the Lord Jesus Christ and His work which determine distinction between the human and the Divine, which vitally affect our feelings towards the Christ—determine our worship and inspire our service. You, my dear brother, have ever been emphatically faithful to the cardinal Christian truths of the incarnation and the atoning death of the only begotten Son. No man has more fully or fervently preached Christ as the Divine Son of God, sent by the Father and consecrating Himself a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. You have ever offered to Him a reverent and loving worship, you have preached Him as the light and the life of men, you have set forth His great love as the inspiration of all true religious feeling and life, and you have claimed for Him a grateful and passionate love which shall consecrate not merely the sentiment and the things of life, but life itself to His service. Such being your preaching, it is not much that we refuse to permit any differences about secondary dogmas to lessen our confidence or qualify our love. You exercise only the liberty that we ourselves claim, and within the lines of common inspirations and sympathies in cardinal things our recognition is not merely such as we might accord to any true and noble-hearted man, however great his divergence—we welcome you as a common disciple and as an honoured teacher of what we alike believe to be the Master's Gospel. I do not know that there is anything very wrong in us, as your ministerial

brethren, looking with a kind of pious coveting upon the great gifts that as a preacher you have for fifty years, and without dimness of spiritual eye or abatement of oratorical strength, continuously exercised. I wish I could preach as you can. I wish I had such a record behind me. I do not murmur at Christ's distribution of gifts to His servants; I would not if I could dispossess you. We glorify God in you, and without discontent or envy offer you our congratulations and love; but I wish we were more of us like you. We admire your strong and zealous assertion of the right and duty to think for yourself; the abounding vitality and practical energy with which you have inspired your convictions; the catholicity of your spiritual apprehension and the luminousness of your expositions; the directness and solicitude of your practical religious aim; your large conceptions of the sphere of God's revealed truth and your masterful grasp of its forces. And if a reference to lower things be lawful, we have admired also the high excellences of the orator's art, the consummate way in which the logic, and even metaphysic, of thought is combined with rhetoric of speech and with overflowing sympathy of heart, strong argument with playful fancy, deep earnestness with suggestive humour, premeditated thought with spontaneous exposition—a keen eye for ever dawning lights on the Eastern horizon of truth with a restful and fruitful faith in the lights that have brightened to meridian certainty and splendour. But I may not permit the temptation of such criticisms to violate the delicacy of personal address. We welcome you here, my brother, with sincere, and full, and thankful hearts. As common servants of the one Divine Master we “esteem you very highly in love for your works’ sake.” For your large heart of brotherly love, too, we esteem you. The expression of our affection

finds only simple forms ; the affection of many hearts towards you finds no formal expression at all ; they silently greet you and will invisibly follow you. It is one of the meetings of life that may not recur—some of us, like yourself, have the years of life behind us. Like ships at sea we pass and salute each other and see each other no more. There is a meeting where no farewells are spoken—a place where they who gather “go out no more for ever, but their works do follow them ;” and there the humblest services will be recognised with the large and gracious optimism of Divine love. His grace keeping us faithful to the end, we shall meet in the Father’s house, and it may be that the meeting of to-night will not even there be wholly forgotten.

Mr. Beecher’s Response.

MR. BEECHER, who, on rising, was received with prolonged acclamation, said : My life has been a long and public life already, and the experiences of that life, in the wilderness, in populous cities, at home and abroad, have been many and critical, and memorable ; but I must say that your presence to-night, your cordiality, your recognition, and the words into which it has been poured, constitute by all odds the most memorable experience of my whole life. It is not a matter, to-night, of vanity on my part. Not before the judgment seat shall I feel more solemn than I feel in the presence of so many men consecrated to the work of Christ and the salvation of men ; and your testimony that through good report and bad report, under all pressures and difficulties, on the whole I have shown to you such Christian fidelity and such simple manliness—that testimony I shall leave as a legacy to my children. I dare not think of myself what you have been kind enough to express. I only know

this—and I say it as in the conscious presence of Christ, my Lord and my all—that by the grace given to me of my God and my mother I have endeavoured during my long life most disinterestedly and most earnestly to do the things that I believed would please Christ in the salvation of men. I have had no ambitions, I have sought no laurels, I have deliberately rejected many things that would have been consonant to my taste. It would have been for me a great delight to be a scholar; I should have relished exceedingly to have perfected my thought in the study, and to have given it such qualities as that it should stand as classics stand. But when the work was pressed upon me, and my relations to my own country and to mankind became urgent, I remember, as if it were but yesterday, when I laid my literary ambition and my scholarly desires upon the altar, and said, “If I can do more for my Master and for men by my style of thinking and working, I am willing to work in a second-rate way; I am willing to leave writing behind my back; I am willing not to carve statues of beauty, but simply to do the things that would please God in the salvation of men.” I have had every experience almost that is possible to men: I have been sick and I have been well; I have been liked and I have not been liked; I have been in the wilderness among the poor and the emigrant, I have drifted into the cities where the great and refined are; I have known what poverty was, and I have known what it was to have almost enough. But these things have all been incidental. And now to begin at the beginning, for this must be biographical; I dismiss my modesty, and I go at myself now. My mother, born in the Episcopal Church, and a devout adherent to that form of faith and government, married my father. She was a sensible woman, evinced not only by that, but by

the fact that she united herself to the Congregational Church in Litchfield, Connecticut, and she was a woman of extraordinary graces and gifts ; a woman not demonstrative, with a profound philosophical nature, and of wonderful depth of affection, but with a serenity that was simply charming. While my father was in the early religious experience under Calvinistic teaching, debating and swelling and floating here and there, and tormenting himself, she threw the oil of faith and trust on the waters, and they were quieted, for she trusted in God. Now, when I was born, I was the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh child—somewhere thereabouts. There were six sons, I know, in all, and not one of them escaped from the pulpit. My mother dedicated me to the work of the foreign missionary ; she laid her hands upon me, wept over me, and set me apart to preach the Gospel among the heathen, and I have been doing it all my life long, for it so happens one does not need to go far from his own country to find his audience before him. From here I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament, which I beg you to take notice is culpable for a good deal of that heresy to which allusion has been made. From here also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God. I went through all the colic and anguish of hyper-Calvinism while I was yet quite young. Happily my constitution was strong—I regard the old hyper-Calvinistic system as the making of as strong men as are ever met on the face of this earth ; but I think it kills five hundred where it makes one. This is a meeting of perfect frankness. When I was a boy, eight years old and upward, I knew as much about decrees, fore-ordination, election, reprobation, as you do now ; I used to be under the murky atmosphere, and I said to myself, “ Oh, if I could only repent, then I should have a Saviour.” As years

went on, and I entered my collegiate course, I remember with shame and mortification the experiences through which I went; the pleadings for mercy, the longings for some token of acceptance, and the prayers that became ritualistic from their repetition, that I might have that that was hanging over my head and waiting for me to take, and I did not know how—I did not know how! Then at last it pleased God to reveal to me His infinite universal love to mankind, and I beheld Him as a helper, as the soul's midwife, as the soul's physician, and I felt because I was weak I could come to Him, because I did not know how, and if I did know I had not the strength, to do the things that were right—that was the invitation that He gave to me out of my conscious weakness and want. I will not repeat the scene of that morning when light broke fairly on my mind; how one might have thought that I was a lunatic escaped from confinement, how I ran up and down through the primæval forest of Ohio, shouting, "Glory, glory!" sometimes in loud tones, and at other times whispered in an ecstasy of joy and surprise: all the old troubles gone, and, light breaking in on my mind, I cried, "I have found my God! I have found my God!" From that hour I consecrated myself to the work of the ministry. I had been studying theology. You would not suspect it, but I know a good deal of theology. Well, I was called to work in Ohio and in Indiana, and very soon I found that my work was very largely a missionary work, for the States were then young—it was fifty years ago—and they were very largely peopled by emigrants, men that had come without fortune to make fortune. I went through the woods and through camp-meetings and over prairies; everywhere my vacations were all missionary tours, preaching Christ for the hope of salvation. I am

not saying this to show you how I came to the knowledge of Christ, but to show you how I came to the habit and forms of my ministry. I tried everything on to folks. I had an active mind and a good deal of reading, and was brought up in the school of dispute where were my father and Dr. Tyler, and Dr. Taylor, and Dr. Porter, and Dr. Woods, and other men that have repented of their orthodoxy long ago in heaven. I mention this to show how it was that I took on the particular forms which have maintained themselves measurably through my life. There are a great many of you that think that I do not believe in theology. There was a sort of veiled allusion to that in the address—not very veiled, methinks. My ministry began in the West, as I have said. I was fresh from the controversies of New England. I went to Cincinnati for the study of theology with Dr. Wilson, as stiff a man and as orthodox as Calvin himself, and as pugnacious as ten Calvins rolled into one. He arraigned my father for heterodoxy; he had to go through the trial of the Presbytery, and the Synod of the General Assembly kicked it all out. You need not ask me whether I was disgusted or not, whether I saw all the wild work of warring, pestilent theology, and all that strife, with acquiescence or with sympathy. Then, in connection with that, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church broke in two; one half was new school and the other half was old school. The new school Presbyterianism in America means Calvinism leavened by New England thought; the old school means Calvinism with Scotch and Irish thought leavening, and the Middle States and the Western were largely populated by the schoolmasters and the preachers that came from Scotland and Ireland. I need not say that they brought their peculiarities with them. Now, seeing this fight, degenerating oftentimes into

the most scandalous enmities, I turned away in absolute disgust from all these things and said, "My business shall be to save men, and to bring to bear upon them those views that are my comfort, that are the bread of life to me," and I went out amongst them almost entirely cut loose from the ordinary church institutions and agencies, knowing nothing but "Christ, and Him crucified," the sufferer for mankind. Did not the men round me need such a Saviour? Was there ever such a field as I found? Every sympathy of my being was continually solicited for the ignorance, for the rudeness, for the aberrations, for the avarice, for the quarrelsomeness of the men among whom I was, and I was trying every form and presenting Christ as a medicine to men, and as I went on, and more and more tried to preach Christ, the clouds broke away, and I began to have a distinct system in my own mind. For I had been early in alliance with scientific pursuits. I had early been a phrenologist, and I am still—all that is left of it in me; and I had followed all the way up with a profound conviction that God had two revelations in this world, one of the book and the other of the rock, and I meant to read them both—the Old Testament and the New. And, not to shut out the light, I had to do this in such a sense as to be just to myself, though I knew it brought doubt and often suspicion upon me among my brethren; but I had not time to attend to that. When they said to me, "You are not orthodox," I replied, "Very well, be it so; I am out on another business; I understand that call that has been sounding down through two thousand years, and is sounding yet, 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.'" I dedicated myself not to be a fisher of ideas, nor of books, nor of sermons, but a fisher of men, and in this work I very soon came to this point, in which I felt dissatisfied with the views of God that

had been before given. I felt dissatisfied with that whole realm of theology which I now call the machinery of religion, which has in it some truth, and I would it had more. But I came to have this feeling, that it stood in the way of sinful men. I found men in distress, in peril of soul, on account of views which I did not believe were true, or if true, not in any such proportion. If you want to know why I have been fierce against theology, that is it; because I thought with Mary, and I said time and again, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." It seemed to me that men could not believe in such a God as I heard preached about, that men could not believe such a schedule of Truth as I had seen crystallised and promoted among men. I do not care the turn of my hand about a man's philosophy; I do not care about one system or another; any system that will bring a man from darkness to faith and love I will tolerate; and any system that lets down the curtain between God and men, whether it is canonical priest, or church service, or church methods, whether it is the philosophical or the theological—anything that blurs the presence of God, anything that makes the heavens black and the heart hopeless, I will fight it to the death. Well, a little later on—this, perhaps, will cover the first twenty years of my ministry—before I found the water deep enough for me to swim in, I came insensibly into connection with public questions; I was sucked into the political controversies and the moral reformations of the age; and just at that time that question was coming up which involved every principle of rectitude, of morality, of humanity, and of religion. My father was too old; the controversy came on when he was failing; he was cautious in his way; he was afraid that his son Henry would get himself into difficulties. But I took no counsel with men.

When I came to Brooklyn some dear men, who are now at rest, said, with the best intention, "You have a blessed chance, and you can come to very good influence if you do not throw yourself away;" and they warned me not to preach on slavery and on some other topics that at that time were up in the public mind. I do not know what it is in me—whether it is my father or my mother, or both of them—but the moment you tell me that a thing that ought to be done is unpopular, I am right there every time. I fed on the privilege of making men hear things that they did not want to hear, because I was a public speaker. I gloried in my gifts, not because they brought praise, but because they brought the other thing continually. But men would come and would hear, and I rejoiced in it, and, as my Master knows, I laid all these tributes and all the victories that they brought at the feet of Him who is the liberator of the world. Jesus knows that for His sake I smote with the sword and with the spear, not because I loved controversy, but because I loved truth and humanity; and because I saw weak men flinch, and because I saw base men truckle and bargain, because I saw that the cause of Christ was likely to suffer, I fought, and I will fight to the end. With this brief analysis of the lines of development, allow me to say a word in regard more especially to my theological views. And first let me say that I think I am as orthodox a man as there is in the world. Well, what are the tests of orthodoxy? Man universally is a sinner; man universally needs to be born again; there is in the nature of God that power and influence that can convert a man and redeem him from his animal life; and it is possible for man so to bring to bear this divine influence in the ministration of the Gospel as that men shall be awakened and convicted, and converted and built up in the faith of Jesus Christ. There is

my orthodoxy. But how about the Trinity? I do not understand it, but I accept it. If anybody else understands it I have not met him yet; but it seems to me that that is the easiest way of rendering the different testimonies or words of truth in the New Testament; neither do I see any philosophical objection to it at all, and I accept it without questioning. What about original sin? There has been so much actual transgression that I have not had time to go back on to that. On what grounds may a man hope? On the atonement of Christ? Yes, if you want to interpose that word atonement on that ground unquestionably I am accustomed to say Christ saves men. But how? That is his look out, not mine. I think that because the nature of God is sanative God is love. "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them which ask Him?" If you choose to fix it in this way, and say that Christ saw it possible to do so and thus and so and thus, and that was the atonement He made, and if you take any comfort in it I shall not quarrel with you. But it is enough for me to know this, that Jesus Christ, God in the flesh, has proclaimed, to whomsoever will, health, life, new life—"born again;" He has offered these, and therefore I no more want to question how He does it than a sick man questions the doctor before he takes a pill. If he says, "Doctor, what is in it?" the doctor says, "Take it, and you will find out what is in it." If men think I am heterodox because I do not believe this, that, and the other explanation of the atonement of Jesus Christ, it is enough for me to say I believe in Christ, and I believe Christ *is* atonement. Now, if you ask me whether I believe in the Divinity of Christ, I do not believe in anything else. Let a man stand and look at the sun, then

ask him what he sees besides. Nothing ; it blinds him. There is nothing else to me when I am thinking of God ; it fills the whole sphere, the heaven of heavens and the whole earth and all time ; and out of that boundlessness of love and that infiniteness of Divine faculty and capacity, it seems to me that He is, to my thought, what summer is when I see it marching on after the cold winter is over. I know where the light comes from, and where the warmth comes from. When I see anything going on for good and for the staying of evil, I know it is the Sun of Righteousness, and the Name to me is Jesus—every time Jesus. For Him I live, for Him I love, for Him I labour, for Him I rejoice in my remaining strength, for Him I thank God that I have yet so much in me that can spend and be spent for the only one great cause which should lift itself above every other cause in this whole world. To preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to have Christ so melted and dissolved in you that when you preach your own self you preach Him as Paul did, to have every part of you living and luminous with Christ, and then to make use of everything that is in you, your analogical reasoning, your logical reasoning, your imagination, your mirthfulness, your humour, your indignation, your wrath, to take everything that is in you all steeped in Jesus Christ, and to throw yourself with all your power upon a congregation—that has been my theory of preaching the Gospel. A good many folks have laughed at the idea of my being a fit preacher because I laughed, and because I made somebody else laugh. I never went out of my way to do it in my life ; but if some sudden turn of a sentence, like the crack of a whip, sets men off, I do not think any the worse of it for that—not a bit. I have felt that man should consecrate every gift that he has got in him that has any rela-

tion to the persuasion of men, and to the melting of men—that he should put them all on the altar, kindle them all, and let them burn for Christ's sake. I have never sought singularity, and I have never avoided singularity. When they wanted some other sort of teaching I have always said, "Get it. If you want my kind, here I am ready to serve you; if you do not, serve yourself better." Now there is one more thing that I want to say something about, aside from these central influential fountain doctrines—that is, Church Economy, Ordination, and Ordinance. I regard it as true that there is laid down in the New Testament no form of church government whatever nor of church ordinance—none. I hold that in the earliest age, while the Apostles were alive, they substantially conformed; they borrowed and brought into service the synagogical worship and used that; the idea of another church had not come into their minds. You recollect that when Paul went to Jerusalem after he had been preaching for twenty years, James took him aside, and said, "What is this we hear? the brethren hear that you have abandoned Moses, and that you do not believe in him. I will tell you what to do," says James the Venerable, "there are going to be some men clear themselves of their views in the assembly to-day, do you go up and clear yourself, that the brethren may know that these things that they have heard are not true." Paul had been preaching for twenty years that Christ was the only hope and foundation, and that Moses was a mere shadow, and a forerunner and preparation for Christ. He went into the Temple; but do you suppose he had a church catechism and all his foundations laid? He would have lied if he had spoken in that way at that time. Paul did not see the outlines of the church, they grew, they developed out of the nature of things. And so I say in regard to all church worship, that

is the best form of church economy that in the long run helps men to be the best Christians. In regard to ordinance I stand very nearly where the Quakers do, except this; they think that because they are not divinely commanded they are not necessary. I think they are most useful. Common schools are not divinely ordered, Sunday-schools are not divinely ordered; but would you dispense with them? Is there no law and reason except that of the letter? Whatever thing is found when applied to human nature to do good, that is God's ordinance. If there are any men that worship God through the Roman Catholic Church—and there are—I say this in regard to them: “I cannot, but you can; God bless you!” In that great venerable church there is Gospel enough to save any man, no man need perish for want of light and truth in that system; and yet what an economy it is, what an organisation, what burdens, and how many lurking mischiefs that temptation will bring out! I could never be a Roman Catholic, but I could be a Christian in a Roman Catholic Church; I could serve God there. I believe in the Episcopacy—for those that want it. Let my tongue forget its cunning if I ever speak a word adverse to that Church that brooded my mother, and now broods some of the nearest blood kindred I have on earth. It is a man's own fault if he do not find salvation in the teachings and worship of the great Episcopal body of the world. Well, I can find no charm in the Presbyterian government. I was for ten years a member of the Presbyterian Church, for I swore to the Confession of Faith; but at that time my beard had not grown. The rest of the Book of Worship has great wisdom in it, and, rather than not have any brotherhood, I would be a Presbyterian again if they would not oblige me to swear to the Confession of Faith. On the other hand, my birth-

right is in the Congregational church. I was born in it, it exactly agreed with my temperament and with my ideas ; and it does yet, for although it is in many respects slow moulded, although in many respects it has not the fascinations in its worship that belong to the high Ecclesiastical organisations, though it makes less for the eye and less for the ear, and more for the reason and the emotions, though it has therefore slender advantages, it has this : that it does not take men because they are weak, and crutch them up upon its worship, and then just leave them as weak after forty years as they were when it found them. A part of its very idea is so to meet the weakness of men as that they shall grow stronger ; to preach the truth, and then wait till they are able to seize that truth and live by it. It works slowly, but I tell you that when it has finished its work it makes *men* in the community ; and I speak both of the Congregationalists that are called Baptists, and those that are called Congregationalists ; they are one and the same, and ought to be hand in hand with each other, in perfect sympathy. Under my platform in Brooklyn I have a baptistery, and if anybody's son or daughter brought up in Baptist ideas wants to be immersed, you won't catch me reasoning with them ; I baptize them. So it is that I immerse, I sprinkle, and I have, in some instances, poured, and I never saw there was any difference in the Christianity that was made. They have all, for that matter, come out so that I should not know which was immersed or which was sprinkled. I believe there ought to be more unity among Congregationalists of every kind. What then ? Would you merge our conscientious views of immersion ? No, I would not merge them. Why cannot you immerse and then let it alone ? Why cannot you let us sprinkle and let us alone ? The unity of Christians does not depend upon

similarity of ordinance or methods of worship. It is a heart business. I do not believe the millennium will see one sect, one denomination, any more than the perfection of civilisation will see only one great phalanstery, one family. The man on this side of the street keeps house in one way, and the man over on the other side keeps house in another. They do not quarrel ; each lets the other alone. So I hold about churches. The unity of the church is to be the unity of the hearts of men—spiritual unity in the love of Christ and in the love of each other. Do not, then, meddle with the details of the way in which different persons choose to conduct their service. Let them alone ; behave at least as decently in the church of Christ as you would do in your neighbourhood and in each other's families. I do not know why they should not concurrently work in all the great causes of God among mankind. I am not, therefore, to teach Congregationalism, I am not to teach the Baptist doctrine, I am not to teach Presbyterianism ; I am to preach "Oh, ye that are lost by reason of your sins, Jesus Christ has found a ransom for you ; come, come, and ye shall live." That is my message, and in that I have enthusiasm. It is not to build up one church, or another church, or to cry down one church or another. Brethren, we have been trying conscience for a great while : what have we got by it ? About one hundred and fifty denominations. There is nothing so unmanageable as a conceited conscience. Now, suppose we should try another thing ; suppose we should try love a little while ; suppose we should try sympathy, trust, fellowship, brotherhood, without inquisitorial power ; suppose we should let men's theologies take care of themselves, and bring this test to bear upon them—what is the fruit of their personal living, and what is the fruit of their personal teaching ? "By their fruits shall ye know them," did not

exhaust itself in personal thought alone. It is a good test for denominationalism, and whenever I find a denomination that puts emphasis upon holiness, where there is no envy, nor detraction, nor backbiting, nor suspicion, nor holding each man to philosophical schedules, when I find a denomination in which they are full of love and gentleness and kindness, I am going to join that denomination. But I do not expect to change for some time. God forbid that I should set myself forth for that which I am not—the founder of a sect. I think anybody would find a good deal of trouble to get together enough of definite material that is consecutive and logical to make a sect out of my sermons. That is not what I have been after; it is not what I am going to try for to the end of my life. My work before me is just what my work has been hitherto—the preaching of such aspects and attributes of God as shall win men to love and to trust and to obedience. My life is for the most part spent. I am warned every year, not by any apparent decadence of health, but by counting; I know that it cannot be for me to be active for many more years; but so long as life remains and strength, so long as men want my ministration, I shall minister in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to the wants and the souls of my fellow-men. And as my years grow more I want to bear a testimony. I suppose I have had as many opportunities as any man here, or any living man, of what are called honours and influence and wealth. The doors have been opened, the golden doors, for years. I want to bear witness that the humblest labour which a minister of God can do for a soul for Christ's sake is grander and nobler than all learning, than all influence and power, than all riches. And knowing as much as I do of society, I have this declaration to make—that if I were called to live my life over again and I were to have a

chance of the vocations which men seek, I would again choose, and with an impetus arising from the experience of this long life, the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for honour, for cleanliness, for work that never ends, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. I would choose the preaching of the Gospel—to them that perish foolishness, to them that believe and accept it life everlasting. Brethren, I want to pray with you; will you let me join with you in prayer:—

Dear Lord, Thou hast been very gracious to us, and through many years Thou hast brought us at last to these latter days. Thou hast brought us to-day with these Thy beloved servants to speak of the things that pertain to Thee and Thy kingdom. We thank Thee for their good and kind thoughts of us; we thank Thee for their confidence and their trust. But, O Lord Jesus Christ, what are we compared with Thee? Thy name is the one name, Thy service is the one service. O Spirit of Love, fill us with Thine own presence, forgive our weaknesses, forgive our lives that have been so imperfect that we have not known how to preach as well as we should; forgive us that we have cultivated the deeper emotions of the soul so little or so imperfectly as that they do not come forth as the very sound of the Gospel itself. But Thou hast forgiven it again and art always forgiving. We are poor, we are sinful, we are staggering under imperfections; we know that ourselves, but every day we lay our head upon Thy bosom. O Jesus, there is nothing but Thee, Thou art our hope, our love. Thy patience is the author of all our patience, Thy power is the author of all our power; and now to-day we bring all that is good in us and say, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name.” Dear Lord, pour Thyself out upon Thy servants here, and upon Thy hand-

maidens, and grant that the homes of these Thy servants may be as the very temples of God. Purge away all their ambition if this be their weakness; purge away all their combativeness if this has been the thing with which they have striven. Envyings and jealousies—O Lord, we would not have Thee served by such imperfect things. Give to Thy servants something of the clarity of vision, something of the purity and sweetness of Thine own nature, and may they feel more and more that it is an honour to be permitted to preach Christ at all. And if there are any that are in trials, any that are pinched in means, if there be any that feel their feebleness, that they are overshadowed by men round about them, O Lord give them the heroic spirit that they may be willing to bear contumely, that they may be willing to bear weakness, that they may be able to say with Thy servant of old, "I rejoice in my necessities." Give to them a nearer view of heaven. How soon our life flies away! How near we are to the great land! Our fathers are there, our mothers, our children are there; but Thou chiefly, Jesus. We are coming, and are glad as the years go by. We would not die, and yet we are in a strait, often betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Jesus, though it be perhaps needful for Thy work and Thy cause that we abide yet longer. Now let Thy Spirit be poured in pentecostal measure upon Thy dear servants. Cleanse them from their sins; purify them inwardly and outwardly. Give them great fruit of their labour. May they never be discouraged, and may they be a voice everywhere saying to men, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and may they walk in it themselves. Now to the God of our father, our mother, and the God of our little children, oh, thou God that art our God, we praise Thee, we love Thee, we long for Thee. When shall we appear in Sion

before God? When we come, then we will cry with all Thy servants, "Glory be to Him who shed His blood for us, and by whom we have been cleansed." And for ever and for ever we will praise the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. Amen.

Speeches on Vote of Thanks.

Rev. Professor REDFORD: Brethren and Sisters,—I could have wished that we had broken through our etiquette on such an occasion as this, and that instead of having any formal vote of thanks we had just carried away with us from this meeting the solemn, touching, and deeply-affecting impression of that lovely prayer that has just been offered up at the throne of grace. I think it would have been far better than prolonging the meeting now, especially as we have already gone beyond the time at which we generally close our meetings; but at the same time I must regard myself, I suppose, as a martyr to official etiquette. As I hold the position of the Vice-President of the Board it devolves upon me to be the mouth-piece for this meeting, and to express our sense of gratitude to our dear brother and friend, Mr. Beecher, that he has come amongst us this evening and given us the opportunity of listening to his words. I remember that great statesman, whom we yet hope to see once more at the head of our country, saying to one of my brethren that it was always a great delight to him to come amongst Nonconformist ministers—that it was like breathing the air of a mountain country, there was something so bracing in their freedom and independency of thought, they did not speak to one another with bated breath, they spoke to one another as men. So we must feel, I am sure, that our brother, Mr. Beecher, has brought with him the freshness of thought and the energy of feeling which charac-

terises our cousins on the other side of the water ; and, though I know he is no friend to the sea, I cannot help thinking he has brought some of the sea-breezes with him in his visit to this country. He has been thrilling in an electrical kind of way through the land from north to south, and, indeed, one might say with regard to some of his addresses that they have been so novel, so startling, and so powerful in character that some of our old stagers, I can fancy, feel almost like the people in Charleston ; they do not know what is going to tumble down next ; they feel in continual terror lest some of these extraordinary statements should shake down " the things that remain." But I think it has been a very great privilege to all of us to be here to-night and to listen to this deeply interesting autobiography, as we may describe it. It has been most touching to find that our dear friend, like so many other of the distinguished men and women of our time, has begun with Evangelical truth. That is to me, I must say, a fact that is full of significance. All that Mr. Beecher has that is good in him, he tells us plainly to-night, he got at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ ; and his words have been full of the very spirit of the Saviour. He has come to us as the Apostle John, to breathe words of universal charity ; he has set before us such a scheme of the Christian Church, founded upon a catholic basis, as has thrilled all our hearts. We have all felt we have been one with him, entirely one with him in all that he has said to-night. I think we ought to be extremely thankful that we have had the opportunity of listening to the statements of doctrine, of creed, and church government which we have heard to-night, because it would be quite possible, I suppose, for some of the rather old stagers who have been brought up in stiff and narrow orthodoxy, listening to the lectures and sermons of our

brother, to say that he was not sound in faith; but it would have been impossible for them to listen to his autobiographical statement to-night and to doubt that he is faithful to Jesus, that the very spirit of the Lord has been actuating him through all his ministry, and that now, in his last days, he is more faithful even than ever he was, more devoted to the simple truth as it is in Jesus. As a theological professor I teach that we do not believe in the works of supererogation, and it would certainly be such a work for me to attempt to detain this meeting and to enlarge upon any topics that have been brought before us; but we all feel our debt of gratitude. I therefore simply ask you this evening to join in expressing our thanks to Mr. Beecher for his kindness in coming amongst us, and for the thrilling and deeply interesting address he has given us, and to wish him health and happiness.

Rev. J. G. ROGERS: Mr. Chairman and Christian friends,—I am here simply at this moment because I have been thrilled to my heart's core by the words to which I have listened. I ought to have been away long since. I stayed on to the end, and then thought I could certainly get away, but as I was going I felt that I had done wrong in refusing to speak; therefore I must say what is in my soul in relation to the speech to which we have listened. I am not going to talk to-night about the claims of Mr. Beecher or Mr. anybody else to orthodoxy; we have discussed that point, I think, quite long enough. I have arrived at this conclusion—that there is no doctrine worth anything, no matter whether it is called orthodox or heterodox, until it is thoroughly fused and melted by love; and when a doctrine has been fused by love it is amazing how soon it loses all dross of heresy that may belong to it and comes out pure gold fit for the Master's using. After all, if we can get to understand that

point, that it is not so much the particular shade of opinion that a man sets forth, but the soul he breathes into the opinion which he utters that makes the difference, we shall come to have fewer of those hard thoughts which men entertain in relation to one another, simply because they differ in their views. There is one thing, I think, that Mr. Beecher has shown us; he has helped us to understand out of what a school he came. We have known something of the old Calvinism in this country; I begin to doubt whether we have known quite as much of it as Mr. Beecher has known in his. I remember troubling my good father, who was a most excellent and godly minister of the Gospel, when I told him that I could not honestly say I believed I was to suffer for Adam's sin. He was greatly distressed, and did not understand whither I was going. That, I suppose, has been more or less the experience of most of us. But I think if our fathers could see where we stand to-day, they would see that the church has gained incalculably, immeasurably, by learning to know that it is not God who is waiting for us to seek after Him, but in His love He is continually seeking after us, and that is very much the difference, as it seems to me, between the old theology and the new. I do not want to discuss these differences to-night; I want rather to say what is in my heart in relation to the speech to which we have listened, and still more to the devout, earnest, loving prayer by which it was succeeded. I go away devoutly thankful to God that I have been permitted to catch the inspiration, the fervour, the enthusiasm, the spiritual zeal that has been breathed into us all to-night. I pray that our brother may go back, feeling that he is laden with the convictions and followed by the prayers of us all at home, and that we shall all be nobler and

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better men for these words of cheer and this hour of sympathy.

Rev. Dr. PARKER, responding to a general call, said : I feel I shall not be lowering the tone of the proceedings which are now closing if I venture to say that the address of welcome which was given to Mr. Beecher expressed, with highest and tenderest eloquence and effectiveness, every feeling of regard and veneration which I myself entertain for our illustrious guest. I could not but feel that such a welcome was worthy the occasion. So to have lived as to have deserved that welcome is surely an example and a stimulus to every one of us. Men do not come to such honours easily ; rewards of that kind are not plucked off-handedly. I was not, therefore, sorry that the address of welcome was read, and that in measured, forceful, noble terms that gave a worthy welcome to a man whom we have so long loved and honoured and desired to see. Twenty-three years ago there was a man in this country who, bidding farewell to England, I think at a meeting in Liverpool, said, "It is not likely that I shall ever return to this country ; I am now fifty years of age, and at that time men do not make great changes ; I feel, therefore, that I am bidding you farewell." That man is sitting on the platform to-night. I should like to know his estimate of fifty years of age now. I dare say he looks upon men only half a century old as young and inexperienced. It is wonderful how we accommodate ourselves to the revolution of years, and how age is not a question of figures on a dial plate, but some kind of subtle feeling that keeps the heart young and ardent and hopeful down to the very last. I am not going to prophesy that Mr. Beecher will not come back again. If he felt so very old at fifty, I have hope of him ; he is now getting over it. So whilst I sympathise very thoroughly with

the spirit of the words which conclude the address of welcome, I still have a kind of secret hope, which I will not venture to express in definite terms, that even yet Mr. Beecher may be amongst us. When the day comes he will be the more welcome for what he has said to us to-night. There are one of two courses to be taken with regard to such a man as Mr. Beecher. Either read little newspaper paragraphs that are anonymous and unauthenticated and garbled, and form your opinion upon the man from these paragraphic misrepresentations; or read such a speech as he has delivered to-night, especially hear it, for the speech was as much in the tone as in the words, in the tears as in the eloquence, and form your own opinion upon what the man himself has said, and the spirit in which he has said it. If any man can have heard the speech which has been delivered to-night, and have yielded himself to the influence of the hour, and yet go away and speak one unkind word of our distinguished visitor, I do not envy the disposition or the conscience of such a man. The whirligig of time goes round, and in the long run, when men have an opportunity of fully unfolding themselves and expressing what is in their mind and heart regarding the unseen but ever-coming kingdom of Jesus Christ, they are better understood and more highly appreciated and honoured. The testimony with which Mr. Beecher concluded sends me home determined to live a simpler, truer, deeper, holier life. To hear such a man say that if he began life again and had all vocations set before him he would choose to stand by the Cross and interpret the redeeming Christ to the age, rids one of all doubt and fear and unworthy feeling, and makes one feel the ordaining hand once more set upon the head, and as if all the air were filled with holy impulse and sacred stimulus. And if he leaves this effect behind him, speak against him who may, doubt him

who may, we will be unfaithful to this hour if we do not stand up and say : " It was good to be near him when he spake and when he prayed."

The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr. BEECHER, in responding, said: You have made me very happy, and yet your praise and sympathy lie like a cloud upon me. I wish I were all that you think I am, and I wish I was what I have in my mind all the time and try to be. But I am not to be tried before the bar of men; I am what I am by the grace of God, and I am ever more with Jesus in my thought by day and by night. I love my own, and I love where I love very deeply; but God knows that I love Jesus Christ above all words and all thoughts, and all other feelings. And yet I thank you for your cordiality. I shall bear it home, not to repeat it again unless it be to my children. They have an interest in me that not even my church has, and to them I shall rehearse your great goodness.

The CHAIRMAN closed the proceedings by pronouncing the Benediction.

ADDRESS TO THE CATERHAM CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL.

MR. AND MRS. BEECHER having arranged to pay a private visit to Mr. and Mrs. JAMES CLARKE at their residence, Beechhanger, Caterham, Surrey, an earnest hope was expressed that Mr. BEECHER would take the opportunity of giving an Address to the 137 Boys of the Congregational School, located in the valley, which he very kindly consented to do. It was then thought desirable that the speech should be made in the Congregational church, and that the dwellers in the district should be invited to attend. The meeting was arranged for Tuesday, Oct. 12, and notwithstanding the heavy and constant rain, the gathering was a capital one, not less than four hundred persons being present. Mr. JAMES CLARKE having taken the Chair, the proceedings were begun by Rev. JOSIAH VINEX offering prayer. Mr. BEECHER then delivered the following Address :—

Life, and How to Live It.

I came hither, knowing nothing of the neighbourhood or of the school, principally to have the great pleasure of visiting my friend, Mr. Clarke, in his home, not because he was a clergyman, but because he was a cause why a clergyman could be heard. His paper makes every man who has preached a sermon preach it to fifty times his own congregation and more, and by thus diffusing the sermons of different and able men gives them an extension, and reacts also upon the sermon-maker, giving him a larger

idea and scope. And so I regard him as perhaps more a clergyman in ink than many persons are in voice, and consider him of the brotherhood of preachers.

I was asked if I would say some things to the young students in the Congregational school here, Congregational ministers' sons. Every one of you has got a minister for a father, have you not? Well, I had a minister for my father, and a very good man he was too. The Greeks have a proverb, and it is a very saucy one, which may be true in Greece but it is not true among English-speaking people—that the minister's son is the devil's grandson. This had great currency in our country, and the Massachusetts Sabbath-school Union instituted a series of observations to ascertain whether ministers' and deacons' children were worse than other folks', and it was found that they were a great deal better on an average; and we turned that proverb and all like it out of doors, for it has been shown that the most eminent and successful men in our land in every walk of life have been largely drawn from ministers and deacons. That is to say, from men whose life was based upon a moral principle instead of upon mere secular and expedient ways. I was brought up in Connecticut, on a remote hill-top. I never heard in my father's house a sentence uttered by him or any of the older members of my family, which now in my later and more mature judgment should not have been spoken. I never heard my father say a word that led me to feel that a man should look after his private and personal interest first in this world and religion afterwards. I grew up into boyhood with the feeling that there was no reason for living except that of being good and doing good. My father had six sons, and every one of them went into the ministry. We were a preaching set. In my own family the tendency has run

out. My boys have gone into something else, but in other and collateral branches the name still goes on in the direction of preaching.

Now you will understand, young gentlemen, that I have a great interest in you because you are the children of ministers, as I am ; we are all boys together here to-night, and I am going to talk to you. And if there is anybody outside of you and at the back of you that wants to hear, they must become as little children, or they shall in no case enter into this speech. It is not for them to criticise to-night, or to dislike as if I was talking to them. I have my audience right here and before me.

I hold that there is a great deal, as I have already intimated, in descending from a parentage that not simply carries with it personal morality, but where righteousness is in the stock. We have in the Old Testament the recognition that God continues His blessing to those that are obedient to His commands to the third and fourth generation ; and statistics have shown abundantly that where righteousness or manliness according to the plan of God is inherent in the parents the probability is that it will be a birthright to the children. It will be easier for them to become Christians and to live Christianly than it would be if they were the children of parents without religion. There is a birthright in being the child of an eminent Christian man or Christian woman. I have lived myself to be an observer of things for more than fifty years, and I have lived to see that the most powerful education which takes hold of the young is that which comes from the life, disposition, and example of the father and of the mother. I have seen multitudes of men that flung off from the ways of the Church, flung off from the religious teaching of their times and surroundings. They went through a score of years or more, and yet never could get rid of the feeling of that saint,

their mother. However far they wandered, however long the thread, the silver cord at length did begin to draw, and in old age or ripe manhood I have seen multitudes of men who gave this testimony, that through all their wickedness and all their dissents and negative states of mind, they never could get from the belief of their mother's faith, founded on their mother's disposition and example. It is a great thing to have come down from a praying stock—from men that love God and love their fellow-men, and there is laid upon the young a responsibility on that very score—because of your heritage—because of your parents, mother and father. It behoves the children of the Gospel, if I may so call them, to live more morally, with a higher moral impulse, than anybody else's children. Now I want to say a few words on the supposition that either you will be ministers, or that you will not, for I think that it may be said that that is true. You may become clergymen or preachers and live professionally for the propagation of moral influence through moral truth; but, whether that is so or not, I hold that a man is not any the less a preacher because he does not stand in churchly relations. It is the duty of every man that is a Christian to be a preacher. It is the duty of every man, if he be a merchant, or if he be a lawyer, that he should be a witness for the reality of personal, spiritual religion—the need of all men to have communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, and with God through Him. I hold that frequently the only persons that can approach men in the world are not professional ministers, but are men in other and civic relations. Men get to be professionally hardened. They say: "Why, of course, our minister preaches. That is his business. That is what he is paid for; and he believes, or assumes that he believes, in these great doctrines

of the Gospel and in the duties that are connected with them. Why, yes, of course. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and the minister could not go back on himself and on his church." That has no great influence with me or among men. But where a lawyer, known to be able, is also a witness, both by his life and by his testimony, for the truth of religion, there are many men that will listen to him, and who would not listen to a clergyman. Where a man who is doing business in a banker's or in a broker's office, and is resisting those temptations that are supposed to cling to the making of money, shows himself to be a genuine and true Christian, he can give testimonies which a professional minister cannot give; and there are many that can be reached by non-professional Christians that could not be reached by the professional ministry itself. So, then, I hold it to be a very good thing for you to remember, as you grow older, that, though you may not, perhaps, ever stand in a pulpit, you ought to stand as a witness for the truth of the Gospel as it is in Jesus Christ, both by your example and by your teaching likewise.

Now that you are growing up there are a great many things that you know in a sort of way, but there are some which may be told you by another, a stranger, one not of your own country, yet of your own lineage and race, and that I am. You cannot crowd me out because I was born in America. Well, it is a much bigger country than this is. We could swallow England in our continent, and scarcely know that we had had a meal. And that is not all. We own you. We own everything that you have got. We own your laws, and we own your churches, and we own your history, and we own everything that is good. We reject the bad, but everything that is good in the English language we have appropriated to ourselves on the other side.

And so when I come back to my father's house, my own old patrimony, I am not to be crowded out and have it said that I am a foreigner. I am not a foreigner. I am an Englishman—an American Englishman—and none the worse for being born in a bigger place.

The first thing that I wish to say to you young gentlemen—it is too late for some of the older boys here to-night—the first thing that I want to say is that the foundation of success in life is good health. Multitudes of men have good health that never do anything with it, but there are multitudes of men that are capable of doing a great deal which they do not do because they have not got good health. There are a great many men who fritter away their youth and destroy wholly the strength of their constitution, so that when by-and-by they come to be in the press of life and under all its exacting influences they break down. And that is not all. I have reason to believe that a good deal of the theology of the past has sprung from dyspepsia; that a great deal of the tormenting aspects that have been given to the sweetness of Divine truth has arisen from the melancholia of men that have lost digestion, or who have enthroned the blue devils in their liver. I hold, therefore, that health is morality to a large extent—the foundation of it, anyhow. But see. In the first place you may have everything else in the world, and lacking that, all the rest of the world is good for nothing. What sort of pleasure has a man that sits in a ball-saloon and sees dancing and gaiety, if he has got the gout? What sort of pleasure does he take in it? What sort of pleasure will a man have, though he be rich in over measure, and his walls are hung with pictures, if he is corrugated with rheumatism? There is not anything handsome in the world to rheumatism. What sort of charm is there to men

who have neuralgia—whose nerves are all up in rebellion against them, who say at night, “I would God it were morning,” and in the morning, “I would God it were night!” To be patient, to be decent, is about all the virtue that men can attain to who are tormented with the want of health. Frequently a man who has spent the substance and marrow of his nerve-system in his youth, through ignorance, through self-indulgence, through wrong courses, when he is reformed and begins to be an operative Christian man in the community finds that he has no constitution; and a man without any constitution is like a cannon with a cornstalk carriage under it, and every time he fires it off he knocks the carriage over, and by-and-by destroys it entirely. I have known a great many men lie for half their lives on the ground like a dismounted cannon, simply because they had not physical health and constitution; and under those circumstances men waste half their strength to patch up their health, and to enable them to go on and do the things which others do by instinct, and almost without consciousness. If I may be allowed to speak of myself—and I will be allowed to speak of myself, because I think that a man’s own experience is the best part, generally, of his testimony—I attribute my success in life primarily and fundamentally to the fact that I have had absolutely perfect health. I hardly know what pain means. I have never known exhaustion that I could not sleep out in one night. In the day I work like a man writing on a slate, and night is the sponge that comes and wipes it all out, and I begin again fresh the next morning. Not only that, but health makes a man good-natured, and I am going to speak about that particularly for a moment. A man has a flow of animal spirits and gaiety, and he enjoys himself in perfect health. He enjoys himself to such an extent that the natural buoyancy

of a person in health is to a large extent all the excitement that he wants, and he is not easily temptable by things that are ruin, and which so many young men fall into to their destruction, soul and body.

Good health is the indispensable condition to comfort and success in life. I have seen a great many men spending the best part—the two-thirds of their earlier years—to acquire riches, and when they had got them the riches could not make them happy. I have known men that went into professional life, and in the strivings and conflicts and intense provocations of life they consumed the vital element in them of strength and health; and all the remunerations of place and influence and honour and glory were as nothing to them. The foundation of real activity, and the foundation of normal conditions of disposition, lies in good substantial sound health. Do not waste it. Do not drain your nervous system dry. Do not allow yourself to go through any such courses as shall make you a wretched victim in all the four-fifths of your life, for the sake of some little pleasure in the one-fifth of your early and your ignorant life. Stand up. Be brave. Have a good body, and do not be afraid of using it. Live in the air, breathe the air; do not crawl into a hole.

Well, next to good health I place the source of unconscious influence, which ought to be the best influence of everybody. I hold with cheerfulness, hopefulness, and courage, in distinction from what we usually call sobriety. I hold that we should not take an ascetic view of life and feel that a man ought to have a very grave and sorrowful countenance. I hear men sometimes talking an immense deal of nonsense. I hear men saying, and I have seen it in books, that every man should live in such a way that if death should come to him he would be found in a posture in which he would be willing to appear before God. Suppose that a man were sick

and had just taken an emetic. What nonsense ! And so long as a man is, by the providence of God, made to live here and to have his duties here, here is the place where he ought to conform to his duties. When it is time for you to die, God will give you dying grace. It is for you to find out how to live with living grace, and not all the time to live as if you were just going to die. I recollect a man giving a comical direction in the newspapers. "The way to avoid breaking your bones in a car when there is an accident is, as far as possible, to put yourself in the shape of a ball. Fold yourself up together, so that there shall be no salient bones to snap off. And as this cannot be done when the accident takes place, it is better that you should go into the car and roll up into a ball and make your journey in that shape." It is very much in that spirit that men say that you ought to be very solemn and very sober. There are times for a man to be sober, and there are times for a man to be solemn ; but the average dispositions in your life should be those of cheerfulness and hopefulness. You should live in a state of present happiness ; for I hold it to be the duty of every man to be happy—not by any way, but by legitimate ways. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;" and I am the Lord's, and He is my Father, and I am His son ; and I have a right to say to the moon, "Come, cheer me," and to the sun, "Come and awake me, and give me joy." The birds are all mine, and the grass is mine, and the trees. No matter who owns the house, I am the man that enjoys it. I like the groves ; I like everything that is in beautiful grounds. They are all for me, simply because I enjoy them. I find that happiness is just as virtuous as moping melancholy, and a good deal more so. A man that has a melancholy disposition, or a man that has been perverted by ascetic views of religion, may be a very

good man before God, but he is a very poor sort of a fellow among men, and we do not want such. The old teaching was a little different from this ; but I say to myself, and have said to myself, I have gone through about as much trouble as any of you ever will, and I have not got many wrinkles yet. I do not look on life with a dark eye. I think that life is beautiful, and the world is beautiful, and men and women seem to me to be not monsters. I love them. I am in sympathy with them. I have affinities with them, and a spirit of compassion. I belong to them, and they all belong to me ; and especially little children : they are all mine.

Now, having come to be seventy-three years old, I am able to make that testimony, namely, that I know very few people that are as happy as I am ; and one of the reasons is this. I understood from a very early period that God gave me my castle, and he said : " I appoint you commander there, and do not let any traitors in, and, among other things, moping melancholy. Never let him come in ; and care and anxiety—never let them come in. Watch, and if ever you see anxiety or care kick him right out as a part of your allegiance to God. Kick him out." Well, I have undertaken to act in that way, and, although I have had to fight for it sometimes, in the end I have got him out—very largely, too, in this way. I said, " God meant me to represent the spirit of trust in God and faith in His providence and in the love of Jesus Christ. One thing I know—that I do not love myself one half as much as Jesus Christ loves me." I do not want any more than that. " Let your conversation," says the Apostle, " be without covetousness," that is, anxiety about your affairs. " Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have ; for He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee ; so that I may boldly

say, the Lord is my helper. I will not fear what man shall do unto me." The man who takes his life in his hand thus will not only be healthier and happier, but a world more useful than if he practised on the other scale, and in the old gloomy, moping, melancholy considerations.

Well, there are some other points well worthy of consideration. There is a great mistake found among men as regards the selection of their business. The young are not capacitated to do it, but somebody ought to do it for them. If there was any way in which you could educate yourself to that kind of business that you were best fitted for, that would be a very great element of success and happiness of your life. There are a great many men that are too ambitious, or their father and mother are ambitious for them, and they try to get them to take what are called "respectable" callings and avocations, and they put their children, therefore, into positions which they are not capable of filling, and all their life is either an up-hill work, a tugging after the thing which they cannot do, or else it is a life of feigning, a life of expedience. It is a great deal better that a man should be a successful carpenter, than that he should be a poor minister of the Gospel. It is a great deal better that a man should be a successful blacksmith than that he should be a drivelling lawyer. And I hold that anything by which you can serve your God by your success is respectable. Do not be afraid of going into work. Do not be afraid of taking lowly positions. In that regard we have a word from the Master, "When thou art invited to a feast take not the highest place, lest a worthier than thou come, and the master say, Go down. Go down." "But," he says, "take the lowest;" and he, seeing you with surprise, will say, "What, my friend! What are you away down here

for? Go up. Go up." Do not try to begin at the top. Begin right over against yourself. If you be at the bottom or in the middle, work your way to the top, and do not be too anxious to succeed in life before you have earned success. That is what I call stealing—where a man is carrying honours upon himself which he really has not earned and does not deserve—where a man is putting on the appearances by which it would seem as if he had made himself a successful man. But that is very much as if a man would make himself fat by stuffing pillows under his jacket, and become robust by padding. And so there are a great many men who suppose that their office is going to hold them up. They are going to join a profession that gives to them a name, and a certain sort of position. But be proud to earn your way in life, and begin where you can do the things that will earn you first that and then the second; and let the affairs of life call you up step by step. Do not force your way. Do not commit burglary on success.

Then I wish that I could make you feel as strongly as I feel the desirableness of honour and the hatefulness of meanness. Of necessity, mixing as much as I do among men, I see a good deal of very sad and mortifying things among men who ought to know better. I see a good deal of whispering, backbiting, indirect slandering. I see a good many things in the way of suppression of the truth indirectly. There is nothing in this world that is so noble as a clean-minded man—clean in his passions, clean in his carriage, and clean in the law of truth and in the honour of integrity and in all the beneficence of love. Society is full of mean ways, and through them success often seems to be nearer; but this success is, like the apples of Sodom, beautiful from afar to look upon, but, when you have plucked it, full of ashes and bitterness. I think that a man ought so to live

by a standard of honour, truth, and manliness, that he can afford to sleep with himself without any fear or trouble. I wonder that some men can ever keep company with themselves. It is bad company. But if a man, on the other hand, lives to practise only the nobler and benevolent virtues of life, no matter what comes to him, everybody becomes his friend; for our Scripture says, "For a just man no one will be found to die, but, peradventure, for a good man some one might be found to die;" and, in this comparison between goodness and mere justice or conscientiousness in this life, how much less would anybody be in sympathy with a man who not only was not just lacking goodness, but was just the other way, and by slimy arts and by indecorous ways was climbing along forbidden paths, and seeking a notoriety which he calls "influence" and "successful ambition"? So be truthful; be upright; be honest, and hate a lie. *Hate a lie!* A liar is worse than the man who has got the plague. You cannot afford to be liars; and you cannot afford to be truth-speakers unless you live worthy of the truth. I think among the most beautiful persons I ever knew were the Quakers. I am myself a Quaker, all except doctrine and conduct. I am certainly an admirer of them, and some of the sweetest natures and some of the most truthful souls that I ever met were among them. Among their fundamental qualities is the avoidance of untruth and exaggeration. They attempt to live on the capital doctrine of "Yea, yea; nay, nay," believing that whatsoever is more than that is of evil.

Well, allow me to say still further, as to the foundation of your strength, remember that you in your own strength and in your own mere self are weakness itself. But in God nobody can break you. There is a negro woman in America called Sojourner Truth; or was, she has recently died. This hap-

pened in Boston once. When Douglas—who was born a slave, and who ran away and made himself one of the most powerful orators that we had in the great battle of anti-slavery in America—was speaking in Boston, in the most profound discouragement before the war, as to the prospects of his race, he said, “We cannot emigrate to Africa. That will never do. And we cannot fill up Canada. It is not favourable to our race. And we are denied all privileges in America;” and he went on descanting on that and drawing the picture, as he could, darker and darker until it seemed as though doom itself was to settle down on the coloured people; and as he sat down, Sojourner Truth, a little, crumpled-up black woman, black as your hat, rose in the audience, and said, “Frederick, is God dead?” and she sat down. It shook the whole audience. As long as God is alive, and you know it and feel it, you need not fear anything. You are dearer to Him than you are to your parents, or to your teachers, or to your best friend. There is no friend like God, either in adversity or in prosperity, in sickness or in health. There is no such friend as God, and there is no man so strong, so lasting, so enduring, as the man that feels “I am the Lord’s. He is mine.” There was an eminent bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy who was charged, by an infamous conspiracy of courtiers and corrupt women, with having violated his great position, and it seemed as though he had come to his end. The court withdrew its favour, and everywhere throughout the community his name was becoming a by-word and a hissing. He refused to say a word. He refused to let his brother, who was a lawyer, plead his cause; and he simply said this, “I am God’s. This thing has not been sent upon me by the devil. The Lord has permitted it. He has His own reason. As long as He thinks it is best for Him

and me and His cause that I should be in this trouble, I think it is best too, and I will not do one single thing to change the condition ; and when the Lord thinks that it is time He will take care of me." And in that sublime position of simple trust he went on doing his duty day and night, in season and out of season, waiting and saying, "I can bear whatever Christ thinks that I ought to bear." And sure enough, after a little while the principal conspirator in the court was taken sick, and on his death-bed he made confession of the whole nefarious plot, and it was ripped up, and the whole public sentiment was changed, and the bishop was brought out into light and repute again. But he refused to say anything. He felt, "The Lord wanted me there, and I was there. If He wants me now here, and I am here, what then?" For one to feel that he is the child of God and under the protection of Divine providence—we cannot imagine what an armour it is, what a fort it is, what strength it will give.

And now, my dear young friends, I shall never see you, probably, again. I cannot carry away your countenances with me, but I can carry away the general impression that I have here to-night. Oh, you that will have to go out into the world, I do not know that I would shield you from it if I could ; but I have a tender feeling for a man that has got to begin and buffet his way in the world. Some of you will sicken. Within a year or two some of you will be called home. For you there is to be no sorrow and no tears. Early home is thrice blest. But others of you will go on through good report, and through evil report, and by-and-by, one by one, you will come to the gate and be received through it. But whether you die early or live long, while you live, live for Christ ; live for your fellow men. Do not live in a centre and whirr of selfishness.

Do not live for pleasure, though you will be happy all the time if you live for duty. Live with cheers and mirth, if God has given it to you. Live with good fellowship; live with amusement, if it be decorous and wholesome. Live for manhood with greater or less success, as it may please God to furnish you. Live hoping, genial, happy to the end; and may the unspeakable love of Jesus Christ be to you and to all His people. God grant that when, through the storm and through the dark, the light breaks and the morning has come, you and I may meet at last inseparably in the kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Good-bye.

At the end of the Address a resolution of thanks to Mr. BEECHER was moved by Rev. W. HEATHER, M.A., the pastor of the church, seconded by Mr. W. G. SOPER, B.A., J.P., was carried unanimously and with cheers. Rev. T. RUDD, B.A., proposed thanks to the Chairman for his kindness in bringing Mr. BEECHER to Caterham, which Mr. HENRY MASON seconded, and the meeting was then brought to a close by the singing of the doxology.

ADDRESS TO STUDENTS.

THE City Temple was on Friday morning, Oct. 15, filled with an audience, consisting mainly of ministers and students for the ministry, to hear an address from Mr. BEECHER on "Preaching." Rev. Dr. PARKER occupied the chair. After prayer, offered by Rev. Dr. NEWTH, Principal of New College,

The CHAIRMAN said: The history of this Conference is happily a short one. Some little time ago I received a letter from the secretary of the associated colleges of London, asking me to request Mr. Beecher to spend, if he possibly could do so, an evening with them for the purpose of talking over questions relating to their work and prospects as students for the Christian ministry. As in duty bound, I laid the letter before Mr. Beecher. Having perused it, he said: "This gives me the right idea, why not enlarge the scope and bring in others who may not be nominally students, that we may talk over together some of the great questions in which we are in common deeply interested." I do not imagine that it entered Mr. Beecher's fancy that by enlarging the constituency a little he would see before him this morning such a host of earnest men, charged with affection and enthusiasm towards himself and his work. A week has not only a beginning but an ending. Some weeks begin rather cloudily and end in infinite sunshine. I may add that we could not have held a conference at eleven o'clock on a college working morning but for the consent and co-operation of the Principals of the various colleges. I thought it courtesy to address the Principals in view of this arrangement, and in every instance the answer showed the greatest readiness to readjust any college work attaching to any particular day with a view of making this Conference all that the students could desire it to be. I shall be glad, therefore, if the Principals will now thus publicly receive my acknowledgments of their kind co-operation. Mr. Beecher is to address us; I cannot attempt

Introduction

11. Is the Pulpit losing power?

Ans. Reaching is not -
 (1) This, is the Extension of the personal force, of mind on mind

Mind to mind; Mother & Child,
lover & maiden

It is not merely an organ of Truth: but of truth ⁱⁿ living Emotion. It is conviction in self of truth, & it power of the Emotion wh. this truth produces in you:

Ill. Crystallography - Geology. Astronomy

As the It is the One Power, that
 cannot have a parallel - Key
 in family, teacher's hearts
 in Church! - May be buried,
but can never die -

All Egyptian Wheat in
 Ministry, 5000 yrs old, but
sprouts -

(2.) Compared with the whole
Complex influence of Church
 Organs - a School - a Resident
 board - Around Church or
 Cathedral, a hundred officers
 & ministrants - but - Preach -
stands alone - & is the Highest
function!

(3.) The Newspaper, Lectureships
of Science, Law, Theology - all

3.

Useful - But none of them
Compare with Preaching, for
deep, immediate, persuasive
influence =

(4.) - Because of its Nobility.
The Office of Preacher, must
not be sought, unworthily.

1. As means of support -

2. Position of influence &

Respectability

3. As ambitious - self seeking
in the mild & unconscious way

A true Call, is God's voice
in you, speaking thro' your
noblest faculties

4.

III The genesis - or
motive force -

1. Love to God, & to Man

to God, 1. Not as illustrated
in Nature,

2. But, as made known in
Chapman. -

Phil 2: 5.

In Hebrews. High Priest. -

Sympathy - Hence,

1. Love near is, stronger than
Sympathy

2. The actual imitation of Christ
Who gives up his taste, his knowledge

Who, Make Christ's Atonement
Taking men's sins, faults
on his heart?

Who gives his life - not by
laying it down, but by living
it? - for despised -

So orthodox, that we seem
to be Christians!

Mother of Telephus Children

Do you, wish to sit, on
right & left?

Do you feel Called to
the Ministry? or to a far journey
to influential position - to Self Renunciation

IV. Some Separate Considerations.

1. Narrowness - bigotry -

2. Keep up Personality - not
moles & warts - but the
general drift & action of
not passions - but Mind

Minds so large that no one
can oppose it - Each mind
has its own Color - Cathedral
Hindrances

3. Self Consciousness - hindrance.
Fear of Orthodoxy

7.

1. The Unchangeable Elements
done to God, & to man -

2. The Changeable - the made
in the y^r. mind works -
Practical - Philosophical

I. Every man sh^d give truth
as it develops itself in him
Only so, all truth - silently
in personality.

II. Don't be afraid of preaching
poorly - unnatural strain
upon him, - kills natural
Artificial Study =

III. Heaven - Revered there - since being him to



to appoint the bounds of his expository or rhetorical habitation. The best programme that can be written for Mr. Beecher is in one line, "Loose him, and let him go." Not understanding the English character, he has actually, in some degree at least, proposed to receive questions which may be addressed to him, for the purpose of at least considering them. It is one thing to ask a question and another thing to answer it. If I were to ask some of you junior students what is the cause of the Aurora Borealis, you would be very glad to hand on the inquiry to the next man. I understand that the questions must have relation to the subject of Mr. Beecher's address, that they must, of course, be pertinent and practical, that they must be such questions as earnest men alone would think of putting. Later on in the Conference I shall have another kind of statement to make; in the meantime, I sit down, simply asking Mr. Beecher to be kind enough to proceed with his address.

Introductory Remarks.

MR. BEECHER: (Cries of "Pulpit.") I will not. You know, or ought to know, my feelings about a pulpit. I regard it as a barrier between the preacher and his audience, and such of you as cannot come into communion and sympathy from your altitude will have to remain in the Court of the Gentiles. The men to whom I am to speak are before me and near me, and the bond of sympathy will not therefore be broken by distance and by the wide stretch of the impalpable air. I consented to this interview, which of necessity must be more or less familiar and colloquial, because I once was a young minister and had my own troubles and difficulties, and in the course of a long life, now fifty years in my public ministry, I have been brought into contact at home and abroad, in times of peace, and in times of war, in the midst of theological discussion and ecclesiastical ruptures, —I have been made to see almost every side and every phase of the work of the Christian ministry. But one who has gone through so long a campaign is bound, I think, to respect the wishes of the

young. As an old veteran in the camp is bound to be the teacher of the recruit, and to show kindness to him, and to strengthen him in preparing for the battle, so they that have grown old in the work of the ministry should recognise the rights of those that are but beginning, and give whatever light their experience and their reflections may have produced—give freely. In answering questions it has already been suggested that I do not undertake to irradiate the whole scope of theology, and that there be many questions that ought not to be put, and many questions that are casuistical that belong to special lines of thought as organised in different denominations, the answer to which would require the discussion of the foundations of theology, of the methods of worship, and the organisation of Christian assemblies, and I should need rather to sit in a professor's chair and have a whole year before me than to have the single hour which belongs to our Session here.

Is the Pulpit Losing its Power?

Now, in the first place, let us ask—Is that true which is being reported up and down through the papers? Has the pulpit lost its power? Is it going to lose it? Are there agencies of instruction in religion dispossessing it of the public ear? Was its power the fact that it rose in an ignorant age, and that it has, therefore, by the very law of development dug its own funeral and put itself out of power? What is the power of the pulpit primarily? It is the power of preaching; for though there is something else in the minister's life except the preaching, this is its central and characteristic element, and the question may therefore be changed, not "Is the pulpit losing its power?" but "Is preaching losing its power?" Now, I hold that preaching is simply

the extension of that which has existed from the beginning, and in all forms of society, all conditions and institutions, it is the application of personal emotion and thought to living people. It is not teaching alone, though it may be teaching and should be teaching, but it is the power of one living man to lay himself, with his thought and his emotion, on the heart and intelligence of another living man. Now go back to the very beginning, the mother is the first preacher. It is not always the wisdom of what she says, it is not always the scope of her knowledge, it is not always the things that she believes, but her mother's heart murmuring to the child's heart, that is preaching, that is the thing that is power, and in its very origin! If you go out from the family you may not see it in so affecting a manner, but you will see it in friendships, where, for instance, friend with friend is discussing; there is everything besides the mere theme in the connection between the speaker and the hearer; there is the throb of the man's heart; there are all those fine filaments of feeling; all those elements of imagination that go to constitute individual personalities, and friend talking with friend is a power quite over and above what he says or what he believes. And go on to the teacher, the same is true of him. There are many maidens who have many calls, but are hard-hearted towards them; but when the true preacher comes to them—one word from his lips is more influential with her than all the rest of them put together. He has the art of putting a living heart on a living heart, and that is power. That is the root of preaching; I do not undertake to say that it absorbs into itself everything, I shall have occasion to speak of that a little further on. Now, I hold that emotion with intellect, emotion as the bow and the intellect as the arrow, that is preaching, that is the philosophy of it in a figure.

A man must have faith or everything falls dead or becomes a mere lectureship. There are many things on which a man speaking cannot be a preacher. I could not gush if I were discussing the question of crystallography; I could not have any great emotion to send home if I were dealing with the higher mathematics. So, in regard to many kinds of truth, there cannot in the nature of things be anything that goes higher than lecturing. Lecturing is intellectual exposition, legitimate, indispensable in its own place, and in regard to its own subjects; but preaching is something higher than that; it is that that is in common between the preacher and the hearer, it is that that belongs jointly to the sphere of thought and of feeling, and it has in it a definite purpose or end in view, which it is seeking by thought and by emotion to procure in the minds of all that are listening to it. It has in it, therefore, the element of thought and the element of emotion, and the element of persuasion, and the element of acquiescence in the audience, for they act back and fore, the preacher on the audience and the audience on the preacher. Now, with regard to this I do not hesitate to say that it is the one power that cannot have a parallel, and that, beginning in the lowest conditions of social life, the family, and the friendship, and the neighbourhood and the school, it has its noblest development in the church of Christ Jesus. We may not have "apostolicity" as the word goes, we may not have absolute orthodoxy, if any one can tell you what that is. We may have a variety of gifts, but there is one gift that belongs to the Church universal, which the Church universal should see to it that it is not dispossessed of, and that is to take the grandest themes that can come to the thought of man—time, life, character, conduct, immortality, and the hope of it, God and man, and the universe. These be

the themes, and the method is the ripening of a man's moral consciousness in such a way as that he can pour out his soul like a flood upon listening and acquiescing men. That is the gift to the Church. The one instrument that belongs to the Church, the organ, that manifold grand instrument, and that is in itself the *résumé*, if I might say so, of all the instruments that have ever, separately and singly, been created; it belongs to the Church, thank God, to the cathedral, to the temple, and to every little church everywhere. It is understood and known to be its possession. Preaching and music, sacred and organic, belong to the church, and the church is bound to see that it is not dispossessed of its peculiar treasures. It may be this gift and art of preaching may not be used, it may be overcrowded, it may be laid aside by novelties, or by habit or custom in any community, but it is there, it can be resumed again. It may be weak in one generation, it comes up again in the next. In some hands it may be comparatively powerless, but there are others in whose hands it has a power the equal of which does not exist among men. Yes, preaching is overlaid oftentimes by psychical discussions, and by all manner of things, but it is not dead or smothered. Unrolling the mummies of 3,000 years ago, that have laid meditating upon theology in their tombs, it has been found that there was the Egyptian wheat wrapped up in their gums, and so preserved from the air for 3,000 years, and yet you take that wheat out to-day and plant it, and it sprouts and grows as if it had had no vacation at all. Preaching may be wrapped up in ceremonies and gummed in one way and another, but by-and-by the time will come that somebody will unroll it and get it out, and it goes right on as if it had not had an hour's pause. When you come to compare the whole complex

influence of the organic church you find it has a school, it has a benevolent board, and round about the church or the cathedral there are a hundred officers, ministrants, and God's servants, all more or less auxiliary and indispensable in their ranks and degrees; but preaching stands alone—higher than any of them, the leader of them all—it is the highest function! And yet I hear men saying that the day is come when the newspaper is going to dispossess preaching. The newspaper is the carrier of preaching, it is a carrier of news; newspapers do not invent news, or ought not to. But it is a matter of gratitude that the newspaper has come into existence, and that it is widening the bounds of its power, and that it has become really in fellowship with Christian truth and Christian service. But, then, what is the mail-bag compared with the lover that has got his letters in it? It is a carrier, not an originator, in regard to the themes which mostly appertain to the moral and religious life of the community, although it is going to widen the sphere of the pulpit, and is going materially to react again on the habits of preaching. For a man in a pulpit in a little neighbourhood, with a clique of men that believe just as he thinks, goes over and over again, and narrows himself, or tends to do it, or is dessicated and gets dry and insipid; but where a man is conscious that what he is saying to-day in the air will be proclaimed on the housetop by the outrunning newspapers, he cannot but have larger thought, and a larger sympathy, and a larger influence. But the newspaper is the auxiliary, not the leader. Nor can science make any pretension to take the place of the preacher. We are greatly indebted to it. Science, if it be ripe and right, is the commentary on God's Old Testament of the natural world, and it may be and will be an adjutant, will clear up many doubts, will destroy many dogmas—thank God—and in

various ways will make itself useful. It never will be that which the human soul needs in its aspirations and longings, temptations, and distresses, and troubles, in youth, in mid-life, or in old age, in happiness or in prosperity, in adversity and sorrow, in the prison or in the mountains of the refugee. Science cannot come to bring comfort as well as light to men; it is only religion that brings hope and light and life and immortality. Therefore, science is a cane, religion is the man that walks with it and helps himself along the rough road of life.

Motive for Entering the Ministry.

Now, because of its nobleness, the office of a preacher must not be sought unworthily. Once it was not so tempting an office. When the apostles died the death daily, when they were accounted as the off-scouring of all things, there were not then many candidates for the ministry; but the office has become through the ages a foremost office, and it has brought dignity and immunities and honours to its support. Now a support for this world is a very good thing. As long as a man is in the flesh, he has got to consider the laws of the flesh, he must eat and he must drink, and he must wear respectable clothing, he must have a dwelling-place, and, therefore, it is not an improper thing for a man that is going to be a preacher to have some consideration of his support; but he had better not go into the business of preaching on that ground. The very moment that he looks at this business as a means of support, that very moment he should know that he is disqualified from entering it at all. Nor because it is a respectable profession should a man enter it; there is no heart in such a minister as that; it is empty, it is worse than empty, it is the seven other evil spirits that, cast out, come back

again, and his estate is worse than it was in the beginning. The idea of physical support and the idea of respectability in the community, these are not things to be despised in themselves, but as the motive power in the choice of a profession they are simply contemptible, and there is nothing more contemptible than them, except the man that acts under them. It is not the place for ambition, for self-seeking, or the mild and unconscious way of developing man's gifts to the admiration of his fellow-men. A true call to the sacred ministry is the voice of God in you speaking through your highest and noblest faculties. Any other consideration than that is not a call of God, and there are very many called, but few are chosen. There are many men that are called to the ministry, they think; but, as a wise old Methodist once said, when God calls a man to preach He always calls folks to come and hear him.

The One Thing Needful.

Well, now, what is the genesis of the substantial force in a right-minded and effectual preacher? I do not mean what are his external advantages, that he has a comely presence, that he has a fluent voice, that he has a ready and active imagination, that he has the power of utterance of deep emotions—all these things are right; but I am looking for something back of all this—what is it that should constitute in the man the substantial element by which he shall live a preacher's life? I hold it is love to God and love to man. Now, in regard to this, it is not love to God as the Creator, Bountiful Benefactor, the Wise, the Architect—all of these things are sublime, and are true, and are not out of the purview of a thoughtful man at any time; but that is not the view of God that makes a preacher; it is God as translated

in human conditions by the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the seeing of God through Jesus, that it is that gives the love, not alone piquancy, but personality and definiteness and enthusiasm. I, too, admire God in the dewy morning, but I do not believe any sinner was ever converted by that. I see God in singing birds, and in caravans and crowds; I see God on the tempestuous sea—or I would if I were on deck; I would everywhere. All nature is a revelation of God, but it is as He exists in the person of Jesus Christ—He is my God! So much so that if I had no other God than that which Nature exhibits I would throw off the garment of the pulpit very quickly, and it is nothing but that undying vision of God in loving, succouring, bearing in Himself the sins of men, with all helpfulness for those that lack help; it is God as made known to me in Jesus Christ that I adore, and to all eternity, whether in heaven or hell, I will adore, my God and my Life! Well, it is not simply Jesus Christ in a philosophical aspect as analysed, and still less Jesus Christ as harnessed into the various systems of theology. There are at least eighteen or nineteen distinct variations of the Atonement of Christ. I have been asked this morning: “Do you believe in the Atonement?” Which? I believe in mine; I believe that my God has made known to me in Jesus Christ his atonement for the sins of the world, and that it inheres in the divine nature and overpours and fills time, and will fill all eternity. I believe that but for this redeeming love of God in Jesus Christ no man would ever rise higher than the vegetable or the animal, and that it is the inspiration of the world. He impletes the heart, the soul with himself, and He is all in all. I believe in Jesus Christ—that is the whole thing. Now I wish to read the Bible; but I have not got it.

The CHAIRMAN : There is a Bible on the premises.

Mr. BEECHER: Well, once in a while it is not bad to have it in the pulpit. (*A Bible was then handed to Mr. Beecher.*)

Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.

Well, now comes that for which I quote this—

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself.—(PHILIPPIANS ii. 1—3.)

“Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus,” who, being the highest, so that He could justly compare Himself with God, brought Himself down to the very bottom of existence, and became the bond-slave to death itself. That is the mind that is in Christ Jesus, and if any man is to be a minister of Christ he is to bear in mind the mottoes that are sprinkled so abundantly through Christ’s teaching, “If any man would be chief amongst you, let him be your servant.” And right alongside of the solemn scene of the Last Supper is also that other scene where Christ washed His disciples’ feet. The introduction to that is wonderful to me. After supper, knowing that He had come from God and would return to God—that is to say, in the flush and flash of a consciousness of His whole Godhead which was obscured in many places and instances—yet here it came back to Him, as it were, and the

heavens opened upon Him—and in the grandeur of His consciousness of His elevation and nobility what did He do? He took a basin of water, and a towel, as a symbol, and washed his disciples' feet, and said to them, "If I, your Lord and Master, have done these thing to you, you ought to do them to one another." That is the fulfilment or the commentary upon this declaration in Philippians ii. 5—that he that would be chief among you, he must be your slave. Now, when a man has a call to the ministry, he is to preach Christ and to understand Christ. He may understand a good many things out of books, he may understand a great many things out of systems, he may help himself into perplexities of experience, but, after all, the man that is the true preacher learns by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost what was the nature of that love which led Christ Jesus to empty Himself, and to go down to the bottom as it were, to the feet of the universe, that when He lifted Himself up He should carry everything with Him. It is not enough, then, that you simply have an admiration of God, and an admiration of Jesus Christ, and an approbation of Him, but you must be Christs yourselves according to the measure of your being. When the mother of Zebedee's children came to Christ saying to Him, "Lord, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom, grant that these my two sons may sit, one on Thy right hand and the other on Thy left"—make one of them Secretary of State and the other of the Treasury—and Christ says to them, in an awfully solemn simplicity, "Can ye drink of the cup that I shall drink, and be baptized with the baptism that I shall be baptized withal?" the innocent fellows, shallow-pated, said, "Yea, Lord." But I tell you that the man that is to come into Christ's spirit and be able to understand Him is the man that imitates Him. I do not mean imitates Him by being

pure from vices or imitates Him by being aspiring ; he puts himself in relation to Jesus Christ by the element of love, and then he puts himself into relation to his fellow-men by an imitation that we none of us ever do make,—I do not, you do not, no man ever does,—namely, laying down our life by keeping it, and putting it absolutely at the command of those outside of us that can be fructified and saved by our life. We ought to be in sympathy with men. You read in the Hebrews that Christ was a High Priest, and then that the High Priest was selected from among men, among other reasons because He should have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way. And so Christ is One that can have compassion on the ignorant and on those that are out of the way, and Christ's ministers must be those that can have compassion on the ignorant and on those that are out of the way. What is compassion? Is it living with them? Oh! no, not outwardly, but it is having your heart and their heart in such conjunction as that they are to you as your own self is. Now, how many of us have that sympathy for our fellow-men? How many could go down and live with the poor, if by that means we could lift the poor up? How many can go into the neglected quarters of this city and become ministers of Jesus Christ in verity by identifying themselves with any section or line of men, living among them, understanding them, and giving the whole power and resources of love towards uplifting them? It has been done. Oh, I love to hear good things of denominations that I do not believe in. I love a good thing wherever it is. When I read the history of the missions in Canada of the Jesuits in the early days, I am melted to tears, I am rebuked. As a Protestant, I believe, of course, a great deal better than they do, but as a Christian they lived a great deal better life than I have been able to do, for they

actually sacrificed civilisation and all social comforts, and went out among them, derided by the Indians themselves, persecuted, suffering and dying in their midst without a thought of recognition or any earthly reward, but because they had had in their hearts to live as Christ lived to them and to the whole world. Have you that spirit? We talk about benevolence and give a shilling! We talk about benevolence, and are kind and good-natured, but are you able to put the power of your whole being under the men round about you, and the law of sympathy is, the lower men are the more sympathy for them increases. Are you in that condition in which you can go down and crave to go yet lower, if there are any lower, as Paul said, that that which was lacking of the sufferings of Jesus Christ might be made up in his own body. I cannot read that history of Paul without rebuke upon rebuke, and rebuke upon rebuke, until I feel as though I hardly had claim to be a Christian and still less claim to be a Christian preacher of the Gospel. The first work, therefore, of him that means to be a preacher is to learn of God in regard to his own self and life, and to be an imitator and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not mean that every man should go among the people; I do not mean that men should not take positions among the refined, but the spirit that lies behind their ministries should be a subtle and compliant spirit, by which they would be able to go down to the very bottom, as well as to ascend and fructify the top of life. We have got much to learn of lectureships, much of Greek and its construction, much, it may be, of Hebrew, much, it may be, of ecclesiastical history, much of didactic theology, and if discriminately learnt they are all useful—though theology, as a whole, must be taken as we eat fish—pinch the meat off and let the bones remain. “If this

sentence is wisely constructed it is true, but if it is not it is not true." We need more than anything else, first to get ourselves exactly into the standpoint of Jesus Christ in that work of humbling Himself in order to lift up the poor and the low and the despised. This should be the true ministerial force and method. We begin to preach to save men—not a technical salvation, not a dogmatic salvation, but a living, personal resurrection of their natures, and that, too, by your living example, and by the spirit of your teaching, and by the whole outflow of sympathy that ranks you alongside of Jesus Christ in His royal work. But oh! when a man once has come into that, and while he is in it, there is nothing that creates such joy in this world as self-sacrifice. I remember very well when I was so poor that I could not take a letter out of the post-office for a week (postage then was 25 cents); so poor that I had absolutely nothing for weeks together—I do not mean of food, but nothing which belongs to the station in life in which I was born; when I was a missionary among emigrants in the far West. I think I shall never see another such morning as that in which, under great discouragements, riding through the forests, there came to me such a vision of being with Christ, and of the certainty of reigning with Him, that all these deprivations—I felt as though I wished they were doubled! I gloried in infirmity! I felt, "My life is not here, my life is yonder; it is hid with Christ in God, and I am going to it." Oh! it was an inspiration higher than any poet's, higher than any eloquence can depict—it was the mute soul-experience. We do not go far enough in our self-denials; we go just so far as to make them taste bitter, and not to make them taste good with the heroism and the triumph on the other side. Well now, when a man has in him the consciousness that

this life is but the prelude—is but the morning star of existence, the sunrise of His might—when we believe that the Divine Spirit is diffused through all things in this world: God is everywhere, above, below, either side, impending, universal, constant, and continuous; when we live in Him as men live in sunshine—when a man is in that state of mind, and all his thoughts are heavenward, or else earthward for the groanings of the captives that they may be delivered—when a man lives in that state and it becomes his necessary life, his joy and his enthusiasm, such a life as that cannot be a barren one in the flesh. And out of that there may be very little rhetoric born, there may be very little of that which men call eloquence. I tell you that a mother's tear in the presence of a disobedient child is more eloquent than all the language that she could use. There is an eloquence of words, and it is a just eloquence; but the eloquence of a man's soul-filling life—that is a power that cannot be simulated nor imitated in any way, and the Christian man who believes himself to have been born again of the Spirit of God, who believes that his life is in Jesus Christ, who hears Christ saying to him, "Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends," who is going home as the years move on, bringing him nearer and nearer to his Father's house—oh! if such a man cannot be influential and powerful as a preacher, what power is there on earth, even of miracle, that could make the rock break forth in streams out of such a heart as that?

The Place of Emotion.

Now with that general unfolding I might, as is always said to be the right way, apply the sermon after it has been reasoned out, and I might apply it to every one of you and ask you, Do you want to be

a preacher, knowing what it means, knowing what is the fountain of its power, knowing what its relationship is to God—do you want to be a preacher, or do you want to sit on the right hand and on the left of the ascertained glory of the coming kingdom of Jesus Christ? Do you want to be orthodox in order to be orthodox? Do you want to be eloquent in order to have a certain power over men to your own edification and admiration, or do you want to be a power like Christ's, whether you go down or whether you go up? Do you want the enthusiasm of a ransomed soul persuading men to be ransomed? One of the most affecting and illustrative stories that I ever recollect was that of a missionary to the slaves in the early slavery of Cuba, where cruelties were unmatched and unmeasurable. He was a Moravian. He went out to preach to the slaves. He found them coming back at evening outworn. The Moravian was a white man, and the master was a white man, and he could make no impression on them at all. At last he sold himself to the plantation, that he might be permitted to go out with the slaves afield, and let them see that he would suffer with them—that he thought of them, would live with them and be like them, a slave, that he might rescue them from eternal slavery. That is laying a man's life down. It is a great deal more powerful to lay down your life by living it than it is to lay it down by-and-by by giving it up; and every man ought to have this high thought and enthusiasm for the work of a Gospel preacher before he enters into it. Well, now, you will say, of course, do you mean a man is to go before every audience with a great enthusiastic outburst of emotion? No; I do not say that. I say that the minister, while this glowing zeal and love is at the bottom of everything else, and is the motive-power of everything else, must adapt himself to the levels of the society in which he is moving.

There are some things that belong to the levels of all men alike, but then there are some other things that belong to different levels, and to certain lines of people. I think that a man going into the midst of an intelligent audience does not need to preach in the same way that he would if he were going out into the street in the midst of a dragoonade, or among poor and ignorant men. The lower down you go in humanity, the more need there is of emotion in preaching; but as you go up you come to a line of people who are not injured by suitable emotion; but it must be of a more refined kind. They demand something more than emotion. There is no reason why you should not feed them. And there be many that go up still higher. They are not only emotive and intelligent, but refined. There is a development of the element of beauty in their life, and thought, and feeling. The minister ought to preach the Gospel in the language in which these folks are born. There is no reason why a man should not preach to the philosophical in one way, preach to the lawyers in the Temple as if they understood higher themes. I don't mean by that that there is one Gospel for the bottom and another for the middle and another for the top, but that the method by which you bring to the minds of men, the doors through which you can enter to their moral conscience, are different. The unchangeable elements, love to God and love to man, require no speculative emotive outpouring, but adaptation comes in. Now carry this a little further, for some of you will feel discouraged and say, "Well, what are we going to do, we cannot preach in that way because our minds are slow and very cautious, and we cannot think on our feet, and we have got to write." Well, write this, and take the consequences. If you do good in that way do it, and do not grumble if you do not do as much good as you

would if you had a more mobile temperament. "Ah! but," say some men, "this enthusiasm of love—well, we believe in general benevolence, but somehow or other we are rather cold and speculative, and what shall we do in the pulpit?" Well, you have no business to be in the pulpit. Your business is to go out. "Oh!" say some, "we have no such power and influence as a great many men have." That is so. One star differs from another in magnitude and in glory, and a part of your willingness is to be what you are and where you are as to your stature, and to do the good that belongs to your personality. I should like to be a good deal more learned than I am. It is not likely I shall be, and I have got to content myself with what I have got. I have aspiration in every direction, but when it comes home to the limitation of my nature I must give in. I have been baptized, I believe, by the Holy Ghost with a willingness to be just what I am—neither more nor less for Christ's sake and for man's sake. Do not then cut out your work. Do not desire to go into the ministry for the sake of having a high place. Go to the wilderness if there you have adaptation; go among the poor or the humble if there you find your sphere of labour most active, most important, and useful. Wherever you are, go where Christ sends you, and take His place and carry His spirit, and be thankful that whatever comes of you in this life following Christ leads but to one place, and that is the gate of welcome.

The Need of "a Belief."

Now a word or two more. You would ask me, "Do not you think that it will be necessary, if we are to preach, that we should be orthodox?" I should like to see a report taken here of what orthodoxy is; I do not believe that there would be

two of you that would agree, and it comes back to the old familiar saw, "Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy." "But ought not a man to have some distinct system in his own mind?" I think he ought. I am not here to dispossess men of intelligence and of rectitude, of the idea that beliefs are unimportant. Every man ought to have a system. He ought to have the high Calvinist view, although it is measured the other way, I think. He ought to have the High Church view in all the different denominations, and the Low Church view, or any of them. Pick out any of them, but see to it that you get the heart right, for the heart is that element that, when it exists in reality and power, corrects all theology practically. It certainly is the case that it is the man and his life and his disposition that is God's theology in the ministry. And if to this you have added corrected intellectual ideas, frameworks and systems, as every thinking man will and must for himself, why, all the better, but I tell you that heterodoxy with a right heart under it is better than orthodoxy with a malign heart under it. Take the apostolic sieve. Paul did not object to eloquence, nor to learning, nor to wisdom in any form, but he sifted them all out, and kept saying to one and another and another, "Though I have the tongues of men and angels and have not love, I am nothing." Sift out that and sift out that. You might sift out two-thirds of all the glory among men, and if love is left behind you are rich; and you might have all these things, and if love is left out they are no profit to you whatever. I am not, therefore, for undenominationalising men. I believe in sects. I believe that the Baptists ought to be Baptists simply because they think so, and as a man thinketh so is he. I think that the Calvinist that is genuinely misled into that ought to stand by his guns. I think that the Presbyterian Church

ought to be Presbyterian, and the Methodist Church ought to be Methodist, and the Episcopal Church ought to be Episcopal, and the Congregationalist ought to be Congregational; they, of all men in the world, have reason to be proud of their Congregationalism and to stand by it. But let not Ephraim vex Judah, let not one mash against the other; love men in that respect. There is one thing that belongs to them altogether—love with a pure heart fervently, and I will trust any misleading doctrine or any ordinance or any worship if it stands with the burning bush of love showing that the Lord God Almighty is present within.

“Keep Your Personality.”

Keep your personality. Of course you cannot when you are studying theology. The baby has got no personality, he is under the nurse, under the mother—it is very well it is so. If a strong man is teaching theology you will be of his theological school, unless you have an inordinate combativeness; and all that is very well; I have nothing to say about that; but as you go forward into life and try on the things that have been taught you by the only true practical test, namely, the effects you produce by them upon the men you are preaching to, and the use you can make of them; by-and-by you will feel that you are changing this, modifying that, re-stating that. Well, do not be afraid to follow your best thoughts, but not in a hurry; try them on year by year, little by little; not only try them on, but remember that at last when you get that which gives you liberty there is presumption that for you you have struck the true view and the true system. Well, say men, can a man have a private system of his own? Ah! I never was a believer in the unity of theology, in the unity of thought; men are not

big enough to take in the whole of God's truth; there is only a little of it that comes in through one particular form and organisation. That man is true to himself, and so is true to the higher realm of God's truth, for it takes 500 men to make a man that is odd all round, and even all round. If you have dry, metaphysical minds, do not be afraid to use them, or if you have the analytical and logical mind, well, use that, only all the time keep the cauldron simmering with the fire of love under it; and if you have a practical mind do not mourn that you have not got an illuminative one; and if you have got an imaginative mind, even to the borders of Swedenborgianism, why, stick to it. For you it is as much better as for a bird wings are better than arms. Do not be afraid of maintaining your own personality, because God has some things to say to mankind through persons that differ from all round about them, that ought to be said and that can't be said by anybody but such a man. But when you have this personality in you do not undertake to raise a sect. Use it for yourself as the most productive instrument that you have for ministering, but do not go about saying to everybody else: "You are just as far from the truth as you are distant from my way of thinking." There are a great many men in this world that measure all by the diameter of their own minds, and if a man does not think as they do, concatenately everything, one right after the other, they scoff at him, "He may be useful in a degree, but he is off the track." No man is off the track that is on Jesus Christ.

Temptations of the Pulpit.

Well, beware, my dear young friends, of the peculiar temptations of the pulpit. In the first place, beware of the love of praise. The young minister

is peculiarly in danger. We all love praise, but praise should follow us and never precede us. If you have done right and men like it, then it comes under the category of things that are of "good report," which we are commanded to ponder and to think upon; but see to it that your aspirations are not for praise, but for the welfare of man and the glory of God, and then if praise comes, well and good; but remember you are going into the midst of fire with inflammable garments on you, and there is nothing that weakens a man so quickly and is so dangerous to him as measuring everything by its relation to its popularity and to his success in life. It is dangerous even to damnableness! And then he, the man, has his own church to try to spoil him. Of course, God raises up deacons by whom men are held in sometimes. Oftentimes in this world a thorn in the flesh is one thorn for a man's crown by-and-by; but where there is one deacon that is a vexatious intruder on your individual liberty, there are a hundred old women or young women that are praising you and flattering you, saying kind things to you, and seeking to soften you. I believe in softness in the heart; but I do not believe in having a man's head soft. That is one of the things you must watch against.

"Do Not Be in a Hurry."

Another thing is, do not be in a hurry. Do not think that because you have preached five years in one place, and see no good, that, therefore, there is no good. It is very likely that the very element that will make your work productive is that trouble that shall come to you in your cradle, or come to you in the bitter bereavement of your life. The persimmon is a fruit that, while it is yet green, is bitter

and puckery to the last degree ; but when once it has been frosted, it is one of the sweetest of all the fruits ; and there are a great many seeds—it is not until the winter has dissolved in them the glue that they can open their shell and let out the root of the plumule. And there are many men that are not fit to be preachers until they have gone through the path of suffering and sorrow. Your mortification and ill-success, instead of dissuading you from the Gospel ministry, should lead you to say to yourself : “ I am being baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized,” and hold on, work on ! The day is short ; do not be troubled. But oh, my young brethren, my heart yearns for you when I look out and see into what varied experience you are going and what the work has been in this world. I have a father’s feeling for his sons toward you, and I commit you to the care of Him who cared for me, Him who loves you and me ; and I say to you, whatever chequered way your life may have in it, there is one day that will not delay, and that will surely come, when you shall go into the presence of your Father and my Father, and there shall come from the multitudes of heaven greeting voices saying to you : “ But for you I had not known Christ ; ” glory and immortality shining from their faces, and reckoning you their high priest under the great High Priest. Oh ! one hour in heaven will be worth a whole century upon earth, and the commendation of God will be to you music that will never end, that will roll on for ever and ever. You have entered, or will soon enter, the most glorious career, if you are fit for it, that can be open to men. Do not be tempted by any collateral business, do not be tempted by any praise, do not be tempted by any pride, do not be tempted by any discouragement ; hold on and work to the end, and then shall come the great and glorious outpouring, and one hour in

heaven will be worth ten thousand years of suffering upon earth.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

I stand now for any practical questions that may be asked. Allow me to say that while this meeting is for the communion of candidates for the ministry, the matter of questioning does not confine itself to them, and any that are in the ministry, and that have difficulties of a practical or personal kind upon which I can throw any light, or about which I can give any solution, may be perfectly free to propose any questions, and I will promise you one thing, that if I can't answer them I will tell you so.

A CLERGYMAN: *May I beg to ask one question? I have simply to say how very grateful we should be if, as many of us are unable to hear Mr. Beecher on Sunday morning, he could preach anywhere within our reach on Sunday evening?*

MR. BEECHER: I will be perfectly willing to preach in St. Paul's or at Westminster.

I mean in any chapel in London?

MR. BEECHER: I am afraid that I shall be obliged to carry on my original purpose in that regard. I have been preaching in the chapels of London for some time, and I should like to try some of the other buildings.

MR.—: *The question I wish to ask is whether in order to avoid slovenliness in the preparation of sermons it would not be well for us to write a good deal in the earlier years?*

MR. BEECHER: Yes, a great many cannot succeed without doing it. It is a curb, and at the same time a kind of a midwife too. There are a great many men's sermons that never would be born if they

were born on their standing feet. Their nature is cautious and is slow and they are timorous, and the presence of an audience abashes them and the whole thing evaporates. In my own case it is just the reverse of that. An audience always puts me in possession of everything I have got ; but there are a great many people that have not that peculiar disposition, and I think that in the earlier part of a man's ministry, if he is ever so qualified, it is a good thing to constrain a man's thoughts into a just need of preparation and get the conception of a well-organised sermon ; but after that is acquired, the larger the liberty is the more fruitful a man will be in the work.

Mr. — : Dear Sir, you have told us that our life as ministers must be a sacrifice, that we must be the servants of all men ; you have told us, also, we must be inspired by love to God to win men ; you have told us that our preaching must be logical and full of power. I want to know how we are to get this ; that is the great point, it seems to me, not to know what is the power, but how to get the power. We find this exemplified in the cases of George Whitfield and John Wesley, and some other such men. I want to know this morning how to get that power.

MR. BEECHER : I will answer that. Do not be discouraged because, being an apprentice, you are not a journeyman. There is the element of an art as well as of a profession, and every young preacher—there may be one exception in ten thousand—but ordinarily the young preacher has got to learn his business, and he has got to creep before he can walk, and walk before he can run. When you are beginning to preach, do not be discouraged because you do not come up to your own ideal ; do not be discouraged because after a year you look back on your ministry and see that

it is a very imperfect and wretched one, and does not answer your ambition at all. That is one of the best symptoms possible for a young man to have. Do not think that you have preached everything that you are going to preach because you put a big sermon finally as the result of a great deal of work into a sermon or a series of them. Be humble, and go on to do the best you can to-day and the best you can next time, and the horizon will open wider and wider. I laboured under great disadvantages in coming into the Christian ministry. My father was a very eminent theologian and preacher, and that is enough to beat the head in of any son of his that comes after him; because we are all measured by the reputation of the father. I went off out of the city. I went out into the country. I really expected to live and die in Indiana, and it is in my heart to do it yet—I love the State. I went into the woods, and on the prairies, and everywhere. I had very little to say. I had gone through the whole circle of debate and theology, and so on. I had had more than enough of it. I had had a revelation of the nature of Christ, and at first it was no more than a start to me. It grew, however, more and more, but it was not until I had been preaching about four or five years that I had a horizon that extended around the whole circle. I preached in disquietude and in almost discouragement during that time, but at last I came to that feeling—"I do believe that I shall now be a preacher." I began to see how I could do the things by preaching that I set out to do, and it was a blessed finding out, too. I think it was Correggio who, when he made his first and only visit to Rome, having been a painter in his own province, and comparatively unknown, went to see the works of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Raffaele. All that he said as he looked round on them was: "I, too,

am a painter." He did not say he was equal to them, but he saw in looking at their works that he had got hold of the element, and that he was a painter. I remember the day when I said I was a preacher; I had with tears and sorrow laboured to do something that would startle men. I sat down and took the Book of Acts, and analysed it to see what it was that enabled the Apostles to produce such effects. I got an idea—it was a very imperfect one—that has corrected since, but I got an idea about it, and I said: "Now, I will construct on these lines, not a repetition of this sermon, but I will make a sermon that shall be adapted to the state, the want, and feeling of such communities as there are here." I knocked over thirteen men with that sermon. I never had had a fish-bite before, and the moment that I came home I said, "Oh, I have got it! I have got it! I know now how it is going to be done." Well, I tried it again the next time, and I failed totally, and I had more tumbles down than I had standings up, but through poor sermons and good sermons I pressed forward until I got to the degree of fluency that I have attained. And I want you to understand one thing—I do not consider myself a good preacher. As God is my Judge my sermons are continually condemning me, not in the mere matter of scope and thought, but in the soul qualities. I ought to live better and be better to enable me to make sermons that shall be worthy of my Master, Jesus Christ. Do not be discouraged because you make poor work of preaching at first. Go on!

Mr. —: I should like to ask a question concerning the manner in which the esteemed lecturer would encourage young ministers in enforcing passages of Scripture that point to retribution. I ask this because those who have been very successful ministers in the past—such as Wesley, Whitfield, Richard Baxter, and men of that

class—very largely use such passages, giving them the popular interpretation, containing the elements of fear. I forget the reply once given by the esteemed lecturer to a similar question put to him by some students at a university.

Mr. BEECHER : If a man believes in the conscious torment of men, eternal, conscious torment in hell, if he ever smiles, if he ever gets married, if he ever goes into convivial company with jest and joke, he is a monster. [A Voice : “It is according to the Bible.”] I have this to say, that so far as my own personal belief is concerned, I work by hope and love, and inspire, as far as I can, these as the working forces in my people, and not fear—except in those words of fear that spring from love—filial fear, and so on ; but as regards the future, I believe that Christ taught simply this : that moral character went on from this life into the other, bearing the same general tendencies with which men live here. In regard to the doctrine of hell as taught by the barbaric theologies of the Middle Ages, and as taught by very many of the barbaric denominations yet, I say that it is not according to the mind nor will of the New Testament. But I do believe our Lord taught us that living selfishly and corruptly here would bear such fruits in the life to come as to make it the interest of every man to live righteously and rightly. The doctrine preached by sincere, gentle-minded men wins my respect for them ; it is for the raucous, red-mouthed men that are preaching hell-fire and damnation, and going home to drink their wine and eat their bread-and-meat—it is for them that I have no allowance—because this doctrine is everything—it is everything if it be true, and the world ought to be in tears, and pleasure ought to be unknown under such circumstances.

Mr. — : What is your idea as to the frequency with which a minister should make pastoral visits, and what effects are those visits likely to have upon his ministry ?

Mr. BEECHER : I hold that a man that is devoted to preaching must take Paul's advice with regard to serving tables. He says : " I was called to preach the Gospel," and that he could not " serve tables." Now I hold that the power of man is limited. He has only got so much vitality in his brain. If he spends that drop by drop all through the week he won't have it in any concentrated form on Sunday. And yet there are very many communities where the average of knowledge is so low that the man as a pastor must sacrifice himself as a preacher, and must go round from house to house, but you cannot in one case in ten thousand unite the two. It depends, no doubt, partly on your gifts and partly on the condition of the community in which you are living. There is a vast amount opened up in that question. The adaptation of the man in the ministry to various functions must determine the selection from those functions of such as are best suited to bring out his whole force, and that will best suit the community of which he is meet to be the leader and pastor. There is a liberty of selection, but you cannot have everything and have it all the time.

Mr. — : May I ask Mr. Beecher a question ? Is it not in part from pastoral visitation that a clergyman or minister is most likely to attain that warmth of love which he has so eloquently impressed upon us ? Is it not in seeing the people in their own homes and knowing their lives that our sympathy with them is most likely to be called out ?

Mr. BEECHER : Every man will determine that for himself. For myself I do not need it. I do not need to go out into my congregation and see them

individually in order to get sympathy and strong feeling. I have too much feeling, anyhow too strong, and I therefore am very glad not to do some of those things ; but if a man is relatively feeble in the development of emotion, and needs that quickening, he certainly will improve himself by going amongst his flock.

Mr. — : Will Mr. Beecher kindly give us his opinion as to the practice of reading sermons in the pulpit ?

MR. BEECHER : It depends very much on two things—what the sermon is, and what the fellow is that reads it. I have heard sermons read that were a great deal more vital and effective than what are called extemporaneous sermons, and, on the other hand, I have heard the other thing exactly.

Mr. — : Would Mr. Beecher kindly give us his opinion regarding the length of our sermons ?

MR. BEECHER : As long as your people want to hear you, so long you may be at liberty to extend your sermon, but when folks begin to gape and look at their watches, and look round at the door, and children get fretful, that man's a fool that goes on with his sermon.

Mr. — : Would Mr. Beecher favour us with his own method of preparing for the pulpit ?

MR. BEECHER : I am afraid that I should ruin men. My whole life is a general preparation. Everything I read, everything I think, all the time—whether it is secular, philosophic, metaphysic, scientific—it all of it goes into the atmosphere with me, and then when the time comes for me to do anything—I do not know why it should be so, except that I am of that temperament—it crystallises, and very suddenly too, and so much of it as I am going to use for that distinct time comes right up before

my mind in full form, and I sketch it down and rely upon my facility, through long experience, to give utterance and full development to it after I come before an audience. There is nothing in this world that is such a stimulus to me as an audience; it wakes up the power of thinking and wakes up the power of imagination in me, and I should say it would be a great blessing if you were just so; but it is not worth your while to try it until after you have practised alone a little while.

Mr. — — : May I ask Mr. Beecher how far he would advise young ministers to foster work on behalf of foreign missions in their churches?

MR. BEECHER: Well, I believe in foreign missions. I believe that they have their best results, however, at home. The old musket was far more effectual at the butt than it was at the muzzle, and the kick-back of the education which leads us to go out into all the world to preach the Gospel elevates the standard of faith and the standard of devotion in our home churches; and I think that our home churches are more profited than the heathen ones, although they are helped.

Mr. — — : Would Mr. Beecher give us his opinion as to the personality of the Holy Spirit; we have not heard much in Mr. Beecher's sermons with reference to this question, and we should like to know what his views are upon the subject?

MR. BEECHER: Allow me to say first, I accept the doctrine of the Trinity as it has been held by the Evangelical orthodox church in every age. Not because I understand it. I am miserably ignorant of the organic condition of God. I only see through a glass darkly: I shall see Him as He is when I go into the other world. Now I believe that there is a Person, God the Father; and a separate Person and

Will, God the Son, Jesus; and that there is the Holy Spirit, separate as either of the others; but what is their mode of getting along together I do not know. I think it is perfectly safe for any man to send petitions or thoughts to either of them, and that there will be no jealousy between them, that whoever prays to the Father prays to all three, whoever prays to the Son prays to the Father and the Spirit, whoever prays to the Spirit prays to the Father and the Son.

The CHAIRMAN: You will remember, I am sure, dear friends, that this is a Conference and not an Inquisition.

Mr. BEECHER: Well, I begin just to wake up now. I am not afraid of the whole of you. I cannot answer one half of the questions you could put. All I have got to say is, I would like to see you come and stand here and let me put questions to you.

Vote of Thanks.

The CHAIRMAN: I think we must now bring this interesting meeting to a close. When Mr. Beecher returns to this country we shall be able to continue the interrogations. I have no doubt the students have arranged amongst themselves as to some way in which they will recognise Mr. Beecher's great services to us all this morning. Mr. ANSTEY: I feel it a very great privilege to have been asked, on your behalf, to propose a resolution expressing our sincere gratitude to Mr. Beecher for meeting us here to-day and delivering to us the address and other words of council and sympathy which we have just listened to from him. As students for the ministry, we are looking forward with eager interest to a diligent and life-long study of Mr. Beecher's writings, and I feel that what we have seen and heard of him in the City Temple this morning will throw an especial light on his written words, and will help all of us from them for many years to come to draw additional help and inspiration. I will only further say I have very great pleasure in proposing that the best thanks of this meeting be tendered to Mr. Beecher for the address with which he has favoured us this morning. This was seconded by another student, who said: Dr. Parker, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I second this vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Anstey on behalf of the students generally, and on behalf of Regent's-park College in particular. I am sure our deepest thanks are given this morning to Mr.

Beecher for so kindly meeting with us, and speaking to us. It will be a morning long memorable in our lives, whether our lives be long or short. Mr. Beecher's words to us this morning—the words being, I think, the crystallisation of his whole life, giving us his opinion and his advice—seemed to me all the time to be revelations, each one of which we shall remember. Mr. Beecher's kindness, then, in speaking to us this morning is an inspiration for each one that we shall never forget. It is with very great pleasure that I second this vote of thanks.

A Message from Norwich.

Mr. HORDER: May I interpose one word? In your address, sir, you spoke of the cloudy beginnings of this week, and I wish to bear testimony to the brightness of its ending. In common with a considerable number in this building, this morning I have come up from Norwich on purpose to hear Mr. Beecher. Some of us were up between five and six this morning in order to get here, and I may say it will be no small thing that will take men, after a hard week's work, out of bed at five in the morning; and we are here not only to listen to the wonderful address that we have heard, but to express our deep admiration and thankfulness to Mr. Beecher for his magnificent services to the ministry of the world in the days that are past. I wish just to assure Mr. Beecher that in the meetings of the Congregational Union which have just closed the resolution of deep regret at his absence was carried with almost perfect unanimity. There were only *three* hands held up against it in the large assembly, whilst every mention of his name was received with most enthusiastic applause. I wish further to say that, through conversation with a large number of ministers attending these meetings, we heard on all hands of the love, admiration, and thankfulness which filled their hearts to him for his services, through literature, in the past; and perhaps I may add this, that I suppose our feeling is that Mr. Beecher's words find us in the deepest place in our hearts. He has the singular and wonderful power of commending the Gospel to our consciences as in the sight of God, and I am sure he will go back to his own country with the prayers and most loving wishes, not only of the students, but of the vast majority of ministers in this country.

The resolution was carried by acclamation. The CHAIRMAN: Are there any hands to the contrary? The *three* are not here.

Dr. Parker's Statement.

The CHAIRMAN: Before parting, I should like, if you will allow me, to make a concluding statement. I look forward

to Mr. Beecher's visit to this country not without anxiety, but with great hopefulness and joy. Men may differ even from Mr. Beecher, so curiously constituted is human nature. No strange thing has happened because men have ventured to differ in opinion from Mr. Beecher, or have taken different views of things from those which Mr. Beecher has been led to adopt. I do not stand here pretending to have reached all Mr. Beecher's conclusions. I believe that some of them are open to revision, and that all of them ought to receive our most anxious consideration. Let there be no mistake about this matter. Because a minister preaches for you or for me it does not follow that the man for whom he preaches accepts all his philosophy, science, theology, and the like, but it does mean that there is a general, fraternal, substantial agreement between the two hearts. I would not allow any man to stand in my pulpit from whom I differed vitally. I do not hold the pulpit as a personal trust. I hold it in the name of others, in the interests of others, for the sake of the whole unseen, ever-coming, infinite kingdom of God the Son. That being the case, I am anxious as to the doctrine that is preached from my pulpit; and, being so, I have looked into Mr. Beecher's theology in all the utterances to which I have had the pleasure of listening, and I am bound to say that, though we could not in all cases repeat the same words, though we may even assume a directly controversial attitude to one another at more points than one, yet as to the orthodoxy of his heart I have no doubt. I do not know that Mr. Beecher would resent the suggestion that he is not a theologian. He is a poet, he has an endless vocabulary, he has a resplendent, fertile, all but inexhaustible imagination, and I have no doubt that if we could have continued the inquisition into the holier places of his life we should have found that in many an instance he has submitted to the discipline of self-correction. We do not look for infallibility in our pastors, teachers, guides. We take the course which Mr. Beecher has now so wisely and graciously pointed out. We begin where we can, we proceed slowly; we are sure, absolutely sure, of one, two, three or more points, and from these points of certainty we advance as opportunity may enable us, or as Providence may indicate, to the higher places and more distant horizons. If, therefore, it be understood that there is no pope in Protestantism, that there is no infallibility in our conception of church life; if it be understood that we are fellow-students, fellow-servants, some older, some wiser than the rest, I can see how, amid great diversity of conception and expression, there may be vital and affectionate unity. Of one thing I grow more assured: we shall never find unity in opinion, we shall never find the consolidation of the church in its pure intellection; we must get into the heart, into the highest

thought, into the deepest emotion, and there we shall find brotherhood, mutual understanding, living and beneficent sympathy. When Mr. Beecher came to this country he was not hailed with admiration only—admiration never could have stood the strain to which Mr. Beecher has been subjected on this side of the water. Men do not do much for mere admiration; beneath the admiration there is something worthier. How can we account for all classes of the community being interested in his coming? How can we account for the throngs that gathered, not in the churches only, but that stood outside the churches, in long files and rows, beaming upon him, putting out hands to shake his hand, asking for the favour of a grip of his palm? All this has a deeper meaning than the word “admiration” covers. We are *indebted* to Mr. Beecher. When a man of this kind excites a little opposition of a personal or theological sort we instantly stand by him to prove, not our admiration, but our love. Why, we owe more to him than we can ever owe to the men who have opposed him; it is simply impossible for us to be silent under certain kinds of criticism. Dignified opposition I would rather invite than decline; but let it be dignified in such a case. Understand that in a controversy there are two parties, and if one of the parties is a man seventy-three years of age, known throughout the world for his philanthropy, his patriotism, his religious conviction and earnestness, the man on the other side must not be a mere niggler and pedant and trifler, and he must not oppose frivolous objections and pedantic criticisms when he is face to face with such an opponent. There is a law of decency in controversy, and that law ought to be observed. Looking back upon the few weeks Mr. Beecher has been with us, I have been amazed at the variety of personality and character interested in his coming and going, and in his whole action. Amongst those who have invited him to hospitality, or heard his lectures, or attended his religious services, or written to express interest in his being in England, I find names representing an almost startling diversity. One amongst the first to invite him, rather to friendly than to merely state hospitality, was the chief magistrate of this city. Then I find the name, ever to be honoured, of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; of Lord Iddesleigh—a name of which no Englishman need ever be ashamed, who, though differing from Mr. Gladstone in politics, is a noble patriot; Professor Bryce, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Canterbury, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Fleming, Canon Wilberforce, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Professor Tyndale, Sir John Lubbock, George Jacob Holyoake, Mr. Herbert Spencer. Who else could have touched such a variety of character? The man who touches such a circumference of character is not unlikely

now and then to find three men in opposition to him. If he appealed solely to men who went on crutches; if he held communion only with persons who were over ninety years of age, one might expect him to have a good deal of insipid unanimity round about him for his daily delectation; but when he speaks to the world in the language of the world on the great burning questions of the time, who can wonder that, now and again, there should be some people wiser than to join in the multitudinous acclamation? I cannot forget the banquet which was given to Mr. Beecher by his American friends. I recal the presence at that banquet of Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, also an American Chief Justice, the Consuls of many American cities; Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., the Recorder of London; Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, an ex-Lord Mayor of London; Mr. Charles Dickens, Canon Fleming, Rev. H. R. Haweis, and many leading editors, journalists, ministers, and men of business, whose enthusiasm was simply unbounded. Then I can never forget the meeting which was held the other night in the Congregational Memorial Hall and Library for the purpose of giving a welcome on the part of the London Congregational Board to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. Mrs. Beecher is actually sitting among the students this morning. She will bear looking at, so you can rise if you like; but do not let us have a bobbing up and down. There is another lady [Mrs. Parker] sitting with her, simply, let us say, for appearance' sake. They are both preachers; they preach at home. They are not wanting in eloquence, in criticism, in deep emotion, and in some little rags and patches of anti-Calvinistic theology. I refer to the two ladies on this occasion, because on that evening to which I was especially alluding, not only were the London Congregational ministers present, but their wives accompanied them. I do not know when we have had a more cordial communion, one with another, and all with our distinguished visitor. You will know whether that Board represented the Congregationalism of London and the suburbs when I tell you that I saw there such men as Dr. Allon, Dr. Newth, Dr. Reynolds, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, Professor A. Redford, Professor Radford Thomson, Professor McAll, Professor Godwin —, if these men do not represent us, then it is because we are not worth representing. These are among the foremost men we have in our Congregational pulpits and colleges in London, and they were delighted to have an opportunity of welcoming Mr. Beecher to their hospitality. After all, referring to the few and most friendly observations made by the last speaker, Mr. Beecher *was*, in reality, at Norwich. There are two ways of being at a place, one is in being there personally, physically, visibly, and tangibly, and the other is being there

in the hearts of the people, in the memory of their love, and I, though not there myself, will answer for it that no name mentioned in the assembly evoked a more cordial enthusiasm than the name of Mr. Beecher. But never make too much of anything of that kind, always allow liberty of opinion, and allow men to stand forth and say they object to this or that, but let me repeat my caution, always let it be done with decency and dignity, in a manner worthy of all the interests and persons that are involved. Mr. Beecher has had festivities of one kind or another, or is to have them, in London, in Glasgow, in Liverpool, and in Belfast. The last letter he had was from that great Irish city, asking him if he would allow the ministers of Belfast to organise a meeting for the purpose of giving him a welcome. These are occasions you cannot artificially arrange, they are expressions of spontaneous love, they are utterances you cannot check, and all the value depends, not upon their being organised, but upon their being voluntary—the spontaneous utterance of grateful and loving hearts. I am glad to say, in reference to some of the questions which have been put, that, Mr. Beecher having been in my house now for some weeks, I have learned two or three defects in his character, and I am prepared now to mention them. We have resolved ourselves into a confidential committee of the whole House. Mr. Beecher pleasantly says he is not afraid of all of us. I think he did not include the chairman. Now I will make him afraid. The defects of his character which I shall mention are defects which you will instantly recognise. First of all, it is next to impossible to get him to answer letters. That is a serious drawback. A man who receives about forty letters a day ought to answer them every one with his own hand, and be grateful to those friends who have forgotten to enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Mr. Beecher has nothing else to do; why should not he answer all the letters and pay the postage? Here he is singularly deficient; yet, in wonderful keeping with the self-contradiction of his character, he has a pen always in his vest pocket—a self-supplying pen—and sometimes, for about five minutes, he is seized with a *cacoëthes scribendi*, and nothing will do but he must answer letters. I do not believe he finishes all of them, and some of them I believe he never posts; but there is a general trust in Providence that, having begun a letter, somebody else will finish it, and, having left it about somewhere, somebody in the course of nature may be weak enough to post it. You cannot wonder that there should be three men here and there who feel a little uneasy. The wonder is that there are not eighteen, such an eighteen as

the Tower in Siloam fell on. Then, again, I have discovered in him a most aggravating feature—he is eternally young. I wish he were about my age, and then he would know what it is to be tired; but he positively wears me out with his redundant, superabundant, ever recovering and ever-renewing energy. One of our friends who has just spoken remarked in a tone of suggestive pathos that in order to be at this meeting he got up this morning between five and six. There was the wail in the tone as of a modern Jeremiah. Why, I cannot keep Mr. Beecher in bed much after five any morning. Now, that is a trifle irritating to a man like me, because, like the last speaker, I only get up when I cannot help it. I like it to be the last thought and the last device, and to have about it a mournful suggestion of absolute necessity. Here is a man who cannot be kept in bed, and yet all the while he is coming before the public with the false colour of being seventy-three years of age. Believe it who can. I have lived with him, and I have no hesitation in expressing the most desperate scepticism as to that arithmetic. He says he is not good at figures, and I suppose when inventing an age for himself there was a roundness and a mellowness and a rhythmic completeness about seventy-three that suited his then state of mind. Reverse the figures, and you have the man's true description as to energy and pith and unwearied continuance in all good doing. But I have happily found out the secret of his sermon composition. I wish that Mr. Beecher had left me to answer that question when it was put to him. I know now how Mr. Beecher does it. He reads, and writes, and thinks, and jokes, and criticises, and inquires, and goes through a complete gamut of human emotions and exercises, and then suddenly he says: "I think I must bid you all good-night," and he is gone, and in the morning he comes down with his sermon. That is how he does it. Now that you know the secret, O fellow-student, go thou and do likewise. I have now to conclude this Conference by asking you what other man in all the Christian pulpit could have gathered this meeting in the City of London this morning at eleven o'clock? Is there no significance in an assembly of this kind gathered under such circumstances? Do men come out in thousands on such a rainy morning as this merely for the sake of coming out? What is the meaning of these ministers, students, men of business, patient, suffering women being here? Why are you here? Not to admire mere genius, but to say: "Here is a man whose presence we would love to look upon awhile, because his sermons have been useful to us in the dark and cloudy time, in the day of desperate sorrow, in the hour when the house was desolate and cold." Letters breathing that spirit have been received by Mr. Beecher—letters worthy of a place in the sacred

canon itself because of their pure pathos and grateful affection. When a man of that kind is amongst us we know how to receive him. We receive him with the enthusiasm of love and with the enthusiasm of religious thankfulness. As for his character, have but one desire : I only desire, having seen him in the house, having watched him in all the ways of his household life—I repeat that, in reference to his character, I have but one desire, and that is that I might successfully imitate it. Reviewing the whole occasion, then, dear Christian friends, if it be your will that I should now in your name offer Mr. Beecher the right-hand of fellowship, will you signify the same by standing up ?

The whole assembly then rose, and amid the loudest acclamations the CHAIRMAN and Mr. BEECHER shook hands.

Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD pronounced the Benediction, and the enthusiastic proceedings were brought to a close.

ADDRESS TO THE FREEDMAN'S AID SOCIETY.

THE meeting of the Freedman's Aid Society Mission, at which Mr. BEECHER had promised to speak, was held in Westminster Chapel, on Saturday morning, October 16. Mr. BEECHER was received with cheers when he walked up the aisle and entered the vestry. After a hymn had been sung, and prayer offered by Dr. DAVIES, Rev. H. SIMON said they had often before welcomed there the friends of the Freedman's Aid Society, though never at the same hour of the day. Mr. BEECHER himself, however, had fixed the time, and they were ready to do anything to oblige him. Had it been evening the place would have been crowded. They had had letters from Canon FARRAR and Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON regretting their absence. The secretary, Rev. GWYNNE JONES, then read an abstract of the report of the Society. A resolution was next moved by Dr. FLICKENGER, to the effect that the report be printed, and that sundry officers be appointed. The resolution was seconded by Rev. Dr. McEWAN, who said that the present mission spoke to them from America, for the missionary, Dr. FLICKENGER, was an American. He hailed with joy all chances of uniting two such countries, especially by the reception of such a visitor as Mr. BEECHER, whose name had been associated with procuring freedom for the slaves, and who had been distinguished for his fearless, faithful advocacy of liberty. Dr. McEWAN bore strong testimony to the fitness of American missionaries, and to their method of employing for the work men of African race. Then Mr. BEECHER was called upon, and, rising amid loud and repeated cheers, said :

I am requested to move the following resolution :—

“That this meeting, impressed with the great importance of the employment of native agency in mission fields, cordially approves of the action of the committee in the training of young

coloured men to carry the Gospel to the tribes of their own race on the Continent of Africa, and rejoices at the success that has attended their labours during the past year."

This is in some sort a text, and I never was good at sticking to my text, and shan't stick to this. For oftentimes a text is like a gate which the children love to swing on, but at other times a text is that gate through which you go into the great fields beyond, and use it and pass on. So I will to-day, with your leave, pass into a larger consideration, though the specific recommendation of this resolution has my heartiest concurrence.

A Coming Conflict.

It seems to me that a new phase of God's work has set in. In the beginning of missions nations stood still, and Christian churches sent out to them the missionaries, and they were the centre, and the light, and the executive agency; but since those early days of missions—and in our land I remember the beginning of them, it is in the compass of one life that they have begun and swelled, and become so great—it seems to me that we are entering upon the consideration of something more than just this, Can that particular nation be visited, enlightened, and Christianised? This will always be an initial work, but as it has been carried on it has given rise to a secondary missionary consideration, that is of much broader scope; and that is one in which God is sending the heathen to us, and not us to the heathen. In part that is going on to-day. I believe that the question of to-day is, What will the strong do with the weak the world round? What will the enlightened do with the ignorant? There come to us in our country—in your country and mine, America, as I also own England as well as America—large bands of heathens, landing mostly on our western shore. The Mongolians are swarming, and

we beat them, we stone them, we kick them and kill them, and refuse by every consideration to grant them one single leaf of the tree of life, for fear that more will come, and then we wonder that these men do not accept the Gospel. The gospel of the heart, I think, possibly they would accept, but the gospel of the boot they don't like, and I do not wonder at it. But there have been faithful men in the churches—even of the churches that did not wish to see any more Chinese come—who have opened the Sunday-schools, and had classes of the young Chinamen, and have developed in them, by the power of God, a true Christian life; and there is evidence, abundantly, that with all the difficulties of access to them, it is not in vain that the Gospel is preached to the Chinamen. But they are interfering with our labourers; that is to say, they are more industrious than they are. They are more simple in their habits. They drink less whisky and chew less tobacco, and do more work in the day, and feed upon simpler and less expensive aliments than they. They say the Anglo-Saxon is of a higher civilisation. Civilisation does not run toward the animal. It is not how much men eat, and how much they wear, and how much leisure they have for laziness. These are not tokens of civilisation; but the Mongolians can do more with less expense than the Anglo-Saxon can, and so there is a bar to their entrance and to their prosperity in our midst. The same is true in your colonies. I read in the news only the other day a long statement of the inconveniences which the civilised Englishman felt in the presence of the uncivilised Mongolians in your colonies, and they are going to bar them out, and to make their stay as inconvenient as is possible. So there is going on throughout Christendom this spirit by which men that have been developed, civilised, great in commerce, productive in manufactures, who have a true conception of the State, and of its mul-

tiplied offices and departments—this upper class of men are standing to-day and saying substantially in the mart, and everywhere else, that the Mongolians must substantially be the servants of us. And what kind of Gospel is that to be proclaimed in the face of Him who found Himself equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation; being in the form of man, He humbled Himself even unto death; and wherefore did God highly exalt Him, that His name should be above all names, but for this, that He by reason of light, and knowledge, and purity, and strength, put Himself underneath the feet of those that were ignorant, and out of the way, and unable to help and save themselves? Greatness in God is service, not dominancy, the motherhood of the human race; and so there is on the one part commerce that is breaking down barriers, that is introducing a certain sort of civilisation; that is making intercourse between nation and nation more easy than it was; but there is that other element also—the selfishness of money-making, the selfishness of the under-toned civilised man, that is saying to God: “We will send the Gospel to those nations on the earth if you will only keep them at home.” Now the Gospel that such a nation has to send had better be kept at home itself. Well, the same was true and will probably become true in regard to the great swarms of men in Africa; but when they shall, little by little, have learned the Gospel and have felt that yeast leavening the whole lump, you may depend upon it they are not always going to stay at home: “The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,” and as we are the sons of God when we are believers in Jesus Christ, they are going to have some share in the world as well as you. The Anglo-Saxon people have got ahead, but there are a good many million folks that are coming along after, and the African has a

right to live in England ; the African has a right to live in France ; the African has a right to live in Russia, exchanging one barbarism for another. These are the questions that are coming up, and there is a strife between the Gospel and the spirit of man in political economy to-day. Intimately connected with this is the question of missions, namely, the power of the upper parts of society to civilise, lift up, and help the under parts of society. It is a question of dynasties to-day. It is the question among nations. In other words, it is the sprouting of that seed of the Gospel which has been said to be, as the Kingdom of God is said to be, like the little seed that is no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, but which is spreading all over the world ; it is the reflex influence of the Christianity of civilised races that has raised up these questions abroad and at home ; and you are going to have a greater battle to fight in Old England and in New America, in France, and in Germany—the question of the relative rights of men among themselves, the higher middle, and the lower sections of men. The Gospel looks upon all men with one look. The mother sees a great difference among her children. Some are older, some are yet unfledged, and some are babes, but the cradle rules the whole. It is the bottom that brings down every rank. Mother and father and older brothers and older sisters and the younger, they all worship the cradle, because it is so helpless, so weak. The babe is the monarch in the kingdom of love, and when that kingdom of love shall begin to have great potency among men, it will not be the coronet nor the sceptre, nor will it be the artisan's tools ; the sympathies of men will take hold of the bottom of society, and the enthusiasm will be how we shall use our knowledge, our civilisation, our riches, to help up the bottom to a higher level than that at which it is

now. Missions have not died out. The forms will gradually change, but the spirit of missions will be foreign and domestic, and it will be the same, because the nations of the earth are going to mix. What is the meaning of all this rapid transition upon sea and upon land? How is it we have been transformed in one generation into a racing people? I am not referring to quadrupedal racing, but we are a people that go up and down in our own country. Travelling is almost now no more than staying at home. I remember when a man that had been to England was looked on in his village as a wonderful man. "He has been to England." A man that has been to England and got home now is as common as coppers, and they do not think anything about it. Railroads, steamships, and various means of inter-communication, electricity, and mail-bags are changing the whole framework of society, and men are coming together and mixing. But the same question is coming in our own midst. We would like to have it settled out in missionary stations, and not bother us. It is very cheap to send a missionary to Africa, but it is another kind of mission to invite Africa to come here and be converted, and you take care of them in the process. But that is going to be a great deal of our work in the days that are to come.

The Days of Slavery.

Now, in regard to America, and the condition of things there, I have a right to speak. You in England have no such right to speak about slavery as I have. You had a great deal of it once, but it was in the West Indies; you kept it there. We have had it right in our bowels; we have grown up in it. I specially lived more than fifty years an exile from more than one full half of the territory of my own country. Until after the war I could not have gone with safety to my life over Mason and Dixey's Line

into the south. My sister-in-law was turned back, because my name was on her trunk, before the war, and she was not permitted to go to Florida. The name itself was worse than dynamite—and a high-spirited man, and withal a Christian man, felt the indignity of being an exile in the greater part of his own country. Did not I live when the Tract Society that was ordained to send the Gospel out in its printed form would print tracts on using tobacco and on the sin of dancing, but would not send a tract out on the sin of buying and selling men? Have not I lived when in the great majority of churches it was not safe for a man to be known to be an Abolitionist? Have I not lived in times in the North when a man that dared to pray for slaves in the prayer meeting of the church was ejected and finally fought out of the church itself? Have I not lived to see churches by the hundreds and thousands into which a coloured man could not come? No matter how good, nor how well apparelled, he could not come except into the “nigger pew.” Have I not lived in my very pleasant home to know that in the omnibuses a coloured man or woman could not be permitted to ride? Have I not lived to see everywhere on railroads a distinction made? Have I not lived to be invited to lectures in halls whose fundamental articles of agreement were that no coloured man or coloured meeting should be permitted to occupy the hall? And I have lived to see the whole of it swept away. I have lived not only to see that, but I have lived to see a result which should cheer every Christian man associated with this benevolent work; I have lived to see vindicated the character of the coloured man—the African. It was said in the controversies on the subject of slavery, that to destroy the ownership would be to leave the vass mass—the four millions of men—unable to take care of themselves; that they needed a white man to take care of them. I

have lived to see the old masters themselves, and mistresses begging at the door of their emancipated slaves for a loaf of bread and for clothing; I have lived to see that while the old master went down his slaves came up, and they have vindicated their reputation as respects their power of taking care of themselves, and rising even under the severe and sharp competition between the labouring man and the organised commercial enterprises that are now pervading the South. The Africans are doing well. I contested often and often the feeling that they were a miserable, cowardly race, and yet, when the war came, and the Spirit of the Lord gave wisdom to Lincoln to declare emancipation, and the Africans began to be enlisted in our army, that very day victory perched on our banner. I have lived to see that they not only were not cowards, but they made the very best soldiers that we had in the whole army; and such men as General Grant, and such men as General Sherman, and usually the best generals, all at length said that better soldiers never were made when they were well trained and cared for than the cowardly African. They took to business with a skill, alacrity, and pride that was wonderful to be seen. Why not? When the man that did not dare before to look up in the presence of his master found himself wearing the uniform of the United States Government, carrying his musket by his side, walking up and down with conscious dignity, it was more to him than a crown would be to prince's son here. It was the dawn of manhood with the slave. That is a testimony as to their capabilities of taking on civilisation.

Character of the Blacks.

There are some other things in regard to them. The soil of the African mind is peculiarly favourable for religion. It is peculiarly favourable for that side of religion which in the practical Anglo-Saxon

mind needs a good deal of help. By nature they believe in the invisible too much; they have got too much of the invisible. They are superstitious; they are full of signs, and of all manner of tokens. They believe in voices from the air; they believe in calls; they believe in the wonder-working power of Providence and of Divine grace, and of angelic elements. They are a large way from a hard, cold, logical religion. They are rich; they are emotive; they are spiritual; they are men that pray; they are men that believe. An old negro woman said to Mrs. Stowe, "Why, when I read the Gospels I am puzzled, I cannot understand them; but when I read in Revelations, oh! I understand all that." They have a very distinct and rich imagination working towards religion, and when they become more intelligent they will introduce, I believe, a style of piety which we very much need here, and we are going to be dependent on the African genius in the future civilisation. Another thing. Black as they are, and uncomely to those that do not believe they are handsome, they are, as regards our own selves and race, the masters of politeness and the masters of social and civil refinement. You hear a Yankee—that is to say, a transplanted Englishman—with his plain, practical modes of address. "Well, old fellow, how are you this morning?" with a slap on the shoulder, all of which is very frank indeed—very. But you see two coloured men meeting together in the street, and especially a man and a woman, and she says, "Good morning, sir! How go you this morning, sir?" and he is full of compliments and graciousness and gentleness, and the politeness between the sexes is excruciating. It is not put on; it is spontaneous; it bubbles up from their very nature. Of course, you won't wish to hear me say that by-and-by we shall be very much improved in good manners when our civilisation has been largely taught by the African genius, and therefore I won't say it.

But there is something more in the African character of which I wish to speak. I hold that there never has been yet upon the face of this earth, under any kingdom, in any period, anywhere, such an exhibition of submission to the Divine will as has been shown by the slaves of America. There were four millions of men during our war that knew just as well as their masters did that this was a war either for slavery or for liberty; they were couched down in the families of their masters, and the Southern armies had drafted almost every able-bodied man away from the plantations and away from the villages, and the land was really in the power of the Africans that were left at home; they knew their wrongs, they knew that their children had been sold from their arms; they knew that they lived in darkened huts and cottages, deprived of the elements of civilisation; they were sensitive to it; and yet during that whole period of five years there was never a record made of cruelty on the part of the slaves to the helpless families of their masters. There never was an insurrection during that period in all the length and breadth of the Southern States. Prayers there were, and singing and tears for deliverance, and faith in God that the day was coming and that they were to be free; but they sat down in perfect patience and in fidelity to their masters during that great struggle. If there ever were men, by multitudes, by millions, that fulfilled the Apostolic command to be faithful to those that were their masters in the Lord, it was the American slaves. Parallel to this is an act of faith that I think is equal to that of the old patriarch, and on a much bigger scale. From political necessity, but also, on the part of the Abolitionists, with an enduring faith in the safety of liberty, our Government gave to those four millions of emancipated slaves the right of suffrage. You are diddling and questioning whether it is safe to have manhood suffrage;

we gave manhood suffrage to four million barbarians, and they have justified the trust. They have voted oftentimes ignorantly and foolishly. What child ever learned to read without misspelling a word? What apprentice ever came to his trade without spoiling a tool or timber? They had to have some time for schooling to learn how, but from the very beginning it may be said that the emancipated slaves voted more wisely than their late masters ever did.

Negro Advancement.

Well, there is now another question. Have the coloured people, the Africans, justified the trust that was put in them for their industry and for their enterprise, and for the accumulation of property? Yes, they have. Of course, in such a horde there would be a greater per cent. of indolence, and of men who would waste their opportunities. Let any nation that is without a whole mass of lazy men that live on sucking the prosperity out of others cast the first stone at them. They are owning the land; they are in possession of taxable property now to the extent of more than 150,000,000 dollars in the Southern States. They are gaining all the time—more rapidly in some parts than in others—but on the whole gaining in thrift, in economy, in wise living. By-and-by, though not exactly at this point, I must tell you my experience when I was sent by the Government at the raising of the flag at Fort Sumner, to view the Sea Islands, where the Sea Island cotton is mainly raised, and to make a report as to the operation of emancipation upon those islands. Going to Helena I saw piles of boxes and goods and all manner of things on the landing, and I said to the superintendent, “Do the slaves buy as much as used to be bought for them by their masters?” “A great deal more.” “Well, what things do they buy?” “Buy? Looking-

glasses and candles." Looking-glasses, of course, to ascertain whether there were any elements of beauty in their faces. Candles, however! said I. "What do they want with candles?" In the old slave times a slave was never allowed to have a lighted candle in his cabin after it was dark; nothing, unless it was a fire, was allowed, and the candles became in their eyes the signal of liberty, and the moment that they were free they said, "Give us light." There may be a moral application of this much more important than I have time now to develop. The moment that freedom comes men want light.

A Castle in the Air.

Well, the question then comes up again, are they making any progress in knowledge. They are. They are outrunning even their white neighbours. Not only that, they are showing themselves to be apt; they are civilisable, they are not merely susceptible of Christian religion, but they are susceptible also of intellectual culture. There have arisen among them men that in the Divine art of preaching stand second to none anywhere, white or black. They are showing themselves competent as instructors. From one association, the American Missionary Association, they are sending out every year one thousand men and women, educated in our schools, that have been built for them, to become teachers, lawyers, doctors, and preachers among their own kind throughout the South. And this is but one contribution. There are in Nashfield not only the Jubilee Singers Memorial Institution, and the Fisk University, but there is also a large college seminary by the Baptists, and another by the Methodists, and another by the Presbyterians. There are five institutions for the education of the coloured people and for sending them out among their own kind throughout the length and breadth of the South, and they are

animated by a true, heroic, Christian feeling. I think there never was such a phenomenon as the building of Fisk University. We talk about castles in the air. That is the only castle that ever I knew built by singing from foundation to the top. That is a castle in the air worth having. They sang through our country, and it is one of the things that I cherish with pride, that they took their start from Plymouth Church Lecture Room. Oh, those days after the war! My brother Thomas wrote to me that this Jubilee Band were trying to sing their way to the East, and see if they could not raise a little money, and urged me to look after them. They called on me. There was not a mixed blood among them; they were black as midnight, every one of them. I said: "I do not know whether the folks will bear it or not, but come round on Friday night, at the prayer-meeting, and I will give you a chance." On Friday night they sat there, and after the service concluded, I said to the people, "There is a band of singers, every one of whom has been baptized in slavery, and they are coming to the East to see if they can raise some little funds for their education and their elevation, and now I wish that you would hear them sing a few pieces." I called them up on the platform, for we do not have any of these devil engines of pulpits in the Plymouth Church. We have platforms, where a man is not ashamed to show himself from top to bottom. But, then, we are handsomer in America than we are in England. Well, they appeared in double rank, stretching clear across the platform in the lecture-room, and there were about 1,100 people there and in the parlours that open into it, and they began to sing. It was still as death. They sang two pieces. Tears were trickling down a great many eyes. They sang three pieces, and they burst out into a perfect enthusiasm of applause; and when they had sung four and five pieces my people rose up in mass and

said, "these folk must sing in the church." On Sunday morning I gave out the word that on Wednesday the church would be open on payment, not of a shilling—that is the English price. Fifty cents is what we call a respectable fee at the door for anything. Anything that is not worth fifty cents is not worth trying. I had them sing on Sunday morning, and on Wednesday night the church was crowded and crammed, and from that they went on conquering and to conquer. They sang up and down our own country; they sang here; they sang in the presence of the Royal Family; they sang in Paris; they sang in Berlin; they sang before the Emperor William; and came back, and they had earned some 150,000 dollars for the building of that university. The slaves were evangelists. Many and many an old slave nurse was the means of the conversion of her master; many and many a community had seen revivals spring up from the humble zeal of cabin slaves. With all this experience of them in our own midst, in our own families, tried by bondage, tried by war, tried by the poverty of emancipation, tried by schools and opportunities of civilisation, tried by the conflicts between them and the white in all the professions, they have proved themselves to be men fit for the purposes of God in the rising kingdom of God in this world.

A Glorious Future.

Now, they came from Africa mainly; fresh importations brought men with manacles on their wrists. I saw slaves in Charleston that had but just come over from the midst of the pagan hordes of Africa; and if such are the results of African life and genius, crushed by bondage and agitated by wrongs, what will Africa become by-and-by when she shall have been Christianised and civilised, and brings her peculiar genius, consecrated, sanctified,

and enlightened by the Spirit of God, to bear upon the welfare of the whole human race? I believe that God has a contribution to this civilisation of the future that Africa shall bring; I believe that God has in the hoards of ages material that yet one day will bud and blossom in the great fields of Christianity; I believe that, above almost any other nation, the wronged, despised, and contemptible African—"coloured nigger," as they used to call him—will yet serve himself gloriously by that contribution that should be made by this great continent, long lying in darkness and in the shadow of death, but destined to cry out, "The light has come: the glory of the Lord has arisen upon us." And when the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads, there will be no distinction between nation and nation, there will be no distinction between colour and colour, there will be no distinction between condition and condition. He that loves God will be God's noble man, and they will all walk together as sons, and sons of the noble God in that great procession, and in that great and universal victory.

The CHAIRMAN proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Beecher, and wished him and Mrs. Beecher all the best things on their homeward journey.—Rev. T. PENROSE seconded the motion, and suggested that ministers should preach and hold meetings on behalf of the mission.

The Greater England.

Mr. BEECHER, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, said: I am here to-day because I am much interested in this particular department of mission work, as naturally I should be. My whole life has been an advocacy and defence of the African. I am here, also, for a special reason. It is out of compliment to my friend, Dr. Tomkins. Little things go a long way with me. I have not many virtues, and therefore I want to make the most of those I have, and gratitude is one of them. When I came to

England in 1863 my reception was not enthusiastic. I came to London to address a great meeting at Exeter Hall. I was in a depressed condition, for at Liverpool, for three hours, I was obliged to speak against every conceivable noise and insult, and I had to use my voice until I had not got any left, and I came down to the London meeting much depressed. This was the great climax, and I could not speak out loud. I had spoken all those days, and they were days of tribulation. The public sentiment of English people—except the labouring classes—was not with us of the North, and I was sailing under very high colours in refusing to accept hospitality from any one not in favour of the North ; and when I came down to London I was like a gun dismounted from its carriage, and I felt bad. But I said : Lord, if by my humiliation Thy cause can be served, humble me to the very dust. At that time there came to me two brethren—Dr. Waddington, now in heaven, and Dr. Tomkins—and they comforted me, and encouraged me, and we knelt down and prayed. Prayer was always better than wine to me, and I arose much refreshed. It was on the eve of speaking in Exeter Hall, and although my voice was not entirely restored there was a wide rift between the top and bottom chords, and I managed to get through my speech. And when brother Tomkins started this society to serve the cause of the freed men I wished to show my regard for him and my memory of the kindness which he did to me when I was in England before. I should have been glad to have added a word in respect to what my friend from Scotland said as to the unity of our race in America and in Great Britain. I have that very much at heart. I have long felt that God has given to our race a wonderful development of civilisation in the future. Our language is copious, strong, and adapted to every noble use. Our literature is a very library of religion, and it is the noblest exhibition of patriot-

ism, of law, of democracy—Christian democracy—and that language ought in the future to carry its treasures—that have been bought with tears of blood—as our contribution to all the world. Now England, though small, is prolific. The nest may be big enough to hatch the birds in, but not big enough to live in afterwards. England produces multitudes, and the policy of sending them out into all the southern hemisphere, and the islands, to colonise there and form English communities all round the world, is a policy of joy for the future. Your latest born child, together with Canada, is one with us. The lines are in the air, and not on the ground, that separates us. Canada, the United States, Australia, and the islands of the sea, and the colonies, and Old England may join together, never again to interchange blows. While the Panslavists are striving for unity, not for such good purpose—we, for the sake of God, for the sake of Christ, for the sake of the unity of mankind, for the sake of civilisation and Christianisation, let us take hold of each other's hands, and hold on, and march together inseparably, growing stronger and stronger as the day advances. Although kindly allusion has been made to my living to a good old age, I am not one to dream it possible that I shall ever be again among you. I have been received with much cordiality, and I have been so profoundly affected by the kind treatment of my English brethren of the pulpit and of the pew, of every state of social life, that my heart will be left in England. Yet, thank God, I have a heart big enough to be divided, and your share is very large, though I need my share to do a little longer public work among my own people. I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Rev. H. SIMON then closed the proceedings with the Benediction.

WELCOME AT LIVERPOOL.

On Monday morning, October 18, the members of the Congregational District Board invited Mr. BEECHER to be present to meet them at the Junior Reform Club, Stanley-street, Liverpool, in order that they might give to him the welcome to England which the uncertainty about the date of his arrival from America prevented their giving when first he landed at Liverpool. The chair was taken by Rev. Mr. LAW. Rev. Mr. GWYTHER expressed hearty greetings to Mr. Beecher, and assured him of the affectionate esteem and regard in which he was held in this country. Rev. Mr. DUNLOP followed with an expression of the gratitude with which English ministers regarded him as a teacher of teachers. The CHAIRMAN then asked Mr. Beecher to say to them all that it was in his heart to utter.

Mr. BEECHER: If I were literally to comply with the remark of our esteemed chairman, and say to you all that it is in my heart to say, the sun would go down and rise again before you would get dismissal; and then it would only be the end of the first lesson. But there are no words for the best things in the human soul. So long as a thing can be expressed it is below the meridian; and the highest thought and the finest sentiment elude the bondage of words. Love is a great word, but loving is a great deal larger than that word could imprison. And so all that I can do in any words that I can speak from time to time is but the undertone. I cannot see so many ministers here this morning, and believe as I do in the kingdom of the Lord

Jesus Christ and in the work of God among men, without feeling that in your presence I am looking upon things more wonderful than all of old Athens and all of old Rome, all that I see in cathedrals, all that I see in history. Those things that the senses can compass are far inferior to the things which only open themselves to our minds, and in our minds only to the sublimest parts of human thought and human feeling. Not, perhaps, in the large sense in which men sometimes use the word, ye are sacred; but He whom you serve is sacred, and if He has trained you up into His spirit you are to that extent sacred also. I suppose that I see here men more comely than the Apostles if they had all been here. My own impression is that they were a shabby set, and my impression is with regard to all the early Christians that they were a poor lot; and yet one of the Church tells us that the nearer we get to primitive Christianity the purer we shall find it. You might just as well say in respect to Mr. Gladstone, or any other great man, that the further you go back, even to his babyhood, the more perfect you will find him to have been. The Church was under that great law of the seed: it was an undisclosed seed and germ, and if the world had been true to Christ, true to the liberty that is in Christ, the tree of life would have spread its branches for the healing of the nations. But with our eyes backward we have been butting back and along down the ages, tumbling over and running against each other, and picking ourselves up, and saying, "Who hit me?" and hitting back again: so pulling both ways. The moral power of the Church has been very largely squandered in serving the devil in days gone by. Brethren, I am very glad to see you. I am glad to see anybody in Liverpool that has any kind word for me. I have been here before. I have always

described it as fighting with the beasts at Ephesus. It was a very comely sight—provided you happened not to be in it. Well, it was a victory. Now there were some things which, if they did not justify or excuse the English public at that time in the relations which they sustained to our great struggle, palliate them. I do not think I can come nearer than that under the rule of charity. When I came over on that occasion I felt as if I did not want to speak to an Englishman, and I had a vow which I kept, that I would not taste salt nor bread under any man's roof in Great Britain who was not in favour of the North. I refused to accept a penny, even of travelling expenses, that should come from an English hand; I felt that it would defile me. My Church sent me over, and I was in their stead a witness in the midst of the people. But now, coming to think it all over, I find that, as usual, zeal is very apt to be uncharitable; and when I think it all over I say to myself, "How should they know? What should I accuse the English public of when one-third of the Northern men themselves were not only on the same ground that these Englishmen were, but were worse, a great deal worse, in my own country, where they had the opportunity of knowledge, and where they could have known?" But I may throw light on it now in retrospect by one or two words of explanation which will solve many troubles or difficulties in your own minds historically. When our Colonies were planted the principle of the Dissenter, that is to say, the power of the local and the individual, was in its strength. Not only was the local Church a perfect and complete Church, but the power of the community, of the State, of the colony was a complete one for itself, and all the early history of our North American Colonies was a history of great jealousy, lest by association some dominant power would get control over them, and

restrain that liberty of the individual, and that liberty of the locality for which they suffered exile and immeasurable sufferings of the wilderness, and it was not until the Indian wars first compelled them to come together that you could get the New England Colonies to have anything to do with each other organically, to bind themselves under any common harness, and it was not till the great war of separation, the revolutionary war as we always call it on our side, that you would bring all the colonies of New England, New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the southern ones Georgia, Alabama, and so on, into any sort of cohesion, they had such intense jealousy of their individual rights, and when they came, as the result of the war, into a confederation, for that was the first form of the constitution, they were very jealous of their separate rights, and it was a hard thing to make an approach where every kernel of wheat refused to be ground, and where they undertook to maintain their separateness, while finding their way out into something like union. Among the elements that resisted the perfect and complete political union was the existence of slavery in the South. All New England was in favour of a large freedom, but the South had just then begun to develop the profitable side of slavery, and in the Council there was this great element—"If we remain separate we should be broken to pieces; we must come into unity by some sort of compromise the one with the other." The North demanded that the word "slavery" should not go into the constitution; the South said, "There must be an understanding in the constitution that this is a separate institution within the Southern States, and you must not go into the Southern States to meddle with our system of slavery." It was not national, but it was in the

sovereignty of each State to take care of it, and they made what are called the compromises of the constitution, and the North agreed to them, and the South accepted the pledge of the North that they would not intrude upon their domestic institutions within their own states, while the South should not intrude upon the liberty and thought of the Northern States. That compromise of the constitution was the condition on which we came together; without it we never could have affiliated. My memory runs back to a good deal nearer the adoption of the constitution than I am willing to-day to think; but from my childhood it was a matter of political honour and conscience throughout the North, "Let us keep the compromise we have made with the Southern States, and not in any way, by the act of the general Government, nor by the act of our own State, invade their rights within their own State boundaries. That was the feeling we had, and when the anti-slavery conflict began to swell and roll over the North and West, the South replied, "You are violating the compromises of the Constitution," and our people in the North stood up and said, "We are not; we never chained our conscience, and we never chained our understanding, and we have a right to apply moral influences to the suppression of slavery, but no power of the Government shall lay a finger on you." I felt, everybody felt in the North, that we should violate one of the most profound canons of honour if we did not stand to that bargain which had brought unity into all the States; so when the struggle began, and we saw we were verging towards war we did not mean to meddle with slavery. We said, "This war is springing up or threatening, not because we want emancipation: in the first instance we want union, we will trust to the future for the abolition of slavery by commercial reasons,

providential interference, and one thing and another, but we are entering into this great controversy not by a violation of our compacts and honour, but simply for the maintenance of this whole great land." Now, when the news came over here, when Mr. Lincoln of blessed memory wrote the letters that he did, and that were read here in England, you were not prepared to understand that these restraints were laid upon our conscience and honour, and it was said by your public men, "This is not a strife for abolition, this is not a strife for harmony or for humanity; it is simply a strife to keep the land under one Government; you have got territorial ambition." These were the things then said, and it opened quite a new idea to me when I saw they did not understand the force of that interior movement among us which restrained us from direct interference with the rights of the Southern States, and gave us only the rights of moral protest. Now, when the war really did break out, and we found it was to be a war to the knife, the blade to the hilt, and the hilt to the handle, all the rest disappeared as in a moment, and from that moment there was not a man in all the North who had any godliness in him that did not say—"Now, slavery has to go; they have put it to the arbitrament of war, and the war shall not cease until the whole thing shall have been cleaned out and rubbed out." You may have learned something at that time: I learned a good deal. When I come to put the two nations together I see what the English standpoint was. You had the happiness of the expressions of the great *Thunderer* at that time that was telling lies in the most statesmanlike manner, and was perverting the intelligences, as well as the consciences, of the people of England. But we got through it: we made a clean business of it, and we not only extirpated slavery—not the spirit of slavery, for that is

total depravity—but the institution of slavery. You need not laugh; you are all of you popes, more or less, but you have not found it out—others have very likely. When I was in Liverpool last time my reception was not to be considered as having been a meeting of the Peace Society exactly; but for the present “though not joyous, but grievous,” afterward it worked out the “peaceable fruits of righteousness.” I notice another thing: an Englishman is not half an Englishman who does not admire physical pluck and courage; and when they found that Americans could stand up and fight, and lie down and die, and that a million men on either side went through five years of a war more prodigious than was ever fought on the continent of Europe, they felt that the Americans were a much more religious people than they had given them credit for. I believe that the English are like a cathedral with spires that reach very high towards heaven; but there is in the constitution of a genuine Englishman a great deal of base, and that part that touches the ground is that part that sustains all that goes up high in the air. I judge it because I am an Englishman, I know what it is. I was born in America, but that makes no difference. I am an Englishman, and I should be very glad if some of you would only become Americans, for I think you would find that an American is nothing but an Englishman planted in a better soil. Leaving these reminiscences of the past, I want to impress the feeling that I have toward you in regard first to my own views in religious matters, and secondly to my thought and feeling in regard to the position in which God has placed you as Dissenting ministers, and especially Congregational ministers. In regard to my own theological status I went through the schools. From a boy up I was accustomed to hear debates in my father’s house between

able men, and my father was not the least among them. Day in and day out and at the table every point of Calvinism was examined and turned over, every sort of procedure that sprang up under religious inspiration was perfectly familiar to me. I went through the regular course under my father at Lane Presbyterian Seminary. I began my ministry in the Presbyterian Church, and shall never cease to have a warm love for that great communion. I went through every phase of theology so far as mere exterior knowledge is concerned. You would not dream it from reading my sermons, but it is the fact. One reason why I do not use theology is because I am so well acquainted with it. I began life in college with a love for science, I perused those branches of it that were then accessible, I became early a phrenologist, and I am still. I suppose in the last days when there will be a perfect mental philosophy phrenology will be found to have contributed, not the whole, but something to it, and render it a philosophy for the common people. Its nomenclature is such that the common people can get hold of it better than they can in the old school. All these things led me aside to commune with nature. It arose from the mother in me, because my mother was an inspired woman who saw God in nature as really as in the Book, and she bestowed that temperament upon me, and I came gradually to feel that aside from God as revealed in the past, there was a God with an everlasting present round about me. I thought it was poetry that led me to feel that I was in the presence of God in nature. I have changed that view. There are situations in which poetry means faith. It is not our native faculty for our minds to reach the highest things except in material life. A young man who undertakes to make love philosophically is a fool. It is the strongest impulse that can reach from one heart to

another, and there is not a particle of premise and inference, and conclusion, and definition about it ; it is all in the air if it is anywhere. Now I feel there are many truths little understood in the Word of God because they belong to that province that is higher than definition, or mere bald, high and dry induction. They belong to the realm of faith. Faith, as I understand it, is imagination developed in the direction of religion or the highest moral feeling, and it varies by the whole compass of the earth and experience. You cannot define it except by saying that that is the province, that is the central element, the imaginative, the understanding of the thing that the senses cannot see, the learning of truth by sympathy and not by deductions and ratiocination. In that early day I remember soon having had great troubles with Calvinism. My father was what was called a Low Calvinist, but he was a good deal too high for me, and we had many valiant battles over the breakfast-table together, and I found so much trouble with Calvinism that I concluded I would get along without it. It seemed to me the more I read it to be in conflict with the revelation which God had made to me in respect to Jesus Christ. I could not reconcile the Cross of Christ and Calvary with the five points of Calvinism. It did not seem to me that they made the same representation of God and nature, and on the whole I took the New Testament as against everything else. Christ was the germ of my whole ministry, and I was very busy in finding Him out ; but He found me out, and baptized me, and I felt I had a sacred deposit—not to preach the word ; I never had the slightest thought that I should ever be quoted in England or known anywhere else except in the little villages of the States of the West, where my ministry began. All I wanted was—give me a clear sky and a chance of getting at the

hearts of men. That was all. I had no ambitions at all. I did love Christ; I accepted poverty and obscurity and sickness as well in those early days in the fresh-settled States I accepted them gladly. Cheerfully is hardly the word. In that way, forming my ideas simply from Christ and His application to the men outside, I tried to get the most power consistently with my individuality and their necessities and my view of Jesus Christ. Since I have been in England, only a few days ago after an address, a young man, apparently destined to the ministry, came up and said, "Mr. Beecher, I want to ask you one question: do you believe in the Divinity of Christ?" He had been among the old sort, and they had got a machine and they called it Christ. I said to him, "I do not believe in anything else." Take out Christ as the earthly representation of God, God in the flesh as much as any infinite can be made finite, God in human conditions just as far as human conditions will hold Him, but a good deal more and outside of that than we have any idea of,—take that out of my ministry and the star would go down and the sun set and midnight come over me, and death. I would not care a snap of the finger to preach the Gospel if I had anything else to preach but Christ. If men ask me, "Do you believe in all that has been believed about Christ?" No; thank God I don't. "Do you believe that Christ set in a framework of theology represents Christ?" Sometimes it may to some sort of folk, though I cannot understand how a man can accept that framework that theology gives to him. In a larger way I believe it is God indeed in the flesh and brought down to the door of every man's consciousness as the power of God for salvation to every man that believes in Him. In this way I have never sought to institute a system of theology. I do not know a man that has ever thrown more bolts and

bais at theology than I have. It is not because I do not believe in theology, but because I do not believe in your theology. It is not the abstract theology I am bombarding, but that which misrepresents my God; that school of theology that does not properly interpret the nature of the ever-living and loving God in Jesus Christ. I have never attempted to make a system of theology. I have merely used my theological knowledge to preach to the living consciousness of men to redeem them from sin. I have a system, but it is a system yet nascent. I believe that by-and-by there will arise among sciences a science of theology, and that it will include in it many of the facts and few of the deductions of the hitherto reigning systems of theology. It is among the blessings that are to come, the dawn of which I think I see all over the world. There is to be a stately and magnificent science of theology fit to top out the great substructure of science that is now being built throughout the whole world. If I can make any contributions to it, if I can create any hunger for it, if I can create any readiness in the minds of men to accept the higher developed theology of the future, I shall be more than rewarded for any amount of bastinado that I have been obliged to receive in my own country for my heterodoxy. My heterodoxy is not that I do not believe so much, but that I believe a great deal more than is current in the churches. Now I have been accustomed to think, not that there is no liberality but in the Congregational denomination, but that from reasons in the very genius and nature of Congregationalism, God appoints them to be the advance guard in this world. I think a long step was made towards purity of church life and organisation when our fathers adopted the theory of the complete, sufficient unity of each local church in itself. I think, therefore, that the

genetic idea is amongst the Dissenters—especially among the Baptists and Congregationalists. The Presbyterians are next door, but I think they have built up an architecture of church government a little more massive than is absolutely necessary. But they like it, and I like them, and if they want to carry more armour than I do, they may. I am satisfied like David with the five stones from the brook and the sling; they may put on Saul's armour, if they think they can fight better with it. I do not grumble at that, because in the main, I think, they are following up the same idea that we are, and they are in unity with us in our land, so that there is no difference between the pulpits; men change from pulpit to pulpit just as they change from hotel to hotel, or from one boarding-house to another, or from town to town. There is really no middle wall of division amongst us. Therefore, I look upon all the great body of Dissenters as liberators. But there is one danger, and that is this, that they have no external symbolisation, and therefore are attempting to maintain individuality and purity by a symbolisation of intellectual doctrines. As they have hardly anything else to cling to, they cling to the creeds; and just in proportion as they listen exclusively to the voice of God speaking a thousand years ago, they forget to hear the voice of God speaking to them in the day in which they are living. They are all of them listening to God as He speaks to them on questions of humanity and morality, but they are afraid to meddle with the old systems for fear of losing something, and therefore are not hearing the voice of God as they should in regard to the reorganisation of church polity and doctrine. The Congregationalists, the Dissenting Body, are bound to believe that God is yet in the world revealing Himself through the channels of Christian consciousness, and that the Christian con-

sciousness of to-day must act backwards to throw light and interpretation upon the consciousness of men, and its organic forms in the days gone by. The past is the childhood of theology, a noble childhood, not to be stoned or covered with mud, but not on the other hand to be the whole sum and substance of our knowledge when God has been speaking through thousands of years, and revealing more and higher forms of truth to us. I do not mean catechetical truth, not speculative truth; I do not set myself up above the schools—the Calvinistic school, the Arminian school, or any other of them. I look upon them as adapted to the work of their day, and they did it well; and Calvinism I hold to be one of the most marvellous results of the action of the human mind, and it only needs to be true to be one of the stateliest things in the world. I do not find fault with it, but it was relative to the time. Now relative to our times there ought to be a nobler conception of Christ; there ought to be a nobler conception of what God thinks of the individual man, who sees eternity in him and immortality in him, and man associated and man unfolded. There is a vast tract of yet unorganised theology springing out of these things, and there is no other body of men who ought to be so competent to interpret these things as the great body of Dissenters in England. We have got no Dissenters on our side. We have no towering battlements of an organised State-Church there, no bishops, no priests, no hierarchs to look down on us and say, “What are you Dissenters doing down there?” No; they have to look up to us if they want to see us. I have always been glad that I heard what Palmerston said, that in the long run English politics would follow the Dissenters’ conscience. Oh, that Dissenters knew what a position they were in as pioneers and interpreters. You do

not need to encompass yourself with the baggage of past ecclesiasticism, and I say this, and I say it with perfect kindness to the cathedral and to the church—the church, not the chapel—the church—when I look upon all those things it makes me think of the state of Englishmen on the Continent. They undertake to travel by packing up the whole of the contents of their houses, in order that they may have everything abroad just as they have it at home, whereas the Yankee will take a carpet bag in his hand and go the same road, and be a good deal happier and not have a quarter of the trouble. The highly organised churches have a vast machinery to lift a pin. If they like it—the country is free—if they like it I have no objection at all, but if they say that we ought to like it, heaven help their brains. Why, we take a little country village, build a Congregational Church in it and do as much labour as six of them, and without half the instrumentality and machinery. I suppose that in the State Church of England there are fifty men looking after a thing that one country pastor could look after just as well as the whole of them. It is artificial muss, a vast amount of stuff. I do not speak in disrespectful language, but they make trouble, and design circuitous ways and multiply functions that are not necessary, and they have some men to look after them. I think of it when I go on your railroads. They are beyond all praise for the solidity of their structure. The wondrous architecture of their bridges and stations put us poor fellows to shame. I feel as if I lived in a barn and visited a castle when I look at our system of railroads and at yours. There are two things—the first and most detestable are the cars that wobble all over the road when you go fast, and it is very tiresome. Our single cars are as long as five of yours, many of them. And in the *depôt* here you have 30 or 40 porters running round ; one does one thing, another

another ; one puts you in your little car and shuts the door, and runs on to the next one and the next one ; but in America, we have one great station, with a line of cars and not a porter to be seen anywhere. People go and get into the cars themselves ; they are abundantly competent to do it too. We have trained our people to take great care of themselves, and we do not want a superfluity of porters, and of agents and men to do that for us, at an inconvenience to us, that we might do better for ourselves. If a man wants to go to San Francisco, he takes his trunks, and carries his carpet bag in his hand, and gets in and puts them on board the baggage car, as we call it, and brings out a check, and puts the check in his pocket, and he never need think any more about it until he gets to his hotel in San Francisco, and in ten minutes he finds his trunk there, and he has had no trouble. We take care of the baggage and let the folks take care of themselves. Now, it seems to me that not only do I live in profound sympathy with the ideal Congregationalism, believing it to be the purest, the simplest, the best equipped for the work that is to be done in this world, because it has so little machinery, because it relies so much on the individualism to which its men are trained ; but I hold it has gone through a period of reaction from bondage, and has come down now, it seems to me, in the providence of God, to that period in which it has to do its greatest work in the future. I believe it to be the advanced guard of the great army of God. If you do not know the power of associated individualism, the power of education in religion, of making each man educated to his own functions, and then bringing those men together into church association, which church is abundantly competent to take care of itself and its members, without asking any other church to assist, except as a neighbour to advise upon some difficult

matter; if you lust after the leeks and onions of Egypt; if you cast an eye to it and say: "Oh, if we were only a part of the State Church"—as some good men among you do; if in the great coming disruption that is as sure to take place as the sun is to rise and go down, if you have forgotten the ordination with which you were ordained, the baptism with which you were baptized, and whisper when you should speak out aloud, and pipe when you should trumpet; if in this great battle in which the Church of England is itself to be liberated, and to come to a power that she has never had before, you do not do your duty, the blame will be upon you. When I think of the noble line of the theologians of the State-Established Church; when I think of the heroic men that are upon her lists; when I think how much we have had from them, God forbid that I should cast a stone at that great organisation of Christian men. Though I may not believe in their organisation I believe in their history, and I believe in their saints, and I believe in the imperishable literature of religion which they have left to us, and I would never, never hurt a hair of the head of that great communion; but I believe in my very soul that she has not yet touched the limit of her power, that her eyes are holden, and that although there are many difficulties in disestablishment, when once it shall have been effected, and ten years shall have rolled around after a complete separation between Church and State, of all men who will be enthusiastic for the separation they will be who now oppose it most strongly. In this work you have a part. It is for you to make the public sentiment,—not to make a quarrel nor an assault, but to fill the air with that temperament which shall enable this work to go on naturally and easily. Lecky, in his *History of Civilisation*,—one book that you all need to read,—shows that men's beliefs are not purely individual, but that

they are part and parcel of the air of the generation in which they live, and that a change in the method of evidence will bring down without controversy, without any sort of elaboration, multitudes of things that you could not disprove, and about which ages have fought. The great changes in theology have been made by a change in the average moral temperature of the whole community. If I have done anything for you it is simply because that which has moved you has met with something in me which has moved you, and it is the voice and heart of God throbbing in the whole community that shall make your powers, and not controversial elements, but that steadfast testimony for liberty in the churches and for power in the local churches against great organisations, national, coherent, and so to a certain extent stiff in the joints and slow in movement. I do not mean by Congregational churches only those that are technically so. The Baptists are the best Congregationalists in our country. Their church government is the simplest and most complete organisation of the principle of the individuality of the local church, and all that believe in that form of church government, sweet-minded, Christ-like, but felt throughout the whole community, plead for a better development of religious life in church organisation than the hierarchical system has given, and I believe you will be moved to that work, and to every step you are taking we shall strongly respond on our side. Now, brethren, not to weary you with a long discourse, I wish to repeat to you what I have said a multitude of times in the long course of addresses which I have given to popular audiences in England. The day has come when the nations should be tied together by a higher spirit than that of selfishness or national peculiarities. The day has come and the occasion has come. Great Britain has been going through a training that

has prepared her for one part of this great movement. America has been going through a training that has prepared her for a part also in this great movement. England is sending out her colonies all over the habitable globe; we send out no colonies, because we have not population enough yet for our own vast territory. Canada is as the United States: the difference is in names and not in things. Here is this great body now distributed by the providence of God all over the world—east and west, and north and south—holding substantially the noblest sentiments of religion, and of patriotism, and of liberty that have been developed in the whole history of this world. We possess the spirit of liberty, we possess the spirit of profound religious conviction, we are trained together in the life of self-denial, which is the highest joy which can be known to mankind; we are a missionary people, we are a manufacturing people, and sometimes our missionaries carry out goods that are not best for the morality of the heathen nations. Nevertheless, even commerce, with all the selfishness that is inherent in it, is the dynamite by which the tunnels have been blasted through, and the valleys filled, and the high hills blown down; it is in many respects the John the Baptist that precedes the Christ. You in England, and we in America, should make between ourselves for peace in every relation. I feel bound to say that we are the transgressors at this time more than you are, and by the necessities of war, and afterwards by the architect of selfishness, we have built up a great Chinese wall of exclusion between ourselves and all the rest of the world in commerce. The devil's own kingdom I call it as regards a nation is in the Customs-room; as regards individuals, it is in the liver. But we are working at that, and certainly shall beat it down. I have been making fight all my life for

liberty of conscience, for liberty of speech, for liberty in Church matters, for liberty with regard to slaves, and my last great battle is for liberty in commerce, and I shall live, I am sure, to see it. It is that that keeps me young, for when I shall have seen that, I shall be willing, like Moses, to stand on the neighbouring mount, and see the tribes go over into the promised land. The bonds that connect us, dear brethren, are not those that are esteemed nor thought of among men, but as God looks there is no such bond of connection as that which recognises the supremacy of Christ, the power of love, and the great work of self-devotion to the propagation of love among all mankind; love that cleanses men from sin—for that is the Divine cleansing—love that lifts us above time and death and makes us heritors of immortality. I thank you for your kind attention.

Rev. CHARLES A. BERRY (Wolverhampton) rose to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Beecher for his presence and address. He said: I do not know to what I owe this invitation from the chair, except that I have cheerfully travelled a long distance to be present on this occasion. Not only with great cordiality, but with the accompaniment of feelings too deep for words, do I consent to be the spokesman of your grateful appreciation. Mr. Beecher's address has been a great intellectual and spiritual inspiration, but to have seen him and to have come under the magnetic spell of his creative presence has been even a greater boon to us. The man is more and better than the speech. To have felt the kindling influence of contact with him is a more stirring inspiration than merely to have listened to his words. There are men whose simple presence creates an atmosphere in which it is impossible to think mean thoughts or to take narrow views; in which one unconsciously rises to the higher reaches of the mind and the spirit. Mr. Beecher is one of those men, and, if I rightly interpret you through myself, our greatest indebtedness to-day is for this soul-uplifting of which we have been made conscious. But we are also truly thankful for the address itself, and especially for that part of it in which Mr. Beecher rendered absolutely clear his relation to theology. Some of us did not require to be told that Mr. Beecher has never committed himself to a position of antagonism as against theology in the

abstract, but only against those current theologies which, however heroic and inspiring in their own day, are not now an adequate statement of the truth as we see it. A man who thinks on Divine things must perforce think himself into the possession of a theology. For my own part I am not afraid of the word theology, not even of systematic theology. Indeed, in my judgment, the great need of our broader modern Christianity is the constructed and stately expression of itself in a theology adequate to its visions and its hopes—not for the purpose of authoritative imposition, but to stand as symbol of our progress, and to act as intellectual base of a new spiritual structure. No man in his senses will deny that Calvinism as a system stands unparalleled for its impressive intellectual harmony. And no man whose judgment is worth considering, but will admit that upon Calvinism, as upon other expressed intellectual systems, spiritual life has erected itself into a vigorous and robust force. What we require is not to be content with attacking theologies, but to replace them by a theology which shall give intellectual statement to our chaster views of God. And it is to me a great gratification to hear Mr. Beecher say that not only would he welcome such a theology, but would even contribute to its creation. I am not sure that Mr. Beecher need give himself much alarm in regard to what he deems the danger of English Independency, the danger of compensating our lack of a well-compacted ecclesiastical unity by some sort of authorised creed-unity. Of course, the danger of all democracies, political as well as ecclesiastical, is to seek at some point a deliverance from the responsibilities of self-reliance and self-help, and we in England have before now seen a free ecclesiasticism taking refuge in a theological strong tower. But that, if I rightly see things, is not our danger to day. There is a difference between American and English Independency. It sometimes seems to us that American Congregationalism is a sort of unbaptized, unchristened Presbyterianism. Anyway, Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church come much nearer to our English ideal of Congregationalism than many of the men and churches in the States with whose names and good works we are all familiar. Nevertheless, the word of caution is a friendly word, and it will have its fruit if it moves us to carefulness that, while seeking earnestly a scientific theology of our larger faith, we do not allow it to become a refuge of intellectual idleness or an armed tower of authoritative fulminations. Brethren, the address to which we have listened presents a series of tempting topics for thought and discussion, not least among them Mr. Beecher's spiritual method of dealing with the question of Disestablishment; but I must forbear. In his closing sentences our distinguished guest gave us the secret of

his perpetual youthfulness. It lies in the possession of a cause worth living for and worth struggling for. We of the Christian ministry have surely a cause of that quality. May we be found so possessed by it as to exhibit according to our degree the heroic tenacity of purpose blended with the gracious spirit of patience so markedly embodied in our visitor of to-day! We are glad to have seen and spoken with him. We shall remember to-day and feel its impulse in days to come. May God spare Mr. Beecher's life through many years of growing service, and before he goes home may he see rising everywhere around him a generation of men animated by the fortitude and vigour of our Puritan fathers, and breathing the spirit of that tenderer grace which rises out of a diviner conception of God in Christ!

RECEPTION IN BELFAST.

IN connection with the visit of Mr. BEECHER to Belfast, a very interesting meeting was held on Wednesday, October 20, in the Lombard Hall, a hall belonging to the central offices of the Irish Temperance League. A number of ministers of various denominations, knowing that the distinguished American preacher was about to visit Belfast, met and resolved to invite him and Mrs. BEECHER to breakfast. The gathering was of a semi-private character, and consisted of both ladies and gentlemen, of ministers and laymen. Rev. J. FORDYCE (Congregational) presided; on his right sat Mrs. BEECHER, and on his left Mr. BEECHER. Rev. J. D. POWELL (Wesleyan) asked a blessing, after which the party, to the number of some eighty or ninety, did ample justice to the good things provided. Breakfast over, the Chairman said he had to explain to their distinguished guests why they were there, and what they were there for, and he thought the best way he could do this was to do it now. They were there in evidence of their common love of JESUS CHRIST, to offer heartfelt respect to him as a public teacher and a man who has worked heartily for his fellow-men. Some of them signed creeds and some of them, like Mr. Beecher, did not sign any creeds; some had short creeds, and some long; but they were not there for the sake of any creed. They were there to give him and Mrs. BEECHER a hearty reception, and to wish them God speed on their noble work for the good of man. They felt it a great pleasure to meet Mr. BEECHER there that morning. Some of them were acquainted with his books, some of them with his sermons, and one gentleman was acquainted with his excellence as a novelist. They honoured him as a man of genius, they honoured him as a distinguished preacher, but they honoured him far more—and he believed it was the kind of honour to which Mr. Beecher would most heartily respond—they honoured him as a brother man. If they examined him

through and through they would find a heart full of humanity, and it was on this account they gathered around him and Mrs. Beecher that morning, to pray that long life and prosperity would be theirs. For the last fifty years Mr. BEECHER had been one of the great moral forces of the Continent of America, and, indeed, of the world, and they offered him a cordial welcome as the great English-speaking man who had done so much for their race all over the world, and their earnest prayer was that he might long be spared to teach the people wisdom; that he might long be spared, not only to his own people, but to the whole living world, as one of the greatest of their preachers and most large-hearted of their public men. In the name of all the ladies and gentlemen present he welcomed him to the City of Belfast, and they wished him God-speed and that he might long be spared to teach the people.

Mr. BEECHER then rose and was greeted with the heartiest applause. He said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I accept with proud satisfaction this testimony of your kindness and your attention. I have some things to say this morning, and to cover a good many points. Many of them I shall not say, and very likely they are the more important ones, because to say them without offence or with any success would require more time than I have, or you, and therefore I shall have to make a selection. Allusion has been made to creeds, and the brethren have delicately intimated that I have no creed. I have half-a-dozen. I have what I call the mother of creeds, and it is one made out for me in the New Testament, and which I can subscribe to. Sydney Smith said the Thirty-nine Articles were made to be subscribed to but not believed, but I subscribe to my creed and I believe it, and I have tried all my long life to practise it—it has governed and shaped my life. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.” That is the first Article, and the second is “Thy neighbour as thyself.” There is the creed that never was acted up to yet, except by Jesus; and I have struggled for it, and therefore I have had to be

at variance with a good deal of the theology that is going. I have had a struggle, and a big one, with the doctrines in which I was brought up, and I have got them mostly under. They had to be converted a good deal. I was brought up by an orthodox New England father, and in a time of great controversy between the Unitarians and the orthodox, and, sitting at my father's table, heard all the differences between the new and the old theology. I went through it all, as we have to go through chicken-pox and measles, but I got over it all, and have enjoyed good health since. Afterwards I was cast on the strands in the new Western cities forty or fifty years ago, when they had all the world contributing to the population—and if there were divisions of opinion at home they were redoubled out there, where there were more sects than the preachers had hairs on their heads—and I wished to try the great creed, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself." And if there is any of you who do not know how hard it is to carry out this among a miscellaneous people, let him go to the far States of America and he will find it out. Little by little I established the doctrine of love; and he that would come up to Jerusalem for the love of Christ, that man belongs to my sect. Now in Belfast you will find it very hard to follow me. I love Roman Catholics. I have no doubt that you do, so far as consistent with your feelings. I have not the slightest objection to the Pope being the Pope to those that want him. I have not the slightest objection to the whole amount of historic and legendary business and the orders they have in the Roman Church, if there is anybody wants them; but if you put me the question, "Are they necessary?" I reply, "Nonsense." But are we to banish everything unnecessary out of the world? Why, we should be stripped to our skins. Let them have

them, but not seek to impose them upon anybody else. And so I hold with regard to the other churches. The English Church was my mother's church. She was born and brought up in it, and if there were no other reason, that church would always be sacred in my heart and feelings, and if there is anybody wants it, let him have it; but I do not want it, and that is reason enough for me. They have Unitarians in New England, and a good many of them. Now, if there are any Christians, I think I have found them among the Unitarians, and so I refuse to throw a stone at one of them. I became a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and studied theology in the Presbyterian seminary in Ohio, and spent the most delightful years of my life as a Presbyterian clergyman; still, I could not be a Presbyterian, because my maturer reason preferred a more simple form of church government. And then there was a lion in the way; but I got around it and dug under it. I have also found some of the best men in the world among Quakers. Chiefly among the Methodists I have worked in the West. They were a permanent sect; but I loved not Methodism, but Methodists. And it so happens that my personal friends are among the Baptist denomination. I am a kind of a dry Baptist. I take a dip once in awhile. I have a baptismal font under my platform, which prevents me from having a dry sermon. But in the Plymouth Church, I go not in for immersion; but we go in for baptism in the Spirit, and not in the flesh. The initial condition in the Plymouth Church is to live in love with the Lord Jesus Christ. So we have lived together for fifty years in the most turbulent time America has seen. Questions of slavery, questions of peace and war, have been settled; but there never has been needed in the Plymouth Church a council of men to make peace.

We lived in peace and good-fellowship till twelve months ago, when Cleveland was President, and I would not go from the Republican party, and my church was near blown up ; but we are united once more, and I think I may say, with kindness. I am not ashamed, but most of them are. When I came to Ireland, and saw the state of feeling that exists between Catholics and Protestants here, I was sorry for you. I would not make these remarks except to be faithful, and they lead to another remark I wanted to make. I think we have taken upon ourselves Greek and Roman methods in our warfare in this world. The Greek was instructed to carry out civilisation by force of intellect, not by the strength of love. It has been undertaken to govern the Church or the world by the power of reason and of conscience and fear, and theology has been developed under the forces of reason, conscience, and fear, and the result of all this is very good indeed ; but, according to my knowledge, there never yet has been an endeavour to control human life and feeling by Christ Jesus' simple doctrine of love ; and then to conform the life with it, and interpret it not according to the low standard that prevails among men, but to the high standard of Jesus Christ. As regards the future of theology I believe there is to be one, and it will be different from the old. There will be less of statements of things about which we know nothing, and more about what we know by our lives' experience. It is coming, and in the near Church of the future we shall have a more glorious view of the Divine truths. Is there anything in the Westminster Confession on the subject of love ? I have no doubt there is somewhere. An excellent good fellow, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, though he had been brought up a Unitarian, had a high opinion of himself, and one of the lay brethren said of him that when he died and was introduced to Paul he would say—

Paul, I have often introduced your name in my sermons in life. The doctrine of love is referred to in many of the creeds; and yet it is the very foundation. There is that magnificent speech in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, 13th chapter, where Paul says, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." He must have had his eye on some of our seminaries. I wish I could stay in Ireland to preach. I look upon the troubles that are going on with pity and regret. I am a Protestant, but I do not shudder at, and am not afraid of, a Roman Catholic. If a man be a Christian, he is my brother; and I have among my friends in life many Roman Catholics, and love letters—if one man may indeed write a love letter to another—have been written to me by clergymen of that community, and I will not throw stones at them. You may not approve of their worship, their doctrines, and all that they do, but I say, let them have the same liberty as myself. I honour them so far as they represent Jesus Christ, and there I leave them. And so it is with regard to the Protestant denominations. I am here as a member of them all. I can say I belong to them all. I am a Baptist all except baptism; I am a Quaker except the doctrine and practice; and I am a Unitarian whenever they put out towards paradise; and I am a Presbyterian. You see how all can be contained in a small body like myself. Love is capacious, and can hold a great deal. That is my love to which I have stuck through all vagaries and changes, love for Jesus Christ, and the wish to go and save the world by the power of love, and not as the churches have been trying to save it by theology and worship, but by love. I wanted to express the very great sympathy I feel with the things going on in Great Britain. I am an Englishman born in America. No man can imagine how the American feels

towards the mother land. Blood is stronger than water or wine, and we have a hearty recognition of Great Britain when we are not quarrelling with her. We have a reasonable conceit of our excellencies, and that shows where we came from. We think that America represents the best British elements planted out in a larger field than there is here at home ; and still there are many things in Great Britain I should like to see in America, and some I should not. But great changes are about to happen in Great Britain—great changes, that if they happen suddenly will be revolutionary, but happening slowly will be a blessing. In America there is not a man so poor that he cannot have his children educated without one penny of expense. In America, the common people are made intelligent, and the sovereignty is in the whole community, so as to bring the government and the common people together in perfect sympathy. We have classes as you have, but the honours are mutable and transmutable. The best men go to the top, not always morally considered, but when a man has fulfilled his trust and dies his sons are not always fit to carry it on and they go down. The circulation from top to bottom is remarkable, and you find men of the same families go different ways. You have an institution that keep a man in it whether or not he be fit to remain there. Now, I am not at enmity with the aristocracy of Great Britain. I suppose among them you will find many of the noblest specimens of man on the face of the earth. And taken as an order, if it were a private thing, and were such as you have it you would have no reason to be ashamed, because it is only now and again you have any of the peers to be ashamed of. But there is another thing—the land question. I have been going to a deal of trouble about the land. The Marquis of Somebody or Something holds a whole section of London—it is on lease. Once we

had a little of that. In the early days of the colonists large grants of land were allotted to them which were held as manors with manorial rights, but the community desired they should not become an entailment of theirs, and there was such feeling that they had to be broken up, the State making compensation, and now there is not a manorial right in the States. But the thing has been done peaceably, and there is no lease except some sections in New York, and they are the least profitable. I look on these great holdings of land, no matter how entailed, as part of a bad policy. It is a policy against the common people, and the bone, sinew, and success of Great Britain have been largely derived from her common people. I hold you are on the eve of great changes, I hope not revolutionary. You have our sympathy, but you cannot expect an American to fall in with the condition of land prevailing in England and Ireland. Men have asked me, Are you a Home Ruler? Well, I am, at home. I believe in the common people of any State. We have forty States, and every one of them has its own State legislation. We have two Governments, the Federal and the local or State's Government. Save in what appertains to the affairs of all the States there is no notice taken by the Federal Government. Everything that belongs to any particular State in its individuality is dealt with by that State, and the Federal Government does not touch it. The laying of railways, making and laying of bridges, are carried out solely by the State, say of Massachusetts or of Connecticut, in which I was born; and everything relating to diplomacy, to peace or war, belongs to the Federal Government. The same men sit in both Governments. Now that it comes to the question of Home Rule, I came, whether with prejudices or wisdom, to this country, and I came

in favour of the local government of the people who live in it. Then you ask me, What are you going to do? And I say, Thank God I don't live here. Of what I see going on in Ireland—I say it is a shame. Then, when you throw in Scotland and Wales, I say this is getting too thick for me, and I am no statesman, and I am not going to determine this matter. While going thus far, I am in favour of the promotion of the well-being of the common people. My American notion of political economy would work freedom out of this: You must make the poor intelligent. It will not do to give the suffrage to ignorance and brutality, and still less to keep it away from them. The dangerous citizen is the man without responsibility. The way to teach a man to vote is to let him vote; the way to teach a man archery is to let him shoot; to look at a match will never teach him to shoot. The Irish were the first great irruption of emigrants upon us as soon as our fathers had settled down. And they were a great trouble to us. I remember that we had great prejudices against the Irish; they were not used to us and we were not used to them. They came over increasing in numbers, and some of them died off and some of them remained and improved. The Irish people are the worst people to crush in; but the moment we take them over on our side whisky kills them or liberty makes them good children. All you have to do is to season the emigrant. In Connecticut the Catholic Church grows stronger and stronger every day, and the Catholics are the most reputable citizens; they are anxious for education, and are doing well for us; and what's true of them is true of the German. And we have emigrants coming from as far east as China; they do not drink whisky and do not chew tobacco, and they are more industrious; and a Chinaman can no more understand the Irish-

man's shillelagh than he can his language. We have got a great deal to go through on our side to get liberty for the commercial classes. We have one thing; we have bound our arms with manacles, and built along the line of our coast what I call the devil's own fortifications—custom houses. It is an unchristian policy; it separates men instead of drawing them together, and it will go down, and I will help its going down. So, then, on our side we may be considered bumptious Yankees. We have our failings, it is true; but one thing you had better remember, we had faith in our birth-right. When an educated American comes to Great Britain the air is full of sympathy, and no Englishman can feel in England like as I feel. When I look from another point of view and see the grandeur of this Empire, and its strength and power, and the unity of the language of its people, I say all this is the working of Providence; and there is the hand of the Lord pointing to these people. And cursed be the man that throws discord into the ranks of the common-speaking people. Inspired by the higher views of theology, let us come near our Divine Master and see that God has made a people of His own right hand, who, not for selfishness, or political ambition, or cruelty, shall take possession of the earth, and in the name of humanity and its Master, our Lord Jesus Christ, for His glory and the welfare of mankind. I thank you for the feeling of kindness you have shown to us.

At the close of Mr. BEECHER's address, which was enthusiastically received, Rev. GEORGE CRON (Evangelical Union) moved a very hearty vote of thanks to their distinguished guests for so kindly accepting their invitation, and to Mr. BEECHER for his suggestive, eloquent, and characteristic address. Mr. CRON spoke of his familiarity with Mr. BEECHER's life and work, of his confidence in his Christian character, of the benefit he had received from his published works, and, above all, of the pleasure he experienced in meeting with him

on this interesting occasion. Mr. CRON concluded an eloquent and eulogistic speech by wishing Mr. and Mrs. BEECHER long life and happiness, and a prosperous voyage to New York. Rev. R. WORKMAN, B.D. (Presbyterian), seconded the vote of thanks. He referred to the great pleasure it had been to them all to see and hear and talk to Mr. BEECHER, of whom they had heard and read so much. As to what Mr. BEECHER had said about the Westminster Confession, he thought they would all agree with one article of that venerable document—we believe that all churches may err. His own belief was, and all Reformed Churches professed, at least, to accept this doctrine, that all who really repented of sin or believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, whether they called themselves Catholics, Episcopalians, Unitarians, or by any other name, really belonged to the Holy Catholic Church. The CHAIRMAN having put the resolution to the meeting, it was passed by acclamation. Mr. BEECHER, in a few words, gratefully referred to the compliments paid to his wife, and thanked the meeting for their great kindness to himself. He then bade them farewell. Mr. FORDYCE, after a few words expressive of thankfulness for the beautiful spirit that had pervaded the meeting, then called upon Mr. BEECHER to pronounce the Benediction. At the close a large number of those present were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. BEECHER, and many of the ministers especially thanked the famous Brooklyn preacher for the inspiration he had given them in their work. Only one feeling was expressed by all, and this was that they had felt it a great privilege to take part in such a spontaneous and hearty tribute of respect for Mr. BEECHER.

LECTURES.



THE REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THE noise (said Mr. Beecher, referring to the loud applause with which he was greeted) very vividly recalls twenty-three years ago, although it is of a very different kind to what it was then. Twenty-three years in a man's life corrects a great many hasty impressions, gives more solidity and more sagacity of judgment. When I look back upon all the things that happened at and before the time that I was here, I can scarcely reproach the English people for their misjudgment of the meaning of that great issue which God was trying by the arbitrament of the sword. It is not strange. At that time the thought, the feeling, the institutions, the tendency, the genius of the American people were very little known abroad; they are better understood now; and, notwithstanding the temporary and not unnatural irritation which prevailed when England was neutral, to say the least, with the passing away of that cloud a better feeling prevails everywhere. The pride of heritage comes to every generous American bosom; we are a younger oak than you are, but you bore the acorns which were planted for us, and we are of your lineage and

of your blood, and if you are not proud of us we will make you so before we have done.

Light Without Illumination.

It has been the effect of modern investigation to throw light without illumination upon the most interesting period of human history. When the old chronology prevailed, and it was thought that this world was built about six thousand years ago, men had of necessity one way of looking at things; but now it is agreed upon all hands that we cannot count the chronology of this world by thousands, more likely by millions of years. Nor was the system of immediation in creation which prevailed at the time favourable to the discovery of truth. God who dwells in eternity has time enough to build worlds which require millions of years, and whatever may be the cause of the origin of the human race, and I have my own opinion on that subject—confidential, however—I think it may be said that the earliest appearance of man upon earth was in the savage condition. He began as low down as he could and be a man rather than an animal, and the question of profound interest is one that can probably never be answered except by guess, and guess is not philosophy altogether. How did man emerge from that savage condition? There were then no schools, no churches, no prophets, no priests, no books, presses—nothing; wild tribes in the wild wilderness, how did they come towards civilisation? You say that the first industries were those that supplied appetite—food, shelter, clothing. That is, doubtless, true, although we only infer it; but how did the brain which is the organ of the man begin to unfold, not the simple knowledge that lay close in the neighbourhood of every man, but how did it come to build institutions, found communities, and develop them, till now the human race in civilised countries are as far removed from their ancestors as

their ancestors were from the animals below them? It is on this broad field that light falls, but not illumination. But later down, supposing that industries were educators, supposing that men were educated by war itself, by combinations required by skill and leadership, by ten thousand forms of growing social life, by the love of property, the instinct that is fundamental to human nature—suppose that all this indirectly evolved the intelligence of the human family, how do we come at length to the period in which the unfolding of the hidden powers of the human soul became an object of direct instruction?

Primitive Development.

The earliest attempt to develop men, on purpose, was in Egypt, so far as we know. The Egyptian school has all the marks in it of antiquity and of primitive development, for it was limited in the numbers admitted and limited in the topics taught. Only the royal family could go to the schools of Egypt. That included, of course, the priesthood; and putting aside some slight mathematical teaching it is probable that mysteries and superstitions were the whole subjects taught, and that mainly to teach men how to be hierarchs or rulers of some sort. When we cross over the sea to Greece, at a period much later, though how much we know not, we find that schools had developed, and that the idea of making more of men than natural law makes of them, or the casual influences of human society—the attempt directly to train intelligence and to produce knowledge was farther advanced, for anybody could go to a Greek school that had the means to pay—anybody but slaves and women; *they* trained very near together in antiquity, and they are not quite far enough apart yet. And yet I am bound to correct myself when I say that women were not privileged; they were. It is probable that in no period

of human history has more pains been taken with the education of women than was taken in Greece ; in all their accomplishments, in learning, in music, in the dance, in poetry, in literature, in history, in philosophy, even in statesmanship, women were very highly educated, provided they were to live the lives of courtesans. The fact is simply astounding that in the age of Pericles intelligence and accomplishments were associated with impudicity, and were the signs of it, and that ignorance and modesty were associated ideas. If a woman would have the credit of purity and uprightness in social relations she must be the drudge of the household, and if any woman radiant in personal beauty and accomplished, fitted for conversation with statesmen and philosophers appeared, it was taken for granted that she was accessible.

Women Preachers.

We have a side-light thrown on this subject in the New Testament, not well understood hitherto. That noble old Jewish book, the Bible, reveals a higher station to womanhood in the ancient Israelitish days than in any other Oriental land, and from the beginning of the Old Testament to the end of it there is no limitation of a woman's rights, her functions and her position. She actually was public in the sense of honour and function ; she went with unveiled face if she pleased ; she partook of religious services and led them ; she was a judge, she was even a leader of armies ; and you shall not find, either in the Old Testament or in the New, one word that limits the position of a woman till you come to the Apostle's writings about Grecian women, for only in Corinthians and in the writings of Paul to Timothy, who was the Bishop of the Greek Churches in Asia Minor, do you find any limitation made. Knowing full well what this public

sentiment was, Paul said: "Suffer not a woman to teach in your assemblies, let your women keep silence." Why? because all, in that corrupt public sentiment, looking upon intelligent teachers in the Christian Church would have gone away and said: "It is all done of licentiousness, women are teaching;" and in a public sentiment that associated intelligence and immorality it is not strange that, prudentially and temporarily, women were restrained. But that has all gone, woman has risen, not only in intelligence but is the universal teacher, not alone in the household but in the school, not alone in common schools but in every grade, till she has attained professorships in universities and even presidency in women's colleges—at least in our land. She is the right hand of the charities of the church; she walks unblushing with an unveiled face where men do walk; and she is not only permitted in the great orthodox churches of New England to speak in meeting, but when they send her abroad, ordained to teach the Gospel to the heathen, there she is permitted to preach, and when they come home women may still teach in a hall, but not in a church, and dear old men there are yet so conservative that they are reading through golden spectacles their Bibles, and saying: "I suffer not a woman to preach."

Light Out of Darkness.

We hardly can trace the unfolding of human intelligence after it plunged into that twilight or darkness of the Middle Ages. Then we begin to find intelligence developed through mechanical guilds, and in various ways of commerce; but schools such as we now understand schools to be are very imperfectly traced out in the Middle Ages. But when that new impulse came to the moral nature, and the civil nature, and the intellectual and philosophical nature,

to art, literature, to learning—when the Reformation came, whose scope was not ecclesiastical alone by any means—it was a resurrection of the human intelligence throughout its whole vast domain—schools began again to appear to be, as John Milton says,

Raked embers out of the ashes of the past,

and they began to glow again. And from that time on, the progress of the efforts to develop by actual teaching human intelligence grows broader, brighter, and more effectual down to our present day, and to-day in the principal nations of Europe education is compulsory, the education not of favoured classes, not of the children of the wealthy, not of those that have inherited genius, but the children of the common people. It is held that it is unsafe for a state to raise ignorant men. Ignorant men are like bombs, which are a great deal better to be shot into an enemy's camp than to be kept at home, for where an ignorant man goes off he scatters desolation, and it is not safe to have ignorant men, for an ignorant man is an animal, and the stronger his passions and the feebler his conscience and intellect, the more dangerous he is. Therefore, for the sake of the commonwealth, our legislators wisely, whether they be Republican institutions or Monarchical institutions, or aristocratical institutions, have at last joined hands on one thing—that it is best to educate the people's children, from the highest to the lowest everywhere.

A Great Uprising.

And what, in connection with various other general causes, has been the result of this unfolding of intelligence among the common people? It has not yet gone down to the bottom; there is a strata of undeveloped intelligence among the nations of Europe certainly; I am not speaking now of the residuum that falls down from the

top like the slime of the ocean, but of those who are reasonable and honest and virtuous and useful. It may be said that, as the sun touches the tops of the mountains first and works its way downward through the valley later and later in the day, so there is very much to be done in Europe yet to bear knowledge and intelligence, which is better than knowledge, to the lowest classes of the common people. But even in this condition, what has been the result in Europe of the education of the common people? All those heavings, all those threatened revolutions, all those civil and commercial developments that are like the waves of the sea, are springing from the fact that God in His providence has thrown light and intelligence upon the great under-mass of society; and the under-parts of society, less fortunate in every respect than those that are advanced, are seeking room to develop themselves; they are seeking to go up, and no road has been found along which they can travel as yet. I do not believe in Nihilism in Russia. If I had been born and brought up there and had felt the heel on my neck, I would have been a Nihilist. I am poor stuff to make an obedient slave out of! Nevertheless, they are like blind men trying to find their way into the open air, and if they stumble or go into wrong departments, are they to be derided and cursed?—because they are seeking to construct a government after they shall have destroyed government and made a wilderness, are they, because they are doing the best they know how—are they, therefore, to be cursed?—pitied, better directed, emancipated? When they come to America to teach us how to make commonwealths we think they are out of place, decidedly. Well, that is our trait. We thank Europe for a great deal—for literature, ancient and modern; we thank Europe for teachers in art, in colour, in form, in sound, we are grateful

for all these things; but when the Socialists of Germany, and the Communists of France, and the Nihilists of Russia come to teach us how to reorganise human society, they have come to the wrong place. Their ignorance is not our enlightenment.

The Way Up.

The main cause of all this, the cause of causes, lies in the swelling of the intelligence of the great, hitherto neglected, and ignorant masses of Europe; they are seeking elevation, they are seeking a larger life, and as men grow in intelligence life must grow too. When a man is an animal, he does not want much except straw and fodder; but when a man begins to be a rational and intelligent creature, he wants a good deal more than the belly asks; for reason wants something, taste needs something, conscience needs something, every faculty brought into ascendancy and power is a new hunger, and must be supplied. No man is so cheap as the brutal, ignorant man; no man can rise up from the lower stations of life and not need more for his support from the fact that he is civilised and Christianised, and although he may not have it individually, the community must supply it for him. He must have resources of knowledge, he must have means of refinement, he must have limitations of taste or he feels himself slipping back; and as I look upon the phenomena of society in Europe it is the phenomena of God calling to the great masses of a growingly enlightened people, "Come up," and they are saying, "Which way? By what road? How?" And they must needs pass through the experiment of ignorance, tentative ignorance, and failure in a thousand things—they must pass through these preliminary stages, for as it was necessary when they came out of the bondage of Egypt that the children of Israel should go through the wilderness for forty years, so

all people have to go forty years and more through the wilderness of mistake, through the wilderness of trials and attempts that fail; and it may be said, indeed, that the pyramid of permanent society is built up on blocks of blunders, and it is mistakes that have pointed out the true way to mankind. Now what has taken place among the common people? Once they thought about their own cottage, and their own little steading; they have gradually learned to think about the whole neighbourhood. Once they were able to look after their own limited affairs; they recognise the community of men, and are beginning to think about the affairs of other men—as the Apostle said: “Look ye every man on his own things, but also every man on the things of others.” They are having a society interest among themselves. Once they had limited thoughts and bits of knowledge; now they have the mother of knowledge—intelligence; they are competent to think, to choose discriminately; they are competent to organise themselves; they are learning that self-denial by which men can work in masses of men; they are beginning to have a light in light transcendently higher than the old contentment of the bestial state of miserable labour in miserable Europe. Such are the results, briefly stated, to which God in His providence has brought the masses of the common people, and the promise of the future is brighter even than the fulfilment of the past. What the issues will be and what the final fruits will be God knows and man does not know!

American “Go.”

Now, if you cross the sea to our own land, my own land, the land of my fathers, we shall find that there are influences tending to give power to the brain, alertness, quickness, to give to it also a wider scope and range than it has in the average of the labouring classes in Europe. Here and there are

communities which, if transplanted on the other shore, will scarcely know that they were not born and brought up there; but this is not true of the great mass of the common people of all Europe. Our climate is stimulating. Shipmasters tell me that they cannot drink in New York as they do in Liverpool. Heaven help Liverpool! There is more oxygen in our air. It has some importance in this, that anything that gives acuteness, vivacity, spring, to the substance of the brain prepares it for education and larger intelligence. A dull, watery, sluggish brain may do for a Conservative; but God never made them to be the fathers of progress. They are very useful as brakes on the wheel down hill; but they never would draw anything up hill in the world. And yet, in the fanatic influence that tends to give vitality and quickness, force, and continuity to the human brain, lies the foundation for the higher style of manhood, and although it is not to be considered as a primary and chief cause of smartness, if you will allow that word, yet it is one among others. And then, when the child is born on the other side, he is born into an atmosphere of expectation. He is not out of the cradle before he learns that he has got to earn his own living; he is hereditarily inspired with the idea of money. Sometimes, when I see babies in the cradle apparently pawing the air, I think that they are making change in their own minds of future bargains. But this has great force as an educating element in early childhood: "You will be poor if you do not exert yourself;" and at every future stage it lies with each man what his condition in society is to be.

The First Mistake.

This becomes a very powerful developer of the cerebral mass, and from it comes intelligence and power of intellect. And then, upside of that, when he goes

into life the whole style of society tends towards intense cerebral excitability. For instance, as to business, I find in London that you may go down at nine o'clock and there is nobody in his office, at ten o'clock the clerks are there, at eleven o'clock some persons do begin to appear. By that time the Yankees have got half through the day. And it is in excess; it is carried to a fault; for men there are ridden by two demons. They desire excessive property—I do not know that they are much distinguished from their ancestors—they desire more than enough for the uses of the family, and when a man wants more money than he can use, he wants too much. But they have the ambition of property, which is accursed, or should be. Property may be used in large masses to develop property, and co-ordinated estates may do work that single estates cannot do; I am not, therefore, speaking of vast enterprises like railroads and factories. But the individual man thinks in the beginning, "If I could only make myself worth a hundred thousand dollars, I should be willing to retire from business." Not a bit of it. A hundred thousand dollars is only an index of five hundred thousand; and when he has come to five hundred thousand he is like Moses—and very unlike him—standing on the top of the mountain and looking over the promised land, and he says to himself, "A million! a million!" and a million draws another million, until at last he has more than he can use, more than is useful for him, and he won't give it away—not till after his death. That is cheap benevolence. Well, this is the first element of mistake among large classes of commercial life in America.

The Second Mistake.

The second is, they want it suddenly. They are not willing to say, "For forty years I will lay

gradually the foundations, and build the golden stores one above another." No ; they want grass lands. They want to win by gambling, for that is gambling when a man wants money without having given a fair equivalent for it. And so they press nature to her utmost limits till the very diseases of our land are changing ; men are dropping dead with heart disease ; men are dropping dead—it is paralysis ; men are dropping dead—it is Bright's disease. Ah ! it is the violence done to the brain by excessive industry, through excessive hours, and through excessive ambition, which is but another name for excessive avarice.

Election Excitement.

But outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is politics. Now, you in this insular and cool climate are never excited in politics at all, but we are in our sunshiny land ; especially are we so once in four years, when the great quartennial election comes off, and when the most useless thing on God's earth is built on God's earth—namely, a political platform, which men never use and never stand on after it is once built. Then the candidates are put forth, and every newspaper editor, and every public-spirited citizen and elector goes before the people and declares to them that the further existence of the Government depends on the election of both parties. Now, nations have a wondrous way of continuing to live after they are doomed to death, and we contrive to get along from four years to four years ; nevertheless the excitement is prodigious. Men say these wild excitements are not wholesome, I say they are the best things that can happen to the community. I say the best speeches of the community scattered through the land, discussing

finance, taxes, education, are the education of the common people, and they learn more in a year of universal debate than they would in twenty years of reading and thinking without such help.

The Doctrinal Church.

Well, outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is in the Church, which is the hottest place of all. I do not mean a torrid heat ; I do not mean a fuliginous kind of heat ; I mean simply this—honest—that, even under its poorest administration, religion brings to bear upon the human brain the most permanent and the most profound excitements that are known to humanity. Now, if you take denominations as they are now, you could not illustrate much by them, for they are mere incidents in the history of time, and they are no permanent, cohesive, systematic developments. You must shuffle the cards and have a new deal for an illustration, and I divide all Christian denominations into three sections: those that work by doctrines ; those that work by emotion ; and those that work by devotion. The men that work by doctrines are men that think they have found out the universe ; they have not only got it, but they have formulated it ; they know all about the Infinite, they have sailed round Eternity, they know all about the Eternal and the Everlasting God, and you will hear them discuss questions of theology: "Now God could not, consistent with consistency, do so-and-so." They know all His difficulties ; they know how He got round them. One might easily come to think that God was their next-door neighbour. Well, after all, whether it is true or false—their systematic views, their dogmas—the pedagogic views are very important to teach young and

middle-aged and old to attempt, by philosophic reasoning, to reach into these unfathomable depths. It produces a power upon the brain of most transcendent importance, and they in their way may not increase the sum of human knowledge, but they increase the capacity of the human brain for profound thought and investigation.

The Emotional Church.

Then there are the joyous churches, that love hallelujahs, songs, hymns—revival churches, Moody and Sankey movements, Methodist movements of all kinds. I need not undertake to show you that this emotion tends to produce cerebral activity, and has an educating force in regard to the facility with which the brain acts.

The Devotional Church.

Then there come those churches that run on devotion, formulated prayers, printed services. One would not think that stereotyped prayers read in the dim light of a painted window would produce great conflagration! Nor, indeed, do they. But when you come to the inner life—(A VOICE: We cannot hear")—that was a part I did not want you to hear—when you come to look at the interior life of these churches, you shall find that their charities, their sense of responsibility to the weak and the poor and to the ignorant, are perpetually acting as an inward fire, and developing intelligence in ways not common to the other forms of religious worship.

Common Schools.

Well, what has been the result of all these influences which have been superadded to those

universal stimuli to which all the civilized world outside of our land has been subject? What has been the result on our side? We have 60,000,000 men, women, and children in America; we have common schools for every living soul that is born on that continent—except the Chinese. Now, in the States, where twenty-five years ago it was a penitentiary offence to teach a slave how to read, we are sending out a thousand educated coloured teachers to teach schools, to practise law and medicine through the coloured population of the South; the Government is enlisted in their behalf, and the States are proud of their coloured schools that a little time ago would have burnt a man who dared to advocate the education of the slave. We are the harbour to which all the sails of the world crowd with emigrants, and we bless God for it. Their letters go back thicker than leaves in autumn, to those that are left behind; and we have a vast population from Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from Hungary, from Austria, from Germany, from Russia; we have a vast population from all the Scandinavian lands, from Scotland, from England, and occasionally from Ireland. Let them come; if you don't want them, we do. It takes a little time, you know, to get them used to things; but whenever the children of foreign emigrants, of whom we have 8,000,000 born and bred in our land; whenever those children have gone through our common schools, they are just as good Americans as if they had not had foreign parents. The common schools are the stomachs of the Republic, and when a man goes in there he comes out, after all, American.

A Tremendous Experiment.

Well, now, we are playing the experiment before the world on a tremendous scale, and the world does not

quite believe in it. I do. They say: "With regard to your success in government of the people by the people for the people, in the language of the Liturgy, you are dependent upon extraneous conditions; it is not philosophically to be inferred from the principles of your Government; you have got so much land, wait till the struggle for existence takes place, as in the denser populations of Europe, and then you will find that self-government will be but flimsy to hold men's passions in check, and then, by and by, you will go from anarchy to a centralised and strong Government." I do not blame them for thinking so. If I had been brought up as they have been, perhaps I should think so; but they do not understand it; they do not understand the facts which actually are in existence, and are fundamental. For we are not attempting to build Society; we are by Society attempting to build the individual. We hold that the State is strong in the proportion in which every individual in that State is free, large, independent. You have a finer educated upper class than we have; you have nobler and deeper scholars in greater numbers than we have; you have institutions compared with which ours are puny; you are educating the top, we are educating society from the bottom to the top; we are not attempting to lift favoured classes higher; we are not attempting to give to those that already have, we are attempting to put our hands under the foundations of human life, and lift everybody up. That is a slower work; but when it is done and its fruits are ripe, you will never doubt again which is the wisest and best policy.

A Representative Democracy.

I do not suppose that if you were to go and look upon the experiment of self-government in America, you would have a very high opinion of it. I have

not either, if I just look on the surface of things. Why, men will say: "It stands to reason that 60,000,000 ignorant of law, ignorant of constitutional history, ignorant of jurisprudence, of finance, and taxes and tariffs and forms of currency; 60,000,000 people that never studied these things—are not fit to rule. Your diplomacy is as complicated as ours, and it is the most complicated on earth, for all things grow in complexity as they develop towards a higher condition. What fitness is there in these people? Well, it is not democracy merely; it is a representative democracy. Our people do not vote in mass for anything; they pick out captains of thought, they pick out the men that do know, and they send them to the Legislature to think for them, and then the people afterwards ratify or disallow them.

Defects in the American Legislature.

But when you come to the Legislature I am bound to confess that the thing does not look very much more cheering on the outside. Do they really select the best men? Yes; in times of danger they do very generally, but in ordinary time "kissing goes by favour." What is that dandy in the Legislature for? His father was an eminent judge, and they thought it would be a compliment to the old gentleman to send his son up to the Legislature, not because he knows anything, but because his father does. It won't do to make too close an inquisition as to why people are in legislatures. What is that weasel-faced lawyer doing there? Well, there may be ten or twenty gentlemen who wanted legislation that would favour their particular property interest instead of the commonwealth, and they wanted somebody to wriggle a Bill through the Legislature, and so he sits for the commonwealth. That great blustrous man squeezing on the front seats; what is

he there for? He? He could shake hands with more mothers, kiss more pretty girls and more babies, and tell more funny stories in an hour than any other man in a month, and so they send him up to make laws. When they get there it would do your heart good just to go and look at them. You know what the duty of a regular Republican Democratic legislator is. It is to get back again next winter. His second duty is what? His second duty is to put himself under that extraordinary providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. The old miracle of the prophet and the meal and the oil is outdone immeasurably in our days, for they go there poor one year, and go home rich; in four years they become money-lenders, all by a trust in that gracious providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. Their next duty after that is to serve the party that sent them up, and then, if there is anything left of them, it belongs to the Commonwealth. Some one has said, very wisely, that if a man travelling wishes to relish his dinner he had better not go into the kitchen to see where it is being cooked; if any man wishes to respect and obey the law, he had better not go to the Legislature to see where it is cooked. This, I presume, is entirely an American point of view.

The Best Government.

Well, there are a great many more faults in self-government, but time will not permit me to enumerate them all, and yet I say that self-government is the best government that ever existed on the face of the earth. How should that be with all these damaging facts? "By their fruits ye shall know them." What a government is, is to be determined by the kind of people it raises, and I will defy the whole world in time past, and in time

present, to show so vast a proportion of citizens so well off, so contented, so remunerated by their toil. The average of happiness under our self-government is greater than it ever has been, or can be, found under any sky, or in any period of human history. And the philosophical reason is not far to find; it belongs to that category in which a worse thing is sometimes a great deal better than a better thing. William has been to school for over a year, and his teacher says to him one day: "Now, William, I am afraid your father will think that I am not doing well by you; you must write a composition—you must send your father a good composition to show what you are doing." Well, William never did write a composition, and he does not know how. "Oh, write about something that you do know about—write about your father's farm," and so being goaded to his task, William says: "A cow is a useful animal. A cow has four legs and two horns. A cow gives good milk. I love good milk—William Bradshaw." The master looks over his shoulder, and says: "Pooh! your father will think you are a cow. Here, give me that composition, I'll fix it." So he takes it home and fixes it. Here it reads: "When the sun casts off the dusky garments of the night, and appearing o'er the orient hills, sips the dew-drops pendant from every leaf, the milkmaid goes afield chanting her matin song," and so on, and so on. Now I say that, rhetorically, the master's composition was unspeakably better than William's; but as a part of William's education, his poor scrawly lines are unspeakably better than the one that has been "fixed" for him. No man ever yet learnt by having somebody else learn for him. A man learns arithmetic by blunder in and blunder out, but at last he gets it. A man learns to write through scrawling; a man learns to swim by going into the water, and

a man learns to vote by voting. Now we are not attempting to make a Government; we are attempting to teach sixty millions of men how to conduct a Government by self-control, by knowledge, by intelligence, by fair opportunity to practise. It is better that we should have sixty millions of men learning through their own mistakes how to govern themselves, than it is to have an arbitrary Government with the whole of the rest of the people ignorant.

Educational Effect of Democracy.

Thus far I have spoken of the relation of the development of the common people—their relations to political economy and to government and politics, but I have left out the more important, the less traversed part. I affirm that the intelligence of the great mass of the common people has a direct bearing upon Science, upon Art, upon morality, upon Religion itself. It would not seem as though the men that were superior in education and knowledge could receive anything from those below; perhaps not, perhaps Yes, for that which education gives is more nearly artificial than that which is inspired by the dominant sense and lower condition of the human mind that unites people in greater mass. Why, 200 years ago, there was but one doctor in the village, nobody but him knew anything of medicine. To-day hygiene, physiology, are taught in our schools, are spread abroad by newspapers or in lectures, or from the pulpit, and the common people at any rate in our land have their dividends of human knowledge. A woman that has brought up six children knows more about medicine than the village doctor 200 years ago did. 200 years ago, nobody knew anything about law but the judge and the councillors. To-day everybody knows something about law. We have broken open the arcana, we have distributed its treasures of

knowledge and the labourer knows something about law the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant—everybody has an elementary knowledge of law. Has it destroyed the profession of the law? There never were so many highly educated men as now in the profession of the law, never were they more trustworthy and honorable, never had larger interests put into their hands, never had larger fees, and never were more willing to have them than they are now. They do not suffer by the intelligence of the common people which comes from distribution of the elementary forms of professional knowledge.

Effect on the Church.

Well, how is it with regard to the Church? Just the same; just the same. Three hundred years ago there was but one Bible in a parish in England, and that was chained to a column in the church; and there was but one man to read it—the priest. And the people did not understand it then, and it was a part of official duty to go from house to house on the theory that the average parent did not know enough to teach the children the first principles of morality and of religion. Go to-day over the same community and on the Sabbath morning you shall see the girls and the young men with Bibles under their arms, themselves teachers, going down to mission schools, going down to instruct their inferiors. The profession has distributed its functions among the common people. Has it destroyed the profession? It never was stronger, never was as strong as it is to-day. Thank God as to mere professional nomination, say by ordination, say by some endowment from without, there never was a time when they had so little influence since the Advent as they have to-day: and it is growing less and less, and with the ages they will grow so pale that they cannot cast a shadow. There never was a time when the man of God, because he

was a man moved by the Holy Spirit of God to unfold his own moral consciousness, living among men, tied to them by no other ties than the sympathies of love, there never was a time when he had so much influence as he has to-day. And let me say that with regard to the title "ministers of the Gospel" everywhere, who have great and proper influence, it is not the paraphernalia, but it is the man inside of all these things that is the power. An ennobled manhood is coming into a position of influence in this world that it never had in any other period, nor in any other nation. This great English stock is the root, as the Germanic from which it sprang, of the grandest manhood that ever has been, but the stature has yet to be greater, and the power and the character are yet to be greater. Now, has it changed the economy of the Church? has it destroyed it? The Church was never so strong as it is to-day. It is not the pastor's business any longer to go from house to house as if they were ignorant. Fathers and mothers of children have now more knowledge than, 300 years ago, the minister himself had, and the families are the bulwarks of the Church. It may be said that the Church has protected the family, but the Church itself has had its life from the family emancipated, and made larger and nobler. Well, has it promoted morality? Yes! Of all the schools on earth where intelligence and piety dwell together, the father lip and the mother love, have been the instructors of the children. There is more in these centres of real purity, and staunch honesty, and thorough integrity, than in any other institutions that are upon the earth.

Effect on Theology.

Well, has it made any difference with theology? Yes, thank God, a great deal of difference. Theology

in every age is the best account that men can give of the relations of the human family to God, and the types must be the types that society in those periods is best acquainted with; and when men thought that the King was Divinely King, and that the channel of instruction to mankind came through the King, it was almost inevitable that the God should be nothing but a superhuman King, having no consideration for the individual, but only thinking about His law and about the universe and about the national life, not the individual life; and that theology underlays much of their Evangelicism, and men are running round it or creeping over it, or running against it and knocking their brains out. Well, what has the education of the common people done in that regard? It has taught men the meaning of the first sentence of the Lord's prayer: "Our Father." The old theology is from the forge, from law, from Government among men; the New Testament theology takes its centre in the Fatherhood of God and in the Divine love. And how has that theology been changed? If there be one thing which the family can teach men it is the doctrine of love, and if there be one priestess that can teach it above all others it is the mother. Hers are the sufferings that precede the child's existence; through the doors and pangs of the mother it comes to life. She is the food of the child, she watches it. If it is sick she is the nurse; if it suffers she suffers yet more. She gives up all her natural liberty, she accounts no assembly so full of pleasure, and nowhere else is her life so sweet to her as by the side of the cradle or with the babe in her lap. For this she suffered, for this she gives all her knowledge, and as it grows up step by step she feeds it, and she becomes its knowledge and its righteousness, and its justice and its sanctification; she stands for it, and out of her it lives. And when the father

even has lost out of his ear the funeral bell when the child has gone, the mother hears it toll to the end of her life. Or, when misled and over-tempted, a child in ascending years breaks away from family influence and goes down step by step to disgrace and misery, and at last is afar off, the dear child sends back word: "Oh, mother, may I come home to die?" there is no reproach, the one word that rings out like an angel's trumpet is: "Oh, my child, come home," and the mother's knee to the returning prodigal is the most sacred place in the universe this side of the feet of Jesus Christ, and if there be one single creature out of Heaven or on the earth that is able to teach the theologian what is the love of God, it is the mother. And that work has but begun, and both the teacher, the preacher, and the Church are to see balmier and better days in the time to come, when at last we shall have a theology that teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The Cry for Peace.

Men are alarmed, they want peace. Well, you can find it in the graveyard, and that is the only place. Among living men you can find no peace. Growth means disturbance; peace means death in any such sense as that of non-investigation, not changing, and if men say: "If you give up the old landmark you do not know where you will land." I know where you will land if you do not. Do you believe in God? I do. Do you believe that He has a providence over human affairs? I do. And I believe that that hand that has steered this vagrant world through all the dark seas and storms of the past has hold of the helm yet, and through all seeming confusions He will steer the nations and the people to the golden harbour of the millennium safe. Trust Him, love Him, and rejoice.

THE WASTES AND BURDENS OF SOCIETY.

I SPEAK on the wastes and burdens of society. Society is the most comprehensive of all institutions, the most complex. It is really the method under which men live together in all their interests, in their social relations, in their business, in their very various conditions of poverty, or riches, or industry. It is the largest subject that could be handled, and so large that when the subtler elements are considered that enter into it, no man can comprehend the whole of it. He can select departments, the moral elements, the political elements, the industrial elements, the intellectual elements; but there is in society something more than either or all of these put together. There is that which in the human body exists; there are hands, there are feet, there is a heart, and there is a head; but when the physiologist has enumerated every organ and all its functions, he has not yet described the man. Life is that subtle thing that no man can express and no man can understand; and so it is in that great organic body—society. Under the providence of God it is an existence having within itself, though apparently much mixed and obscured, a life of its own. Its formation depends very much on climate, on the occupations of men, on the government and

laws under which they live, upon the condition of religious beliefs that prevail among them, whether old or late information ; yet, after all, with all these variations effected by these incidental circumstances, there is something more than these enumerations indicate. If you had never seen an acorn or any seed brought from a distant land, you might make a difference in its growth by the soil which you gave it, by the culture that followed it, by the climate in which it was brought forward ; but after all there would be in that seed something that would not change ; it would go right on from the germ to unfold itself as it pleased, according to the nature that was in the seed. This is entirely set aside, apparently, by those men who are seeking to reconstruct society in the air upon the principle of a theory. They think that society as it has been is very imperfect ; so do I. They think it may be made much better ; so do I. They think they have got the trick of doing it ; and I don't. They formulate this, and they formulate that, and after all society goes stumbling on and has its own way. As if a naturalist would think that an elephant was a great deal too big, and that he was clumsy, and should undertake to make elephants grow up to his own idea of alertness and strength combined, as they are not in the elephant. Society is an unmanageable thing. Whatever exertion you lay out on it will produce some effect ; but it will not be the resultant of your will, but the result that Nature gives to this complex organisation as it pleases her. Let me then proceed, not to undertake to propound a new theory of what society ought to be, but simply to do what every doctor does. He can diagnose what is the health or sickness of every individual, but he cannot reconstruct it ; he has got to act upon the lines of creation for each individual. I can criticise, I can point out wastes, I can show

the burdens, and these may successively be cut down by criticism, and practically reduced in weight, in number, in various ways ; but this is very different from undertaking to reconstruct society from that foundation upon some notion of philosophy.

THE WASTE OF SICKNESS.

The first burden that I shall mention, the first waste, is *sickness* and *weakness*. Here and all the way through I beg you to understand that I am not discussing these topics, which in succession will come up, from the standpoint of humanity or morality, and still less from the standpoint of spiritual religion, but from the standpoint of political economy. That is the "science" which takes cognisance of the production of wealth, its distribution, and its uses in rendering society strong and happy, and I am speaking now in regard to each successive phase of waste and of burden from that point.

A Loss of Two-Thirds.

The proper duration of human life I suppose to be anywhere from eighty to a hundred years. Men are built so that they have a right to expect that. A man ought to be ashamed to die before he is seventy years old. But the average duration of human life is about thirty-three years. Consider what a waste that is, when society has in itself the power of prolonging life to a hundred years, or ninety years, or eighty years, and the average of the duration of life is but thirty, according to the old account, and thirty-three now, according to the more modern estimate. Well, here is two-thirds wasted ; one-third only does all the work that is done in human society ; and if you consider the period of non-productive-

ness necessary in the development of childhood, and if you give to the aged and outworn the liberty of some years on the other side of life, and then count the productive forces, I think it may be said, taking the world over, it is an insufficient estimate that one-fourth of the human family do all the work that is done, and support the other three-fourths. Now, sickness is, from the standpoint of political economy, a squandering of the forces of productive labour in human life. No corporation, no commercial enterprise could succeed,—they would go to smash, the whole of them,—if they wasted three-fourths of all their forces ; and yet this great institution, human society, squanders three-fourths of all its forces, and yet steadily holds on its way through time ; in spite of all its diseases and all its burdens and all its squanderings, it continues to exist ; such are its vital forces.

Waste of Weakness.

Now, from the standpoint of political economy, weakness is worse than sickness, for if a man has any self-respect when he is sick he will either get well or he will die, but a man that is weak will not do either. He not only does nothing, but he hangs on the hands of men who do take care of him, and so far as political economy is concerned, though adding nothing he subtracts a good deal. From the standpoint of affection it is a very different question, but from the standpoint of the productiveness of mankind in political economy it is a very fair question, so that weakness and death are to be regarded as the wastes of the industrial forces of human life.

A Vaporious Intimacy.

One would not suppose, after the world has had philosophy so long and has so much of it now, that

there would be any need, such as I feel burdened with to-night, to set forth how utterly inadequate men's ideas are in regard to the maintenance and propagation of health. There are two things that God made the most of in this world that men are more afraid of than of anything else—fresh air and cold water. As regards this matter of fresh air: so that a man can breathe, he seldom troubles himself what it is he is breathing; but nature considers what it is that he is breathing all the time. I have been speaking for more than fifty years in every conceivable place—in halls, in churches—and I have yet to meet one single place where an audience ought to be detained for an hour. A healthy man in the open air breathes about 2,000 cubic feet of air an hour. Our best hospitals make arrangements for about 1,200 feet per hour; our best gaols and penitentiaries make provision for about 600 cubic feet per hour; what the churches provide I do not know. The schools in the city of Philadelphia—and it is supposed to be a model city—provide for each child 156 cubic feet per hour. In our schools in Brooklyn, where I live, 59, 45, 39, and, in one disgraceful instance, 24 cubic feet are provided for those little wretches that we call our children. If they had been thieves they would have got 600 in gaol. An audience gathered together in ordinary assembly-rooms not only has no considerable proportion of that which they should have, but ordinarily in such an assembly-room as this, in about fifteen minutes the fresh air has been all used up once, and as there is very little resupply it will very soon be breathed over twice, three times, four times, five times, and in less than an hour every man, woman, and child in this assembly will have in him something of every other man, woman, and child. It is but very rarely that one sees a person who thinks so well of him that he would like to eat him

up. This vaporous intimacy with each other's interiors is not wholesome, and yet it is almost universal. The filth of it never seems to have struck anybody at all. If you were to invite a friend to your house, and put him into a bed where fifty men in succession had slept without any change of sheets, he would justly think you were a filthy householder, and you would have a right to be ashamed; or if you sat a man down to your table, and told him that ten men had eaten from that knife and fork and plate before he came in, he would not tolerate it for a moment; but yet they will go on eating each other over and over and over again without the slightest reluctance. Every man or woman in a congregation has something in him in half-an-hour of everybody else. But nobody thinks about it, and of all creation the men who think less about it than any others are architects. They make clean the outside and beautify the house, but within it is full of dead men's breaths, or the dead breaths of men.

A Man's Value.

Well, there has been an estimate formed in the United States, which I suppose will answer substantially for Great Britain, as to the economical value of a man. We estimate a man's value in the United States as based upon the fact that men earn upon an average 600 dollars a year, and a man's value is a capital whose interest amounts to 600 dollars a year, and every time an experienced mechanic, every time a labouring farmer, every time a productive citizen dies, the community loses the capital, whose annual interest is 600 dollars. Of course, when I am called to a funeral I never take it on that standpoint. I never say, "Six hundred

dollars gone, brethren." Sentiment, taste, and religious feeling would prevent that, but it is gone, and gone very largely by the decease of men whom society cannot afford to let go. If an annual death of 600 men in the community had taken place, and they were all mere politicians, why we could get along all the better for their going. But one ingenious, inventive, skilful, and industrious mechanic is worth a whole shoal of those insects that fly about the community called politicians.

A Civic Duty.

Now, it is the duty of every civic ruler to look at this matter ; it is the duty of every governing body, national State, county, town, city, to look after the health of the citizens, in draining, in lighting, in cleansing the streets, and in securing them from epidemics, or from the more gradual causes of sickness, and weakness, and death. And in doing this work it is indispensable, according to the dictates of the largest philosophy, and that is Christianity, that the care should be at the bottom of society, first and mainly, and ~~not~~ at the top. If you go into a community and see beautiful mansions, you have a right to rejoice in them. I like to see fine streets, well shaded ; I like to see comfortable dwellings, surrounded by flowers, and all the elements of taste ; but, after all, I can form no idea of the Christian civilisation of any community till I go down and see where the working-men live, where the mechanics live. The test of civilisation is not at the top, it is the average, but more especially the bottom of society. They may be too weak to do it themselves, they may be too ignorant to do it themselves ; it is, therefore, one of the highest duties of civic bodies to see to it, that the

great under-mass of human society are put and kept in conditions of health.

Look to the Cellar!

And there is also an appeal in this matter to those that are able by reason of knowledge and of wealth to have ventilated dwellings and all the sanitary appliances of modern knowledge. It is right; but it is not the only thing that is right. No man can go home and shut his door and walk upon his royal carpets and say, "All things in my house conduce to health." Society is so knit together that the condition of the upper classes is very largely, though indirectly, determined by the condition of the under classes, and in no one respect more than in the matter of health; for, although they may seem to you brutal, there is no family so poor, there is no family so ignorant, there is no family so sottish that they cannot develop smallpox and malarial fevers. They know enough for that if they do not know other things, and when they are developed they do not stay at home; the wind carries them, they sweep through the whole community, and the neglect and indolence of the upper classes may return in the form of so-called Divine Providence through the development of epidemics by the under classes of society. For their own sake and for the sake of humanity every thinking man and citizen well off should see to it that the great body of society should be taken care of and that a preventible disease should not be allowed to ravage the community. It is pretty generally the custom in New England, where the winters are long, to have a great store of potatoes, cabbages, onions, and all manner of vegetables, and the old-fashioned way was as soon as the climate became too severe for them to be left out in the open air, to put them in

the cellars, which are built with thick walls and where they will not freeze, and when the spring begins to come on and the remnant of the vegetables begins to reek and germinate malarial influences, those silent, vaporous influences steal up through crack and cranny and partition. By-and-by one of the children is sick; the doctor is sent for. He says: "It is singular that the child should have such a trouble as this; if you lived in a squalid neighbourhood I could understand it, but this looks very much as if it were malarial disease." The child dies. By-and-by a second child is taken sick, and the wonder grows; and the mother goes down, and by this time they send for the minister, and he looks grave. "Mysterious providence!" he says. Mysterious providence! It is not providence at all; it is rotten onions and potatoes downstairs. You cannot have a foul cellar and not have a dangerous upstairs; and in society the upper classes have a great deal more risk than they are apt to suppose; though they keep themselves in a sanitive condition, yet there is this reeking influence that is coming up directly or indirectly from society everywhere.

THE PARASITE WASTE.

The next burden and waste in society that I should mention is that which springs upon us from our *parasites*. A parasite is an animal organised to get its living out of somebody else. It does not work; it sucks for a living. Of course, you know what a vegetable parasite is, the red spider, and the green aphid and aphides everywhere; we know what animal parasites are, intestinal or exterior; but the worst parasites in the world are human parasites, and society is full of them. All healthy men competent to work, but unwilling, who live upon society without giving an equivalent, I call

parasites. The young man has had some ambition ; he has run through his active energies, and he loiters about the streets morning and noon and night, and picks up a living, Providence may know how. At last he comes to that condition in which, having chanced one day in church to hear from the noble old book, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise," off he goes to his aunt, and lives on her after that. All vicious men, and men that come to the legitimate results of vice, all criminal men that forsake industries and live by warfare, open or secret, I call parasites. These that become the offscouring of communities, that ichorously drop from stage to stage, and at the bottom form a malarious mud—these parasites of society are wasters ; and I have a right to denounce vice and crime and all the courses that lead to them, not alone upon high moral principle, not alone upon mere schedules of morality, but because they are my enemies and your enemies, and they bleed us and suck us, they are vermin that infest our bodies and our families. And if these classes are vicious, criminal, and parasitic, how much more are they that make them, those whose very trade and livelihood consist in making vicious and criminal parasites in a community ? The men that make drunkards are worse than the drunkards. The men that make gamblers are worse than the gamblers. The men that furnish lust with its material are worse than those that are overcome by the lust.

A Citizen's Right.

And yet, when we preach a doctrine of restriction and ask for laws that should hold in these parasites of society, what a clamour is raised—we are interfering with the liberty of men ; they have a right to support their families. Especially they say, "What has a minister got

to do with this business? Why does not he attend to preaching the gospel of peace? Why does he come out and interfere with the avocations of men in society?" I was a citizen before I was a minister, and I do it as a man and citizen, not as a professional minister; yet I would do it that way rather than let it go undone, for I am one of those who do not believe in that kind of minister that seems to be a cross between a man and a woman. There was a time when a man with a hectic cheek and sunken eye was supposed to be near heaven, and fitted to teach men and young men in the proportion in which he was going to the grave himself. Times are changed, and now men are robust and strong, open-eyed men, and they are ministers because they are men and have practical, humane thoughts and sympathies, living among men as men, and not lifted above men on some velvet shelf where by reason of their mere externals they are considered above and better than the average of human nature. Either way, I think it is the duty of every moral teacher to scourge the makers of vices and the makers of crimes, and the men that invalidate the health or morality of the great body of the community. And there is another reason why I have a right to speak out. You declare that I have no right to meddle with other people's business; no, but I have a right to take care of my own business. My sons and daughters are dear to me, and when men do wrong about them by lures and temptations and snares, for humanity's sake as well as for parental affection and love I have a right to interfere.

A Woman's Vote.

And I hold that that is a sphere in which above all others a woman has a right to interfere. What are called woman's rights are simply the rights of human

beings, and before a woman can do right and well in the direction of humanity and virtue she has a right to vote. In our land the vote is rapidly becoming the magister as things go with us, and more and more throughout all civilised countries the power of the vote is increasing. I hold that a woman has the right to vote ; but if you withhold from her on any considerations of supposed propriety voting for the remote questions of civility, there is one sphere where a woman is not allowed to vote, and where she ought to have a vote. She brings forth children in pain, she spends and squanders her life on them, bringing them up from infancy and helplessness to manhood and strength ; and if there is one creature on the earth that has a right to vote what sort of school there should be in a district, what teacher should be there, for how many months it should be kept open, what should be taught in it, if there is one person who has a right to speak of the gambling dens and drinking hells that are round about her family, it is the mother of the children, and in all police relations and educational matters and everything that touches the virtue and morality of society, our civilisation will not be perfected until it should be, as it is in religion, that man and woman stand before God equal and alike.

An Arrogant Tax-gatherer.

There is another aspect of this matter of the criminal classes that is worthy a moment's consideration. It is industry that pays for laziness ; it is virtue that pays for vice ; it is law-abiding and God-fearing men that pay for unprincipled men's misdeeds. All the waste of society is made up by the virtuous elements in it. I am taxed, you are taxed heavily—taxed not for humanity in the care of the disabled poor—that tax we pay cheerfully—but you are taxed and I am taxed for the ignorance, for the

vice, for the crime, for the laziness, of all the parasitic forces of human society. I am content when I am taxed by our law that applies equally to every one, but the pickpocket has no right to put his hand in my pocket; and the grog-seller has no right to levy taxes on me. The vices of society are the most arrogant of tax-gatherers; they lay the imposts themselves; they themselves declare how much men shall pay; they collect it themselves; you stand by and pay for the devil's wages.

THE WASTE OF IGNORANCE.

The third waste that I shall mention is that which comes from *ignorance*. It is a great loss to a man to have had a head put on him with nothing in it, and next to that it is a great misfortune to a man to have had a good deal put into his head and not know it is there. It is a curse to an ignorant man to be ignorant. If a man had no eyes, no ears, and no use of his tongue, he would be shut out from so much of knowledge, and every man would bemoan his condition and ask, "Why does he live?" But more than the eyes and the ears and the tongue are perpetually paralysed in an ignorant man. Eyes he has, but he cannot see the length of his hand; ears he has, and all the finest sounds in creation escape him; a tongue he has, but it is cursed with blundering. An ignorant man is a man whom God packed up and men have not yet unfolded. If a man has as a mechanic a chest of tools and knows how to use a gimlet and a saw, and that is all, it is a great deprivation to him; he cannot keep up in the race of life; and an ignorant man must of necessity be dropping down, down to the bottom.

The Average Tells.

Society moves upon averages. It is not enough to make society progressive, to develop the top of

it. In the dairy it may be all very well to have the cream on the top, but it is very poor in society to have the thing repeated ; for society does not move by the force of its top—that influences some—but it is the average of the mass that either accelerates or retards the movements of society in advance. It is the hull and the freight, and not the sails alone, that determine the quickness of the voyage, and ignorance at the bottom of society benumbs society ; it is obliged to drag this vast bulk. It is like a gouty man trying to walk ; he may be good at the top and all the way down, but his feet are not good, and he cannot walk. It behoves, therefore, as a matter of political economy simply, that by schools and popular knowledge ignorance should be purged out from every community. There can be no prosperity that is deserving of that name that leaves at the bottom a section of ignorance nearly equal to that in the middle or top of society.

Political Ignorance.

But chiefly it is the relation of ignorance to public affairs that I would emphasize—the relation of ignorance in the production of property, and the relation of ignorance in that which concerns all property, legitimate legislation, and administration. In olden times, when there were but two classes in the State, one of whom said : “ Thus saith the king,” and the other had nothing to do but to say : “ Yea ” and “ Amen,” it did not matter so very much in the matter of political economy. But with the growth of the ages the light that in early times shone only on the top of the mountain is finding its way down the mountain side lower and lower into the valley, and the inevitable course of the development of humanity is that the great under classes shall have some voice, and

at last we have come to a period in which it may be said of all the civilised nations of Europe and of America that the mass of the common people have come to such a twilight intelligence as that they are partners in the administration of law and of government. Now, where men holding the vote are really determinative of the best legislation, it is to the last degree important that they should have both knowledge and intelligence. I make a distinction between knowledge and intelligence; intelligence is the capacity to see, to understand, to choose, to determine; it is an ever-active force; but knowledge is merely the fruit of intelligence—what it has found out. They are separable. I have known a great many men stop with knowledge—that could do nothing; I have known men that had intelligence and no education, and did a great deal. Best it is that both, large knowledge springing from active intelligence, should be the possession of every citizen.

Free Schools.

Above all, we need that men should have that kind of education that should enable them to put themselves to their best uses. And this, if I may be permitted to say so, in ignorance particularly of your systems of education, for I do not profess to know them, is an experiment that has been carried on in our land—my own land—in America. We hold there that it is a crime to allow a man to grow or his children to grow up in ignorance, and it is a crime against the Commonwealth. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and from the Lakes on the North to the Gulf of Mexico on the South, there is not now a State nor a territory, the population being either white or black, foreign emigrants or native-born citizens, in which there is not esta

blished a free public school for the country. For it is held to be necessary for the existence of the Commonwealth that those that have the power of the vote shall have that power in the hands of intelligence, and for the conservation of the State itself. The State, the Commonwealth thereof, all of them determine that the people, as the first condition of citizenship, shall come up through the common schools of America, and no man pays one farthing for the instruction of his children, because the State cannot afford any other conditions for its rising population. More than that, the common schools of America are more and more going upon such a ground as that wealth and position cannot afford to go anywhere else for the education of its children. We are making our common schools so good that no paid school can stand under the grip of them. And it is a good thing in another way, too; it is a good thing for every class in society, however widely they may ultimately differ, to start together in a common citizenship. The children of the rich and the children of the poor sit together on the same bench. The rich man's dunce has no preference over the poor man's genius. Here is a clergyman's son, and right alongside of him the son of the clergyman's washerwoman, and oftentimes the last shall be first and the first last. Where there is to be a government of the people it is a good thing that for once in their life there shall be a level, and that the children shall stand on that democratic level all together and alike; then let them shoot up just as far as their several talents will allow them.

THE WASTE OF QUARRELSOMENESS.

The next and fourth of the wastes that I shall mention is that of *quarrelsomeness*, the bulldog

nature of men. Darwin supposes that men descended, or ascended, rather, from the animal, and I think I have seen men that came down through the wolf—another man seems to have come down through the bear, another through the fox, and some men through the hog, and I see some men that came down through the bulldog. The excitement of life with them is some form of combating; they love to fight. Now, the honest and temperate conflict, the attrition of mind with mind, the comparison of opinions and the proof of them in a gentle school of fencing is beneficial. The want of excitement is death. Excitement carried on from the basilar passions is bad; but intellectual and moral excitement are the very conditions of social life. But that kind of excitement that becomes quarrelsome and cruel has stood in the way of human progress for centuries, and it is not out of the way yet. For example, there are organised hindrances that stand upon quarrelsomeness and selfishness. In commerce competition, to a certain extent, is honest, but carried to excess it becomes quarrelsomeness. They may, and often do, try to swallow up all those that are weaker than they. Up to a certain point it is normal, but beyond that point I think it is criminal. All attempts to restrict the liberty of men, and all violence in doing it, are criminal. I do not speak alone of governmental violence, but of legislative violence. I am sure I carry you with me when I say that I regard Free Trade as being the virtue of our age, and that oppressive taxations are quarrelling with the best interests of the whole of human society.

Religious Quarrelsomeness.

But all these things are not to be compared for one moment. The conflicts of politics, the fierce

engendered strifes that grow out of it, the over-reaching, the under-reachings of men—all these secular things are not to be compared for one single moment as hindrances with organised religious quarrelsomeness. About eighteen hundred years ago some inexpert angels came singing out of heaven, and their song or chaunt was: "On earth peace and goodwill to men!" and they looked down and saw what men were doing, and they flew back to heaven as quick as they could go, and never sang that song again. There never was so little of anything on earth as peace, and among those things that have destroyed it nothing has done more than organised religion. Religion as a creed or system has been one of the most ruthless or destructive of the influences that have ravaged human society. Turn back on the pages of history. Look at the wars that have sprung from creed differences; look at the battles, the despotism, the racks, the inquisitions; go through the bloody path in which the feet of the Prince of Peace, acting as Providential Governor of the world, has passed. Christ has trodden again Gethsemane, and that for two thousand years, and the chief advocates of His opposition have been those that were anointed and ordained to preach the principle of love and of peace. All the world, when the Greek Church and the great Catholic Church were at odds with each other, was inflamed. In both Churches—but more especially in the Catholic Church—what noble names! what saintly women! what admirable men! what a sweet literature! And to-day, how it shows some of the noblest specimens of Christian life! And yet, when you look upon its whole prolonged history, you see it smiting here and there by the sword, by fines, imprisonments, and in every other way. Religion was spoiled in its very fountain, and instead of its being love, the fulfilling of

the law of the universe, it was simply infernal ; and in those ages in which the Church organised itself to compel everybody to worship in some one way, to believe in some one schedule of doctrine, to declare themselves in affiliation with any special line of organisations, I do not wonder that a man who was a Christian after the New Testament idea was an infidel. Thousands of men have turned away from religion organised because they were just and humane, because they loved God and they loved their fellow-men. There are no more dungeons now in civilised lands where men are imprisoned for the want of orthodoxy. No more are men burned, no more are men exiled, no more are men fined and their property confiscated. The punishment has changed ; but it has not been destroyed. A more exquisite torture is where you take a man's name away from him, and his reputation, and make one sect stand over against another with sneer and hissing, where you make a man because he is of a different Church from yourself a by-word, and warn men against him. The difference between you and him may be on a point of abstract philosophy, or it may turn on ornaments, or on some mediæval doctrine ; it is no excuse to say that a man that torments and punishes with moral intolerance believes it is necessary ; it makes no difference what he believes. The man without the spirit of Christ may believe what he pleases, but he is anti-Christ.

Growing Fellowship.

The condition of sects is very much improving. I have no objection to sects, denominations—have just as many as you mind to have, if you only teach them to behave themselves. A sect is under the

same Christian law as an individual is. I have no right to go and see what time my neighbour has breakfast, though it differs from my time. I have no right to inspect his table and see what he eats and drinks; whole streets may live in amity and fellowship though they differ in a housekeeping way; they have perfect fellowship in secular things, but jealousies appear in all the elements that lie higher than that—in the realm of purity and love. The day is advancing rapidly, for so large is becoming the sphere of mutual co-operative work in the reforms that are going on, that men who before would scarcely look at each other or walk on the same side of the street find themselves assembled on peace or temperance platforms, and, to their amazement, when they see a brother there, and look him over, he has neither horns nor hoofs. It is a great thing to bring men together. The effect of organised orthodoxy in days gone by has been to keep men apart. That was the theory of the Old Testament. To save men from idolatry and the infectious passions that belonged to it, they were shut up in Palestine; but when Christ came, regarding the moral forces of religion as sufficiently strong to take care of themselves, He said to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And the spirit of Christianity is one that spreads itself, accepts the universality of humanity, and tends to draw men to each other in creed and in church and in life. A procedure in this life that disintegrates and scatters moral and honest men is not Christian. By-and-by, when all the good that is in all the churches shall be confluent, and when men shall help each other by all that they agree in; when the things in which men agree—which are a hundred times more than those in which they disagree—shall come to the front and to the top, there is moral power enough in

this world to make an advance of ages as measured by the past.

THE WASTE OF MISFITS.

The fifth topic of waste and burden is the *misfit of men*. One thing is very certain, that no man can do his best work except along the line of his strongest faculties. Sometimes men do not know what the line of their strongest faculties is, and very often nobody else knows. And yet, when you look at society and the adaptations of men, this misfit of men to function is very pitiful. The best strength of men is wasted often. There are men most conscientious, most serenely sweet and pure and pious, digging and delving away in the pulpit where they are not fitted to be. A man that is fitted for the pulpit is a man that has the genius of moral ideas, and there are a great many men that have not the genius of moral ideas, or any other, and yet they are in the pulpit. I can say this with the more boldness here, as I have so many ministers present.

The Mystery of the World.

But did it ever occur to you that of all the mysteries in this world the greatest are not religious mysteries, not the Trinity, not Atonement, not decrees, not election, not any of these things? The mystery of this world is how men were created and shoved on to this globe, and let alone. Whatever has been revealed in Old or New Testament that tells of man, is that he has got a brain, and that is a seat of intelligence, but it has been only within my memory that men have been taught that brains were of any use. Hundreds of men do not believe it yet. Ages went away before a man knew what the heart was for, or what it was doing. Men were not told in the early day, neither by writing on the heavens nor by words spoken by the prophet, nor was it made known

by any philosophy, what the structure of their own bodies was, and the relation of their bodily condition to the outward world, which itself also was a wilderness of ideas. They had no idea of what was its organisation ; they were left as perfectly helpless as a child in the nursery, and it was through hundreds and thousands of years that men groped and groped and died, when the medicine was right under their feet in the vegetable world ; although there was the remedy no voice told them of it. What if I put a child on the foot-board of a locomotive and say : " Run this Flying Dutchman 500 miles, and it will be death if you come to any accident." The human body is a more complicated piece of machinery than any engine ; yet for ages and ages until our day men have had no considerable insight either into their own structure, or into the relations of the physical world, or into the highest problems that belong to morality or religion.

Greyhounds for Oxen.

And, even now, when a young man of fifteen or sixteen wants to know what he is fit for, who can tell him ? He goes to the doctor, who sounds his heart and lungs, and says : " You are healthy." " Well, what should a healthy young man do ? " " Oh, you had better go to the schoolmaster." The schoolmaster says : " Are you advanced in mathematics ? Do you know something about history and political economy ? " " Yes ; what would you recommend me to do for my livelihood ? " " Well, anything that happens to come to hand." He can give him no direction. He goes to the minister, and his minister says to him : " Have you been baptized ? Do you say your prayers every morning and night ? Do you believe in the creed ? " " Well, sir, what do you recommend me to do as my life business ? " " Well, I commend you to Provi-

dence?" The minister is as ignorant as the man is—the blind leading the blind. In this condition of things, is it strange that men should take to their professions not from an elective affinity, not because they feel an impulse to run along the lines of their strongest faculties, but from ambition, and from the promise of gain, and from misguiding love? Here is a man, a bricklayer, and he has organised industry and acquired great wealth, and his family increases amain. His eldest son they set up in business, and he has inherited from his father business tact. The second son grows up, and the mother says: "Well now, James is a very conscientious boy, and I think we had better make a lawyer of him." They do, and he utterly fails. They say: "William?—William seems to have parts and has an interest in Nature; I think we had better make him a doctor. That is a very respectable calling—we will make a doctor of William. As to Thomas, he is a good boy; he is not very strong in body, and he is not so bright in mind as the other children, but he would make a good minister;" and so the parental idea is not, "What are my children fitted for?" but, "What is respectable? What will give them standing in the opinion of their fellow-men." And so men are perpetually going to things that are above their capacity and other men in various conditions of life are toiling in spheres that are below their capacity. What if a farmer should harness greyhounds together and plough with them? What if racing on the track was to be made by oxen? An ox is for strength, a greyhound for speed; but men are greyhounds where they ought to be oxen, and oxen where they ought to be greyhounds, all their lives. How should they know? By their blunders mostly. How often most admirable men of ideas are mere copyists! They generate thought, they have latent poetry in them, they have latent inspira-

tions; if they had been put in the right avenues, and under the right inspirations, these men would have been great thinkers, and their life like the out-pouring of music. And there are men on the judges' bench holding the court who would have made good and excellent farmers, and not a few men in the blacksmith forge and in the stithy, or in the mines, who would have been excellent citizens; but they are all mixed up like a keg of nails. There is many a labouring man that would have made a good exhorter and a good preacher, and there are many preachers that evidently were not "called." When God calls a man to preach He always calls an audience to go and hear him. There is many a man thinks he has heard a call, and doubtless he did, but it was somebody else's call. I think I do not err when I say that one half of the energy of life is badly applied, and that, too, which is adapted for the superior functions of human life. There has got to be a great light arise in that direction.

THE WASTE OF LYING.

Then the next great mischief, which you will hear gratefully, because we always like to hear the faults discussed which we do not find in ourselves, is *lying*. Craft is the remainder of the animal life that inheres in man, for weakness in the presence of strength is obliged to resort to craft, to dig under, to go sideways. Concealment belongs to weakness in the presence of despotic strength. Slavery always produces lying subjects, and in the struggle for life among men the weak seek to make up their deficiencies of strength by craft. And it is not always the weak either that do it, for men have an impression that truth, pure and unadulterated, is like twenty-two carat gold, too soft to wear ordinarily, and that it must be adulterated to about

eighteen carat, and then it is tough enough to go. They say a judicious mixture between a truth and a lie is the true currency, and they do not believe in truth. On no subject in this world is there a greater lack of faith than truth. You may have faith in the Transfiguration, and faith in immortality, but you have not faith in the safety of telling the truth everywhere and always. I am one of those that believe the truth ought to be told whenever you tell anything. It is not necessary that a man should always tell everything, but whatever he tells, it is necessary that that should always be truth. A man has a right to concealment. The soul has no more business to go stark naked down the street than a man has to go stark naked as regards his body. It is the preservation of social life and of individual life, and the man that has not a great silence in him, a great reserve in him, is not half a man—he is a babbler, he leaks at the mouth. All this talk about benevolent lies, white lies, and the customary lies of society—I abhor the whole raff of it. But men say, “Would you advise a physician to tell a man that he is going straight down to death?” He will have to die, and lying will not prevent it. “But suppose a man were to come to your house for protection, and you conceal him there, and the soldiers are right after him in times of civil war, and they asked, “Has So-and-so been here?” would you say, “Yes, he was here ten hours ago; we gave him a glass of milk; he is in the forest, go after him and get him;” or would you say, “The man is hid in the house now?” Men say, “Would you betray him? Don’t you think it is right to lie for benevolence?” No, I do not. “Would you tell the truth to a robber, when the life of your children depended upon it?” Probably not; but that has nothing to do with the principle. I may be weak enough to tell a lie; but that does not justify a lie,

nor me in telling it ; and when a man appeals to the weakness of a man to justify a lie, you do not advance in any way towards the truth. I hold that the hardest thing in this world is for a man habitually to tell the truth. A man who tells the truth is like a man who lives in a glass house, and everybody that goes by sees what he is doing there. A man that tells the truth has to be very symmetrical in his character ; he has got to be really a good man, and righteous, or he cannot afford to tell the truth.

Truth the Bond of Society.

Now, the political economy of the matter is this, that lying disintegrates society. Men are united together in the great interests of human life by trust. On an average they believe when a man says a thing ; when he says he has done a thing they take it for granted. We could not live if we could not believe in men. " William, have you deposited those cheques in the bank ? " " Yes, sir, I have. " " May be he has, may be he has not ; I will go round to the bank and see. " " Has my clerk deposited cheques for £1,000 in the bank to-day ? " " Yes, " says the cashier, " he has. " " But there may be a collusion between him and some of the bank officers, I will go inside and see. " " Is your cashier to be believed when he says my clerk has deposited £1,000 ? " If a man had to do all that circumlocution in his business he would not have time to do anything else but to look round. We cannot get organised, combined strength unless a man is trusted, and the moment a man is known not to be trusted there begins the process of separation, and the progress of all human life begins in the belief that men substantially tell the truth. Men say society is full of lies. Yes, it is full of lies. There is a great deal of lying in all sorts of business, ex-

cept the pulpit; and the philosophy of that is at once exposed as a false philosophy in this, that if lying were more common than speaking the truth, society would be like a heap of sand, it would fall apart. The cohesion is the belief in men's veracity. The fact is that a lie has to have a cutting edge of truth or it would not be worth anything. It is the truth that works a lie into anything like victory. On the street, in the shop, in the manufactory, on the ship, at home and abroad, the implication is that a man is to be relied upon for his word or bond, and if you take that away society goes back into original elements and is shipwrecked, and everything that tends to separate the confidence of man in man impedes business, and makes it more and more laborious. If you join to this dishonesty—lying and dishonesty—you double the weight of the armour that a man has to carry; thicker walls are needed, multiplied watchers; like the old armour of knights, that weighed more than a man and a horse together, society is obliged to amour itself. I have sometimes thought that if there might be a miracle in New York, and God should make every man honest and truthful, they would not know one another next day, and the hull would come up many a feet in the water. You may not believe it, but I tell you that the permanent prosperity of society is to be derived not from the basilar faculties but from the caronal. All those influences, therefore, that tend to make the violation of a man's word and pledge easy ought to be swept out of society.

An Abject Superstition.

Then there is the false notion that men are more likely to tell the truth under oath than they are without an oath. A man that will not tell the truth without an oath won't tell the truth with an oath. You cannot make a man honest by machinery.

There has got to be established in him an automatic honesty, an honesty individual. Therefore, I do not believe in the oaths of our courts. In the old days of superstition, men believed that by a reference to arms on the battlefield God would always decide for the right. That has been exploded, and duels and conflicts for the sake of truth are all gone in the lumber-room of heathendom, as well as the old superstition with regard to a man standing before a mysterious deity, and swearing on the penalty of his soul, when he did not believe he had a soul, and did not believe there was much penalty. And see how oaths have passed into disrepute by the mode of prescribing them. Here is an honest, simple-hearted man, who has never been in a court or through a trial; he comes in rather tremulous, and goes in behind the witness box. See how the clerk administers the oath to him. He holds out the Bible as if there was some emanation from the Bible that would make him tell the truth. But some witnesses would not swear and stick to it on a Bible merely; the Bible must have a cross on it; that gives it extra sanctity. Then he is made to kiss it. Was there ever any superstition more abject than that? Then the clerk gets up and says to the man who is waiting to be honest: "In the case of *John Doe v. Richard Roe* you swear—mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble." It gradually dawns on him that he is sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Then the judge and the lawyers on each side are determined he shall not tell the truth, and that he shall lie, and when he goes off the stand he does not know whether he is on his head or his feet. That is called sifting the evidence.

A Manufactory of Lies.

I do not believe in Custom House oaths. I do not believe in Custom Houses anyhow. I think

they are manufactories of lies. I have got to swear when I go back—I have felt like it many times, but I have got to do it—that I have nothing in my trunks or about me contrary to the Custom laws of my country. I know nothing about the Customs laws of my country; I do not know whether they admit a jack knife. I am wearing all new clothes, so I can say I have nothing but what I wear. It is inherent in the oath that it is morally weak. Every man who has to do with the Custom House has a clerk who swears for the firm, who goes down to the Custom House, and does the swearing there. These Custom House oaths are simply ridiculous.

Ordination Oaths.

But there is another kind of oath though not quite so frequent and perhaps not so demoralising, yet hardly less disgraceful, when a green young man fresh from the college or the seminary, who has had his theology put into him as sausages are filled, goes before the council, or the conference, or the convention, or whatever may be the machine, and takes oath that he will preach the doctrines of the confession, or of the creed as they have been interpreted by the Church. For a year or two he does not know anything better than to go on doing it; but, by-and-by, what with books and collateral light, and intercourse with men, and the progress of science, the man begins to have wider thoughts, and very soon he sees that he cannot preach on that doctrine, so he holds his tongue about it; and there begins to rise from the horizon to him the bright and morning star—yea, it may be the very Sun of Righteousness; but he has taken an oath that he will not preach anything but what is in the book, as if a book ever contained the Lord God Almighty and all creation. What does he do? He compromises and holds his

tongue, or else the conditions of fellowship are such that he sacrifices everything that is dear to a man. All his roots in the past and all social affections bind him to this particular communion ; but for the sake of truth he suffers himself to be expatriated and cast out, and the world says : " If a man belongs to that denomination he ought to teach what the denomination believes or leave it ; " as if there was nothing else than getting a salary, as if a man did not feel that the truth in his hands was the test of his allegiance to Almighty God. Ordination oaths lay men's consciences under bondage, for I hold, and the world will yet agree to it, that a godly life is orthodox, and no orthodoxy that does not carry love behind it is orthodox.

THE WASTE OF DRUNKENNESS.

I pass on to the next waste, and I shall barely mention it and go forward, and that is *drunkenness*. I specify this because civilisation has developed the nerve forces of mankind, and there is a physiological law now affirmed by scientific men, that a regulated stimulus prevents the waste of the nerve matter which performs the function of life, that opium, hashish, brandy, alcoholic stimulants of every kind, and coffee and tea are, in moderation, nerve conservators, and that the danger lies not so much in the article, as in the unconscious increase until the stimulants narcotise the nerve. That is the philosophy that, as civilisation advances, men in the higher walks of life put forward. If a man can learn to love tobacco there is nothing on God's earth he cannot learn to love. Men are constantly seeking to reinforce nature in proportion as they are vigorous ; but others say it is all wrong, that cold water and plain bread are better. Every time you think or do anything a certain portion of the nerve is wasted in

doing it; and if there be something that makes it tougher in using it, that will explain the almost universal use of stimulants, and what we want to learn, if this be true, is to teach young men and old men where the lines of safety be. A man may be brought up in temperance, as I was; until I was sixty years of age I never knew the taste of beer or of stimulants. Since I was sixty-five I have known something more—it is never too late to learn. I am none the less a temperance man, for all that. I look upon the use of intoxicants and stimulants by young men, men in health, as a waste, as well as a danger and a temptation.

Proper Use of Stimulants.

I would seek, not, however, by legislative prohibition, but by moral persuasion, to bring every man into a sound principle in regard to self-control in what he eats and drinks, for I do not believe there is any governing force that is equal to self-government, and it is self-government we should seek in every form of life. How is it that a young man goes out in society? He has been a teetotaller at home, but he goes out into fashionable society; they set before him wines; little by little he begins to drink. There is a great art in drinking, and a *bon vivant* knows what it is, and he can say, "Young man, if you are going to take any of this kind, let me tell you how and when;" but we do not dare put a young man to such instruction, so we let him go on and guzzle according to his own fancy. What we want to get is physiological knowledge and hygienic knowledge as to the proper use of stimulants. But men drink because they have an inherited appetite for drink, because they want to do two days' work in one, because they are of too slow and sluggish a tem-

perament, and they want to make up their slow forces and wake up the inspiration of their mind; or they drink because they are in good fellowship. There are a variety of reasons. The result is, drunkenness becomes wholesale in all our communities, and the moment a man has gone beyond the line of temperance he has lost his place as a producer in society and is a waste and a burden, and every church and every legislation and every form of public sentiment should limit the use of intoxicants and teach men to be temperate, for there is no evil that is committing so much crime; there is no evil that so populates the poorhouse, the gaol, the gallows; there is no evil that takes away so much comfort from the home and makes so much misery therein; there is no one evil under the sun that is so infernal as that of drunkenness.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

The last of the burdens of society that I would trouble you with is war. This is simply animalism. I do not undertake to say that defensive wars, or other wars, are always morally wrong. As the world is constituted, force and physical force are quite necessary. You cannot drive the team without some goad, or some whip, or some rein, or some harness. The animal must be controlled by animal forces, for there is nothing else influences it, and men are yet animals largely, and when there are insurrections, and riots, and plunderings of property, and aggressions upon the peace and life of their fellow men, there must be an arm stronger than their violence to hold them in. The theory that we are never to be allowed to use force would forbid police anywhere; and to forbid the hand of strength for the protection of the community is to

give a premium to violence and lawlessness. But look at the history of wars. The earth is red with blood. Look at the symbol of Great Britain—a lion; look at the symbol of America—an eagle, look at the symbols of nations—leopards. Men have rightly considered that the symbol that typifies the national life should be borrowed from animal violence. I cannot say that the history of Great Britain would justify me in praising you for peace principles. I will admit that the tendency of British literature, and British religion and civility and polity, when men have been subdued, is benign, and develops a higher nationality everywhere, and that on her Colonies and possessions around the earth, she has bestowed an equitable government and a general procedure which is to the advantage of weak and dependent nations. But how came they weak and dependent?

The American War.

In our own land I thank God we have been saved from war mostly, partly by our weakness, partly by the nature of our institutions, partly by our exemption from the intercourse of nations; but we have gone through the baptism of blood, and we have come out with a national debt of six million dollars, and every dollar of it represents the industry of men. This counts nothing of the waste by the burning of dwellings, the burning of crops, the burning of fences, the upsetting of society everywhere. The whole South was made absolutely bankrupt by the war in which she asserted a false principle. I hold that there was never a people on earth so sincere and honest in their conflict as our Southern brethren; I hold that they gave their last dollar, their last breath, and when they gave up

there was nothing more with which to make resistance. I bear witness to them that as soon as they gave up they gave up thoroughly and came back into the Union, and are now inspired with Union principles as sincere as in the North. But this terrible internecine struggle was a waste of a million of men. At Gettysburg 40,000 men lay dead, wounded, or dying on both sides.

Europe, a Camp.

Can anything be considered more horrible than the history of European war? The wranglings of lions and tigers in the wilderness, the fights of the bear, or the cruelties of the shark that kill not to consume, but for savage destructiveness—human nature has been more cruel than all the animal creation. The days are coming when I think the best men will not be called out for standing armies. To-day Europe is armed to the teeth; indeed, the whole nation is a camp. All Germany—it is not an army that they raise; it is an army that they are; and substantially that is the condition of France; and Italy, newly brought into the communion of the saints of nations, is still weighing down her population by the expenses for the army and navy. There is not a nation except Switzerland that dare lay down their arms. Yet they are all Christian nations. They would all be mortally offended if you said they were not members of the community of the faith. Yet here comes in Christ's revelation of God's love, that rather than men should die He gave His only begotten Son to save them. Here comes that grand revelation of the eternities, that the test of love is how much men will suffer for another. Yet men are fighting for the love, slaughtering men for the peace of society, for the sake of obtaining the reign

of the empire of love. Was there ever such a spectacle presented to mankind?

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The general drift of many of you will be to say that I have given such a bad picture of the actual goings on of society that it discourages you. No, I have not. On the contrary, I think the world never was so much advanced as it is to-day. I think that it is the sensibility and consequence of this advance that makes the picture so vivid and so repulsive to you. I think there is more of thought for the common people, for their external life, for their instruction, a larger conception of their rights, and more and more institutions that tend to fortify and extend the rights of the mass of mankind. I think there is coming on gradually a time when war itself will begin to be throttled, and in that day may my land be found leading, for the inducements and temptations to us are a thousandfold less than to any nation in Europe, and with us, and behind us—for there is no backing that I could covet like the backing of my mother country, speaking my language, from whose literature I learned, from whose religion I received inspiration, from whose legislation and sense of justice has sprung all that there is on the western hemisphere—may Great Britain stand, and back America up in every step that she should take to make justice and equity comport with peace, and destroy war everywhere. Professor Guyot says that there are three periods in the growth of a plant: the first is the longest and the most obscure—growth by the root; the second period is much accelerated—growth by the stem; and the third and fastest of all is the growth by the flower and the fruit. I take it this civilised part of the world

has been growing by the root through the centuries, and that we have come unto a time when the world is growing by the stem faster and faster, but that just before us in our children's day, and may be in our own, society will burst out into blossom and begin to bear the fruits of righteousness as we have never seen it do in days that are gone. Take no counsel, then, of crouching fear, still less of misanthropic cowardice. Take courage of this, there is a God, and He has time enough, and is not obliged, as man is, to run quickly through the offices of the building of His providence. He can wait through the ages, and He can wait through the junctures; but He is building, He is building, and that which His hand undertakes no man may long hinder, and by-and-by I would that I might behold Him. There shall be no man that shall have need to say to his brother, "Know the Lord?" for all men shall know Him from the least unto the greatest. I shall behold Him, not here but *there*, in the midst of the rejoicing host; I shall understand that which to-day is an enigma, and I shall see the accomplishment of that in the midst of which I have striven, for which tears have been shed in ocean streams, for which blood has flowed through the race and through all time; and the emancipation of man from his animal conditions shall be achieved before the race dies from off the face of the earth, and the glory of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea.

CONSCIENCE.

IT is not my purpose to-night to enter upon the discussion of the question, How did man become man? To that inquiry there are many answers. It is not, as a part of that inquiry, my purpose, to-night, to ask how the moral sense was developed originally in primitive man; it is an obscure field of inquiry, and we have, as yet, no satisfactory guiding light. But man exists, an intellectual, moral, social, and physical creature, and it is of man as he is that I shall speak. Conscience exists! No matter how it came to exist, it exists! Now what it is, how it operates, what are its varieties, what is the method of its cultivation—these topics will be enough for all the patience that you have to-night.

What it is.

And in the first place, conscience is not a separate intellectual faculty. Moral sense may be said to be a complex state, but conscience, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, is not intellect. There be many who suppose that when God created man He infixed in him a little mind of His own sort, namely, one to discern what was right from what was wrong, what was good from what was bad, and that on every occasion there is springing from this

witness in man a discernment of right and wrong. Nothing can be further from fact than this, for if there was a Divine constitution by which men distinguish right from wrong upon presentation, how is it that the same thing, and at different times, is differently pronounced upon in each man? and how is it that men themselves differ right alongside of each other? How is it that there is every degree of variation if there was a determinate faculty to tell the man what was right and what was wrong? And so all those phrases must be taken as figurative—that it is God's vicegerent, that it is a witness, that it is a judge—all those phrases for common speech have passed, but they are bad for philosophy. Conscience, then, is an emotion. Emotions, except in the very highest condition, nor even then accurately—emotions do not think. They inspire thinking, they colour thinking, they have much to do in determining a man's judgment, and much to do in finding out the truth through the intellect; nevertheless, emotions do not think. They are moral states which, when the intellect, thinking for them, presents facts or truths, respond with certain definite kinds of feeling; and conscience, like every other emotion, is dependent for its activity, as pleasurable or painful, upon the foregoing declaration of the intellect of every individual. We hear of an "educated conscience." All consciences are educated in the measure in which they are right at all; they all act under some foregoing decision of the intellect itself. It is subject to the law of all emotions, which give distinctive pleasure or pain upon presentation of the truths or facts by the intellect.

Its Relation to the Intellect.

Though but an emotion, we have already intimated that, like all others, it indirectly has great power

upon the intellect. The mind perceives colour. Where the organ of colour is large the artist sees it everywhere, in every condition and variation ; where the emotion or the perception of colour is small in the individual the artist is dry, and his pictures have only forced and artificial colour. Where the organ of mirthfulness—one of the most precious gifts of God in this vale of tears—where this is bright and cheerful, why, the understanding or the perceptive intellect sees occasion for mirth everywhere. All things are sparkling to him, even sorrows have their glistening side ; even anger itself finds itself met in a way that quite turns its edge. And so it comes to pass that the man that has it gets through life more comfortably, more cheerfully, more hopefully, for that matter ; whereas there be other men in whom the organ of mirthfulness has either been extinguished or never engendered, and they “do not see anything in that,” nor do they see anything in anything in that direction. So, then, the existence in men of powerful emotions determines very largely the judgment—and here let me say that, while it is generally said in science that the intellect must be free from all colour of the emotions, it is true in so far as number is concerned, so far as physical facts are concerned. The investigation of natural science must be colourless, but, in so far as social and moral truths are concerned, I declare that no man can approximate them, and certainly not understand them, except he has the colour of the emotions behind his intellect. It is indispensable to such circumstances. The same thing is true in regard to all the emotions. He that has large caution sees danger ; he that has small stumbles into it before he realises it. He that has large fear is perpetually discerning the occasions of fear or the possibilities. He that has large hope, all the heaven is in blossom all the time with him ; and so it comes that feeling

acts upon the intellect, but the intellect itself brings the occasions for the feeling to develop itself in the world.

What Makes Right and Wrong.

Now, how does the intellect know what is right and what is wrong? Whence does it supply itself with this critical knowledge? Just as it knows physical quality—by acquired or by transmitted experience. I do not undertake to say that there is no abstract and concrete right and wrong in the universe, but I do undertake to say that in the scope of human experience there is nothing that is right and nothing that is wrong *per se*, and that all things are right or wrong by the consequences which ensue or by the motives which impel, and that in and of themselves all things are right or wrong according to these rules. Is not murder wrong? If I plunge a knife into a man I am a murderer—unless I am a surgeon. The act is the same, the moral character very different. Now right and wrong may be a thing abstract and perfect, but human knowledge of it is experimental, gradual, and empirical, and the rightest things to-day are wrong to-morrow if by “to-day” you mean this age and by “to-morrow” the next. For our knowledge is all green, it is all in the bud, and the blossom may disappoint all our speculations as to what the bud will come to, and the blossom itself may disappoint all our ideas of what the fruit will be. And all our knowledge in that regard considering the universal and the unfolding future, it may all be said to be green as yet. We “see through a glass darkly,” not merely upwards but parallel and level and everywhere. That would be wrong to a child that it was taught was wrong. Why, there have been natures that believed in lying, and they exist yet, but are not ranked as moral virtues, only as permissible faults,

but there were days when it was counted one of the witnesses of manhood. They were a keen set of fellows in the mythology of antiquity up there in heaven. Homer's hero is Ulysses, the cunning, the slippery, the deceitful. That in that time was considered one of the qualities of a true manhood, but to-day no man should dare call himself a man who voluntarily or intentionally deceives anything or anybody. In Sparta it was a virtue to steal if you could do it without detection—it was a kind of dexterity. And so the child is taught what is right and what is wrong, and for the child that is right that it is taught to be right, and that is wrong which it is taught is wrong, and there is no moral sense that is acting in his mind in the earlier periods and before reflection qualifies instruction.

The Evolution of Conscience.

Now, ages of experience have laid the foundation for a very general conception of right and wrong, even among the lower tribes of the human family. When men began to live together it may be said that they were perpetually trying to find the way of living together peacefully and happily, and each man tried to make all the rest serve him socially. Little by little he found out that that was not the disposition of the majority, because every other fellow was trying the same thing; and so it came to pass that there had to be some sort of compromise, and little by little the art of living together with some degree of consideration of the rights of each other in a very limited sphere was wrought out in the experience of men. And so it came to pass that little by little it was found not to be to the convenience of men that stealing should go on, as there were rights of property finally that were developed; and little by little it was not right and convenient for a

man's tongue to swing through space without any regard to local limitation and condition; the most difficult of all the acquired rights was that—a right using of the tongue. Why, it was a remote idea. When you go to the Ten Commandments you find there said, "Thou shalt not steal," that way back in the era of time; but it was laid down before men ever came to that general conviction that should formulate in this maxim, "Thou shalt not steal." The human family had travelled a great many ages, and many, many, many long reaches before they could declare that honesty was a virtue and commendable.

Transmitted Experience.

Now, when a child is born in the family he finds everything fixed before he was born. He had not a choice whether he should be born or not, and he had not the pick as to who should be his father and mother, nor as to where he was to live nor how he was to live, nor anything about it. He was born an ignorant little—wretch. As he begins to develop he has no idea what to do with his hands—he has to learn that; and he has no idea what to do with his feet—he has to learn that, too; and he has no idea what to do with his tongue when he is not sucking sugar or something of that kind. Everything has got to be acquired. But he is born into a family where there was foregoing experience, transmitted experience, accumulated experience; and the child begins to find itself pressed here, pressed there, run against here, and run against there, and thus things assume by-and-by the form of right and wrong. He did not know that fire would burn until he tried it; he ascertained that rapidly. He did not know that it was wrong for the older boys to thump the younger ones, but he began to learn it after a very short experience. He did not know that it was

wrong to snatch and appropriate, but parental discipline very soon opened a new fountain in his mind, a knowledge of that; and so the child in the family learns how to live in the family with respect to the rights of the other children, and with respect to obedience to lawful authority. All these ideas are not born with him, they were developed in him little by little, and that which when he is six years old is wrong to him when he was only a two-year-old was not wrong to him; he had the instincts of the animal, and not the consideration or the knowledge of an adult human being. Well, then, the child grows up, and gets out of the family into the neighbourhood. The same thing takes place. He finds a public sentiment, he finds a schedule of things right and wrong; he did not originate them, he acquired them little by little. And when his sphere was still larger, the afore determined paths of human life were also moral principles; rude it may be, subject to great modification it may be, nevertheless it was through experience that he learned in the person, in the family, in the neighbourhood, and in the civic relation what was right and what was wrong. Now, when this had gone on for a certain time and men had become riper, there arose men that could group together facts and infer common principle underlying them all. Generalisation took place. And so men came to the idea that injustice was wrong; everybody believes that. But what is injustice? there's the puzzle. Everybody believed that honesty was right; but what is honesty in the critical combinations of life? That is the crucial test with multitudes. Everybody came to believe that purity was right; in other words, there were certain great generalisations which took place, and then men began to learn what was right and what was wrong no longer by hereditary experience, but

by the application of ascertained principles to the conduct of men. Some things were permitted. Men said, "That is not just," and, therefore, they determined that such and such actions, according to the principle of justice, were not right, and so on through the whole category.

What is Moral Intuition?

But there is one step further in the development of moral sense—viz., that of the intuitional force? What is intuitional force? It is a word very much used, "moral intuition." What definition can I give to it? I cannot give any definition to it, but some illustrations of it. It exists in a lower or higher degree not in regard to right and wrong alone, but in regard to almost every form of thought and feeling. Where any faculty exists in great strength, or where under particular excitement it is carried above the level of its ordinary unfolding, it becomes luminous in this sense—that it throws a light before reflection upon the path of reflection. Before thought it guides thought, so that all the way through life we find that there is this intermingling on the part of superior organisations or on the part of ordinary organisations in their superior moments—revelations made to them. The lower forms of mind are simply receptive. The intermediate state of mind is simply that of lower creation; the higher conditions of our mind are luminous conditions; exhortations, promises, spring out of them, foresights spring out of them. Take the ordinary case of music. A man who has in him the genius of music, standing in the midst of an orchestra of one hundred performers, discerns discord—a half tone, or discord even less—and he not only sees it in the vast measure and movement of various in-

struments, and in the progress of the thought through sound he not only perceives it instantly, but he sees where it came from; he knows the very instrument that produced it. *I* might stand there years, and never dream of it. A man has the artist's temperament, and he sees a picture by Titian just brought to light, and stands before it in almost adoration. "Oh, what colour! Why, it seems to flood the picture through and through!" A rude countryman coming in behind him stands and looks at it. "Why, I don't see no colour! Why, I've got a picture at home twice as yaller as that and twice as red!" There are a great many such persons. It is said that ignorant people love strong colour; that is not the explanation. Ignorant people require strong colours before they see any colour at all; but the sensitive organisation of the artist discerns the lowest tone and all the intermediate grades, the whole schedule of colour. That which to a common man seems as if it was not very rude, to a sensitive and exquisitely loving nature is painful to the last degree. It is the higher intuition, the higher judgment of the finer and the larger faculties of the mind or in the larger organisation,—it is out of these that come what we call intuitions, and in the lower forms they pervade society. Men judge whether it is safe to trust a man by looking at him, and in that regard we discern what is not discernible. Mary says: "Now, John, I hope you are not going to do business with that man; I don't like him." "Why, my dear, did you ever see him?" "No, I never did." "Well, how do you know anything about him?" "I don't know, only I would not trust him, and I hope you won't trust him." "Well, I shall trust him;" and in about three months he comes back, and some night says, in rather a modest and crestfallen way: "Well, Mary, you was right about that man."

"John, I knew I was right!" Well, she had the perception—I suppose everybody has an atmosphere—chemistry has not analysed that question yet; but a pure and sensitive woman standing within the atmosphere of a rude, deceitful, or coarse man feels the atmosphere of him. Now, moral intuitions belong to that class of experience, so that there be many men that won't do things although everybody else thinks it right; they won't, there is something in them that revolts at it. There are the high-toned and the common and the low and the vulgar all the way up in every scale of every kind in human life. It is from this practical experience and teaching when we are young, coming to a state of mind in which we can apply a principle to courses of conduct and moral intuitions, the highest of all—it is from these sources that the intellect knows and teaches the emotion or conscience what is right and what is wrong.

What Determines its Character.

The next point that I wish to make is the fact, a subtle one but a very important one, namely, the fact that conscience acts within the mind according to the law of companionship. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps. That is very true outwardly, it is more true inwardly. A man's character is determined by the company that his faculties choose to keep. If you bisect a man and call the under part basilar, animal, and the upper part social and moral, then the question of which way your higher faculties tend determines very much the man's character. If, for example, a man has a constitutional mirthfulness, and it has by some way or other learned to love the companionship of the animal that is in man, you will see that his wit is vulgar; you will see him finding wit where only the phosphorescent light of decay makes it shine. If a

man has a conscience that works towards fear, in partnership with fear, you will find it always either a timid conscience, or a cautious conscience, or a conscience that has bad company in the bottom of the brain, as it were. If in the distribution of partnerships that are formed within the mind you find men that have wit, and it works in connection with combativeness and destructiveness, it will be sarcastic, it will be bitter, it will be caustic, whereas, if mirthfulness works in the direction of the imagination and of the intellect it will be bright and cheerful and hopeful. If a man's conscience works with fear he becomes superstitious; if it works with hope he shoots in the other direction continuously, and it is to the last degree of importance that men should know what the conscience is about inside of them. There be many men, we know that they are conscientious, but they are morose, they are ugly; their conscience has got into bad company, it is the animal in them that is inspiring it and directing it, and there be men on the other hand whose conscience is luminous, and it works with benevolence and with hope, and they are radiant. Now the world's history has shown more conscience in the direction of severity, in the direction of law, in the direction of wrath. The fact is, that as the world has gone hitherto in its higher spheres, conscience has been a gladiator and a murderer, not because it was bad to have, but because it was bad to have in combination with the animal passions and faculties. Were there ever more conscientious men than the men that burned men, broke them on the wheel; that everywhere turned this world through the profession of religion into an aceldama? Conscience! they had conscience enough, but it was a perverted conscience working with bad inspirations from the lower elements in their nature, and so it comes to pass that men are all

the time riding their consciences to the devil. There is hardly any strong man that has not got a conscience for what he has to do. Multitudes of men backbite, it is their "duty" to do it. Multitudes of men there are that detract, multitudes of men that slander, multitudes of men that say, "I have a conscience for the truth, the truth at all hazards;" they never seem to have read their Bible through. The Apostle says, "Speaking the truth *in love*," and the original is stronger than that—"truthing it in love." But there be many men that truth it in bitterness, in envy, in revenge, in anger, and in all malice and uncharitableness. They have consciences—alas, yes—but they are like bull-dogs sitting at the door of their souls, and snarling at every one who comes who does not belong to the family.

I remark, further, every age is judged by its successors. The child is judged by the man, that is, the ripe judges the unripe. The infant race is judged by the developed race. Permissions and forbiddings increase with development. There are many things that an early race may do that a later race may not; there are many things than an early race cannot do and that a later race can, and therefore is under obligation to do. There is no absolute law, it is always relative to knowledge and capacity, the line of rectitude and of duty. Less animal power is permitted in the later developments, more moral power; less liberty of the animal, more liberty of the reason and of the moral sense. Things are not right now, therefore, which were right once—right only in the sense that outlives. It is right for a child to walk pit-a-pat, but it would be absurd for a full-stretched man to do so. As the race develops they cannot do any better than they can, and the law applied to races is the very law that we apply incessantly to the family. And it

works humanely and wisely, and yet there is a strong impression that the further back you go into antiquity, primitive and simple man, the nearer you come to the right rules of life. That lies at the root of all Rousseau's nonsense and of that school of which he is the genius. But it did not stop there. There are multitudes of men that think in regard to religion that the early saints were the nearest to heaven. There were some of them that were very near to heaven, but there are a good many early saints that would not be tolerated now. Relative to their conscience and their knowledge it may be said that they certainly had put forth an amount of right intention and of will power; they had put forth an amount which did exalt them above their fellows; but if they were brought into our time I know not what would become of them.

The Authority of the Bible.

Judge the question of slavery by this standard. In the remote days, the history of which is recorded in the Bible, men without rebuke were made slaves; and it was no very bad thing either, according to the master, that is to say, the slave was not so far from the average condition of the son as to make him feel his inferiority. But just so soon as they began to apply the law of humanity to the slave he became too expensive, and Jewish slavery died out because it became burdensome. Now in the great controversy through which we have happily passed, and a fiery amen has been pronounced upon it—in that great controversy, one of the strong arguments was the Bible tolerated slavery, and therefore slavery cannot be wrong. Well, I hold that the Bible tolerated, that is, it is the history of Divine toleration of things, because God “winked at them,” as the Apostle says, in the early days. If slavery

were right four thousand years ago, it is an infamous shame if it is right still. Men have not known what to do with the Old Testament. I should not either if I believed in the doctrine of absolute special inspiration. I believe that the Bible is inspired; but how? It is the record of God's inspiration of the human race, not the inspiration of the letter. God did not say all these things, did He? "Oh!" some one says, "certainly He did." Did He tell Solomon to take eight hundred concubines, and I don't know how many wives? He took them and the record was made, and no comment. Did He tell Jacob to go and cheat his brother in collusion with his dishonest mother? And when he had choused him from his birthright, with certainly want of fraternal feeling and the violation of all the ordinary rules of family affection, when he had cheated his dear old dying father, was he right or wrong? There is no condemnation put upon it in the Old Testament. There it stands, the naked fact, and after he had to run away, and had got a certain distance, he laid down on a pillow of stone, and angels seemed to ascend and descend before him, and he had a communication from on high that he should be made a great man and a great nation. Not a word of rebuke. There was no allusion to the bow that had shot him out into exile. He was a criminal, and if he had lived in our day he would have gone to the penitentiary. And then he got to Laban and served him. Why, they bought their wives in those days, and he got cheated in the bargain, and in order to make it up tried again and got another; and there it stands recorded without a notation or exclamation mark, or anything of the kind. It is a faithful record of what men did in that early age. If it was right for men to hold slaves to-day because they held them in Judea, or in any part of Palestine, then it is

right to-day for men to imitate the cunning, the lying and deceit of Jacob, and I think a good many men rather think so too. In those early days we can hardly read with any tolerance the account of the horrible slaughter of men by the direction of the Prophets, hewing them to pieces, and those Psalms that call on God to destroy their enemies and brain their children. Hideous, horrible ! If you measure it by what we have found out of humanity and rectitude there is nothing to be said on the subject, and the man that believes in the verbal inspiration of Scripture, the old mechanical theory, he cannot stand up before the infidel who throws it in his face. But when you come to understand the state of society, when you begin with the fact that a man was not worth anything in those days much more than an ox or an ass or a sheep—one skilful mechanic to-day is worth ten thousand men in the remote antiquity ; the value of the individual has increased the duties of those round about him toward him ;—when you consider that it was life or death when tribes and nations met, and when the conqueror took possession of certain captives, either they had got to be slaves or they had got to be slain, and they most all of them chose the former ;—when, therefore, you read in the Old Testament Scripture how men were slaughtered by the wholesale, how could they have done anything else ? They were savages, both sides, substantially. They had the seed which through the long ages has unfolded into morality and into the higher forms of religion ; but in these early ages it was but a seed form. They had no jails, they had no armies with which they could protect themselves against these men. It was either let them go back and make war on us or put them out of harm's way. I do not approve antiquity at all, but men had to creep before they could walk, and the record of it, if rightly used, is a very powerful

argument of the gradual unfolding, under Divine providence and inspiration, of the human race in every direction in society. The Bible is evidently a history of moral evolution in all its earlier records.

The Savagism of Piety.

The same may be true in regard to the early Churches. Men think the further back you go towards the Apostles the nearer you come to the truth. I say the further you go away the nearer you go to the truth. The Apostles may be said to have had a luminous sense of many of the truths, but not of the whole scope of the truths in their application to the family and to civil society, and to all the living and practical questions we see to-day. And when you come to the saints, I hold that a self-denying, Christian woman, rearing fifteen children in a family, is a better saint than any that are in any of the niches of all the ancient cathedrals. Yet these were ideals that in the age were luminous, and led men on to a higher and nobler sphere little by little. But their conscience had not yet been enlarged; the line of life, with all its multifarious duties, had not been developed. There was a period of what might be called the savagism of piety in the early Church. Some men are trying to revive it again. They are trying to build churches now-a-days that will represent the primitive Church. Why, you might as well undertake to revive John Baptist, and go into the wilderness and eat locusts and wild honey, and go with your loins girt about in the hope that you would reform society. John Baptist would have made a poor advocate on the subject of Temperance or political reform, or anything of that kind. He was a very good man in his day and in the sphere allotted to him by Divine Providence, but we do not imitate him. Because a child wore a suit of

clothes suited to him when he was five years old, what should you think of him when he was forty trying to get those clothes on again. Has the world come to nothing? Have there been no developments, no enlargements, no dropping of some things in order to take to others?

The Conditions of Reform.

Let me apply this view to manners and customs, to laws and institutions. Ours is said to be a reformatory age, and there are reformers that say, "Right is right, wrong is wrong; there is no use in undertaking to mince matters at all: if it is right you are to go it, if it is wrong you are peremptorily to stop it." Now, you cannot handle mankind nor society in that generic and rude way. If a piece of stone is to be handled, the stone has got no will, and has to go where the dynamic force compels it to go. But men have got wills, and you cannot manage them so easily; and if in any community you desire to change the current, you have got to dig new canals, you have got to lay new foundations, and men do not come into those things suddenly and easily. If a nation is vital, if its cerebation is high and its bodily nature is relatively under control of its brain nature, you can go much more rapidly; but if a community are slow thoughted, slow moulded, you cannot make them go fast, and all attempts, especially in modern society, to change, to correct great evils, to introduce new and improved methods, must conform themselves to the law of the unfolding of conscience, and the unfolding of conscience is obliged to follow the law of increasing knowledge. The intellect must be educated and then the moral sense appealed to, and in proposing all legislation and all reforms this is to be borne in mind, that you cannot in a great community make laws or reforms

faster than the average conscience of that community. And all legislation and all reforms do not follow the highest thought nor the noblest impulses, nor do they follow the lowest. They take the average of society, and all reformatives must seek about the middle or average ground; and yet there be many stout ordinary reformers that say, "This is not right; it is a half-way measure." You cannot get a whole measure except by first getting a half-way measure, and when a community can have developed in it in any age a new conception, a loftier style of model, and can be persuaded into it, they have already advanced very much further than we had supposed that they had advanced, for any reformation, or any great addition to the stores of society, must come along the line of the majority. So then, instead of fiery fuss and fury, instead of denouncing, instead of premature methods, educate, educate; and while you educate, wait; and he that is not ready to wait is not ready to be a reformer. I may, perhaps, in passing, say a word in regard to the manners and customs of the community in which we live. As society is made up of the young, of the weak-minded, of the better-minded, of the middle-class, you cannot expect that they will have an intellectual discernment of right and wrong. The great under-mass, they must take the manners, customs, and laws which have been found out for them by the generations preceding. Because you see that manners and customs are capable of great development and of much higher improvement and larger liberties, because you can see it it does not follow that others can see it, and therefore to ridicule the habits and the lower feelings in regard to methods, customs, etiquette, the laws of society, is to put out the only light that they have got to guide them by. For it may be said in regard to the community at large,

not one man in ten guides himself by his own independence, intelligence, and conscience; he guides himself by the institutions, the history, the collective wisdom of society about him, and by a great many influences that he himself does not recognise; and if you put a man upon his sole independence he must be a very superior man, and superior men do not march in battalions.

The Department Conscience.

Perhaps I shall further illustrate the ideas thus far distended if I give you a kind of portrait gallery of consciences. There are a great many consciences in this world, and the first is what may be called a department conscience—that is to say, there are men that have great sensibility of right and wrong respecting relations in life and department, and non-generically. Thus a man is serving a church, and the church itself is operose and multitudinous, and filled up with a great many things, and the man has a very active conscience in everything that belongs to church life; but he has very little conscience for family life—does not hesitate at all to make people wretched all round about him. The law of love is trodden under foot frequently, and the man has no conscience at all; but the moment he gets within the cathedral, off goes his hat, and the man now says, “I do not dare to deviate from sacred custom.” He has got a conscience for the cathedral, but none for the house. A great many men have a conscience for Sunday, but none for Monday. A great many men have a conscience for one particular profession in which they are, and outside of that very little. There are men that, in regard to the private life, have no conscience at all; but on being advanced to public office and station, in that they have a good deal of conscience. And there are a great many

men that have no conscience there, although personally they have a very considerable one. There are multitudes of men that would not do by a neighbour what they will do by a party—not for their right hand, for all the moral law is upset in the fury of a party. To lie is wrong as between man and man; but not to lie when it is your party that is going to gain by it is considered to be fastidiousness that is not very reputable.

The Microscopic Conscience.

Then there is what might be called the microscopic conscience: it is a conscience that concerns itself principally about minute things, none for broad, large views, has no momentum in it, no trusting of itself, without which a man is but a poor creature—invertebrate. A man ought to have a stride, not a pit-a-pat step, and there are multitudes of persons that are looking at little bits of things all the day long, little events going before and going behind, but in no large movement in right directions trusting themselves. I hold that as it is with the rail-car, so it is with the ship, when once the motion is impelled the momentum is of vast importance. And in society a man that is all the time stopping to see whether he is doing right or not, and analysing his thoughts and his motives and his feelings without any knowledge of how to analyse; the man that is anxious because he did not know but he may have said something to day; he is like a man that is so anxious that he stops his watch every few minutes to see whether it is going.

The Æsthetical Conscience.

Then there is what may be called the æsthetical conscience; that is to say, men think that to be

right which is charming, beautiful, harmonious, delicious to their higher sensibilities, and, on the other hand, they hold that a thing that is ragged and coarse and vulgar cannot be right, and conscience runs with the elements of the beautiful. It ought to ; but it ought to run with all sorts as well, high or low. There be many men that think that a rude congregation, sitting like a pioneer meeting in in our Western country, on logs, and singing with cracked voices and intoning the sermons through the nose—they cannot imagine that God should be pleased with such worship as that. They were brought up under the sound of the organ, they heard the law reverberating through a noble building and all the arches, and all the people were well dressed, and they, all of them, were intelligent and educated, and they despise that sort of worship. But if it were genteel, and if the congregation was largely made up of rich men and influential citizens, and if the minister was only another form of music, and everything went bland and smooth and was respectable, why, they would say : “ Of course that church is orthodox ; that church is a good church ; everything is right there.” They have got an æsthetic conscience. These are persons that would have refused to listen to John.

The Superstitious Conscience.

Then there is what may be called the superstitious conscience. Superstition is an imaginary thing which, nevertheless, acts upon the minds of men, inspiring fear or hope or what not. Multitudes of men, and that just in proportion as the simplicity of Divine Providence is left out of their knowledge, believe that the forces of Nature and all manner of combinations of things—these all have power in them, and they are in bondage. Super-

stition is largely dying out now, but at the time of the Reformation, and in the period of the Puritans, the heavens are not so full of stars as men's minds were of superstition upon things that were nonentities. I think there is a little pleasure in superstition; I have got but very little of it, but I wish I had a very little more—a kind of a pocket superstition. I remember as a boy that I had heard it said that if a man sees the new moon over his right shoulder that is good luck all the month, and the consequence is I never see the new moon over any other shoulder; for, whatever may be my posture, I twirl round so quick that the moon does not know it, and the consequence is I do have good luck every month. Well, superstition of this kind—I could rehearse multitudes of them that fill the minds of men with more or less of terror. These persons do not believe that God rules. They believe that God has arranged it so that thirteen at the table is dangerous to somebody. They believe that God vacated His authority over Friday in order that the devil might take charge of that day.

The "Sacredness" of the Bible.

But there are other superstitious things. There are multitudes of men who think that the Bible is sacred. No thing is sacred except a responsible human being or Divine Being. Only by the permission of language we call places "sacred," but they have no virtue in them; nothing issues out of them, no atmosphere comes from them. We use the language in that way. The Bible; it is a Book that makes a vast amount of sacredness among men. It is a Book that, as respects the past, is almost as invaluable as the future which it depicts. Criticism may carp, men may cut at it and cut it up; the Bible is, after all, a Book that will stand as long as men are in sorrow and in despond-

ency, and are in conscious guilt, and are desirous for the development of love and peace and hope and joy; it is the fountain of the best qualities that can exist in the individual and in human society. The only proof that you can make of the Bible is to live it; that will settle it. A very worthy methodical man, whose mind is very much like the multiplication table, everything divided off into exact figures, and accustomed to read his Bible before he goes down, as he says, into the world every morning, has got halfway down the block when he says: "My soul, I forgot to read my chapter!" and back he goes, all a-tremble, to the house, and runs up into his chamber and shuts the door, and draws down his face and reads a Psalm. Blessed be David, who wrote so many short chapters! The moment he has read his chapter he feels better. Now he goes down: "I have done my duty." What sort of a God must he imagine our God to be? My children love me, and greet me with the morning kiss and with the evening farewell; but suppose, in the height and excitement of some enterprise, one of my children should forget to kiss me, do you suppose I would lay it up all day, would think anything about it? Do you suppose God lays up all these little things in His disciples and friends? Is He as narrow and as mean as our conceptions of Him are? And it is in this way that the Bible is constantly used. Men swear by the Bible. It is an idol under such circumstances; stands in the place of God, and is an idol. A man sits down accidentally, or he has put his child upon the Bible, and the mother says: "My dear father, the child is sitting on the Bible!" Well, better foundation he could not sit on.

The "Sacredness" of Sunday.

The same is true in regard to Sunday. God forbid that I should ever go back upon that day that

has made so large an impression on my early life. At that time, being buoyant and mercurial, with a fund of animal spirits that could be ill-repressed, I was made to negative everything in me on that day, and so the day was a prison to me. Nevertheless, I looked out through the prison doors and I saw the stillness—I could almost see it—the brightness of the Sunday morning, as it came over the hills in dear old Lichfield. The cocks never crew so wondrously as they did Sunday morning; the birds never sang so sweetly as on that day. If I could have only wandered out in the garden and in the orchard how happy I should have been! But I had to be shut up in the house because it was Sunday—it was the Lord's-day. I had, of course, to do the chores, and I think every cow in the barn, the horse and the pigs blessed Sunday, for I spent more time over them on that day, in order not to go back into the house, than on any other day in the week. But I have the picture of walking, now well clad, down along the shaded streets, hearing the village bell afar, and going nearer and nearer to it, and remember the Sabbath days as they lay smiling on the hill. I remember the afternoons when my aunt, who was as a second mother to me, read out of the Word of God and explained as she read. I remember all that belonged to it, and I remember some other things, too. I remember that I lost my supper a good many times because I could not repeat the catechism. I remember, too, that I was all but suffocated because I was not allowed to express by a natural expression the most innocent and boyish emotion. I recall one morning when my brother Charles, the next youngest to myself, and I, were lying in a truckle bed and waking; the sun was shining bright out of doors, and we were quite oblivious of the period of the week. There was an old cotton counterpane worn in spots, and we were pulling the cotton wool

out of it, making all forms of grotesque things, roosters and rabbits and what not, when all at once it flashed on my mind—"It is Sunday!" I really had a feeling that God would strike me dead! I ducked under the clothes, and he came with me, and we lay there gasping for five minutes. When we crept out and saw that we were not dead we took courage. The austerities of the Sabbath day do not belong to it. It is a day of rest, it is a day of love, it is a day of the sweetest forms of knowledge imparted by the sweetest lips that live upon the earth, and I owe to it so much that it goes hard with me even to speak of its asperities, its acerbities, and of its abuses. It is the day that belongs especially to the poor, to the hard-working man, and I say in regard to Sunday, and in regard to the whole Bible, that if, poisoned by infidelity, the great working-classes of men should throw out the Church and the Bible and the ministry they will be like sailors among whom the plague has broken out on the ship, and they will pitch the doctor overboard and his medicine chest after him, and keep the plague.

The Pragmatical Conscience.

Now we come to a little milder form of conscience—the pragmatical conscience—with a few salient points obstinately held without any sense of their connection with either each other or any general principle. There are some men that have a few points that they won't do and a few that they will do. You cannot budge them one inch. Reason falls upon them like rain on a slate roof. There they stand, very conscientious in spots, and very loose and careless everywhere else. That is the pragmatical conscience.

The Obstinate Conscience.

Then a very common conscience is the obstinate conscience—that is very common. In proportion to

the small amount of moral sensibility, men hold on to the little they have got. I have known men to be immovable in selfishness and immovable in reading the Bible and going to meetings. They had a conscience for spots; not around the circumference of their whole experience, only in single things, and such men misinterpret religion.

The Conceited Conscience.

Then there is the conscience which we may call the conceited conscience. There is a strange form of conceit—not the milder and less ridiculous, but there are natures that are strong—that whatever may be right or wrong in other people, when *they* have once done a thing, that thing is right because *they* did it. They are a law to themselves with a vengeance.

The Despotic Conscience.

Then there is the despotic conscience, or a man's conscience that he lets out at liberty—men that have got a conscience for everybody's conduct down the whole street—not so particular about themselves, but for everybody else. He discerns exactly where they are, and where they should be, and he sees every variation of it, and he holds the rod of excommunication over the heads of his neighbours. He excommunicates them by criticism; but for himself he has not much use for conscience apparently, for he keeps very little at home.

The Home Conscience.

Then there are men that have consciences for home and none for business. There are men that at home are genial, and sweet, and gentle, but in the street they are sharp; they do not care for any-

body or anything ; they are out for success, and they will have it. And there are some pitiful cases even in this where men are grasping, greedy, and persevering in overthrowing their rivals, undermining their contestants, and get the name of being hard. But if you could see how poor they were in their childhood, and how poor father and mother were, and they determined that before they died they would put father and mother, and brother and sister, in circumstances of ease and of refinement, and for their sake they are giving their whole life. It is love, and not avarice, that makes such men. Better a better form, but there is something most estimable even in that.

Liberty of Conscience.

Then there is the politician's conscience ; but that must be witten at some later age. I will not detain you much longer, except with a few words. That which, however, I have it in my heart to say is, liberty of conscience is becoming a question now of a great deal of importance, and it is worth our while to have some fundamental ideas on that subject. It has been bought with the price of blood, and ripened through an acerb climate of human laws and institutions. We have got it, and it has become sacred in the eyes of the whole community ; and, therefore, it is that when the Mormons of America set up their conscience and say, when the Government of the United States is determined to put down their infamous institution : " We are fighting ; we are the latest martyrs for liberty of conscience "—although we believe in liberty of thought and liberty of conscience, we reply it is not a question between the Mormons and us as to liberty of conscience ; it is a question as to the liberty of conduct. Any man may believe what he pleases, and

we have no right to interfere with him. Any man may have a conscience for any form of belief that he chooses, and I shall respect his conscience; but he must keep it to himself. For if his conscience is at variance with the settled institutions of society, it must not be society that shall go under; it must be that man's conscience, if it breaks out into conduct. There is in India a very religious class of men called Thugs, who say that religion teaches them that murder is acceptable to the gods. I have no objection to their believing that, but I should object to their practising it. I have no objection to the Mormons believing that polygamy is right and Scriptural; I object to their undertaking to carry it out in conduct; they have no right to do that, and we do not violate the rights of conscience when we suppress them. We say: "Think what you please, believe what you please, practise what the law determines."

The School as a Trainer of the Conscience.

Another word I have to say, on the subject of the growth of knowledge without the growth of moral sense. We are teaching our children in our schools a great deal of theology, and, generally speaking, I have no word to say against that. There is some theology that is good and profitable. But I hold that it is the duty of every community to inspire the children of the community with rectitude, with honour, with veracity, with fidelity, with loyalty; it is the duty of every school to be a trainer of the conscience of the young; that is to say, to lay the foundation of knowledge in regard to things that are right and wrong, and in childhood. The first training ground is the household, and the priest of the house is the mother, and the impressions produced there by her it takes a long life, and a

violent one, to wear out; but when extension of life brings the child into the school, it is more important that he should know what is right and what is wrong as between man and man, than that he should know the height of mountains and the depth of the sea. And while I would bring to bear all knowledge and incitement for the creation of intelligence, I would not let intelligence go without any leading strings, and without any inspiration of the important elements of honour, truth, and duty. I hold it to be of the last degree of importance that the sense of conscience should be continuous, and that it should be spontaneous. We may be in long perplexity as to what is right and what is wrong, what is duty and what is to be avoided; but men should be so trained as, that the moment they know what is right, they instantly—not by reasoning with themselves, not by persuasion, but by automatic necessity—should go to the right, and with equal promptness, almost before they think of it themselves, should go against the wrong. We learn it with our feet, for if a man be walking the street and the ground be hummocky, and here and there interspersed with puddles, he never stops to think of the difference between liquid mud and solid earth, or anything of the kind, but his feet pick out the right way all the time. And in the great sphere of life, where the paths are so muddy, and there is so much to be avoided as well as sought out, the training that we require is not a training in the distinctions of theology; it is a training that leads a man to defer instantly to his sense of rectitude, and to measurement not by necessity, not by profitableness, not by popularity, not by what the community will tolerate, but by what the man himself knows to be right, and just, and true, and proper. So, then, when we shall come, step by step, to the higher forms of instruction in our schools, we

shall find that beyond the house stands the school-house, beyond the school-house stands the Church, and beyond the Church stands life itself; and the training, first of the family, then of the school, and then of the Church, should be on the same line, and should prepare men in the great battle of life, first to discern what is right and what is wrong, and then with whole-hearted enthusiasm to pursue the right and abhor the wrong.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

I AM to speak to you to-night upon the subject of Evolution and Religion—a difficult subject, yet one that lies near to my heart. There has come an irruption into the scientific world within half the life-time of a man which brings with it more widespread changes, more profound truths, and more rapid advances in the province of human knowledge than has ever belonged to any single age. About thirty years ago the “Cosmos” was written, and it was an attempt to give a view of all the then authenticated sciences by Humboldt, and in that there was no mention even made of two departments which to-day occupy more than one whole half of the scientific field—the Persistence of Force and Evolution. The rapidity with which these great departments have been opened and accepted is one of the marks of the advance of the human mind. Any equivalent discovery in years gone by would have struggled through centuries before its acceptance. The human mind was not ripe for it until recently, and Evolution is itself a monumental example of the doctrine of Evolution. When even the discoveries of Newton were made some of the most eminent *savants* of the French nation, heaven save the mark! charged him with infidelity and atheism. Newton’s discoveries, the great law which he discovered and which revolutionised the beliefs of men, for a hundred years found very little acceptance, and

it was not until about that period that the University of Oxford itself dared to teach it, and then covertly; it was smuggled in in the form of notes to Aristotle's works, which then were taught. But to-day the heresy and the dangerous mischief of Newton's discoveries, they are all dissipated. And there are multitudes of men that look to-day upon the theory of Evolution with very much the same dread and suspicion. It is thought to be unfavourable to religion, to be not only dangerous heresy, but the mother of broods of heresies; and this subject falls into line with the experience of every age. There is nothing accounted so dangerous as the elevation from a lower level of life or belief to a higher one, for, as men believe in Morals, Religion, in Philosophy even, they very soon become not simply believers, but investors, their whole training runs along the line of their belief; and when some more profound view of God and His works is introduced they are themselves to be transplanted. Now it is not difficult to transplant a young tree, but you cannot transplant an old one without cutting the roots and cutting down the top very much; and men do not like it; and so it is almost always the case that the holders of opinions that are to be taken out of the way by the new-coming beliefs become opponents, I will not say from coarse and sordid motives, but from that infirmity of men by which official men, teachers, men advanced in life, who have had their whole reputation earned upon other bases, from very natural causes they become suspects of the new truth, and believe that it will introduce waste and ruin.

The General Acceptance of Evolution.

Now it is no part of my purpose to-night—even if I could do it, and I cannot—to authenticate Evolution,

or even to give a large view of its evidences. I can simply say this, that 95 per cent. of physicists in Europe and America have given in their adhesion substantially to the doctrine of Evolution. It is a province as yet not thoroughly explored and settled in all its outlines or details, but in some sort it is said almost proverbially now, everybody is an Evolutionist in some shape. Yes; and that shows itself the marked development that has taken place within the past twenty years; everybody is an Evolutionist, with an exception and an objection to save themselves. Nevertheless, it is beginning to be taught in academies, in schools; it is beginning to have currency in newspapers; it is even, most dangerous of all, beginning to be preached from pulpits; and what the outcome of such an intrusion will be, which, although it is vitalising every department of society, will unquestionably make mischief with many theories and philosophies outside of the Church and of religion, I leave you to judge, for you can do it as well as I. It will not be twenty years before everybody will say: "Of course Evolution; I always believed in Evolution!"

What is Evolution?

Well, what is it? I cannot define it. There is a definition of it which, to men trained in scientific thought, is satisfactory; but to those that do not know what it is, I think the definition would need defining. Mr. Spencer, one of the lights of this age, defines Evolution as "A change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations." If you do not understand that, I am sorry for you. Well, let us give a little more popular description rather than a scientific definition, and, in general, allow me to say

that I regard Evolution as being the discovery of the Divine method in creation. Aforetime we have supposed that God created with instantaneity, and there are sublime passages that men remember, and there are in poetry and dramatic representation many statements that border upon that ; but there is no evidence whatsoever that God created any part of the organic world by an instantaneous in-thrusting of Divine power. On the other hand, the method of God in this matter has been Gradualism, an unfolding from lower to higher steadily carried on, and Evolution undertakes to show, with some degree of clarity, what are the steps of unfolding which, beginning far back, have not ceased yet to operate in this physical world. It is, in short, if I may say so, the belief of men that once this world was simply ether, that under great material laws, perhaps not yet well understood, it collected itself and assumed some forms flocculent, went into circulation, passed into its igneous state, and into that condition in which the sun now is ; gradually radiated its heat, came to a more solid condition, and then, partly by water, partly by ice, partly by grinding elements, partly by chemical changes, there began to be a soil. Thus far, the inorganic creation ; but then, upon this soil, slowly, coarsely, and very low down, began the vegetable creation. After that came in the animal, and the stages as they are supposed now to be determined, were, in the first place, the lower forms of invertebrate life, and after that the vertebrate, the more highly organised. Then, through countless ages, they ascended from the fish to the reptilian, from the reptilian to the marsupial, from that to the bird, from that to the quadrumanal, and from that to man. Now, I apprehend that nobody would have the slightest objection to a belief that the world has been created by these gradual unfolding stages, and under

the general influence of material laws, if it did not touch the question of *man*. There is a great objection on the part of men to their ancestry. I do not feel it myself. If, as many think, but not all, that man has his antecedent ancestor in some one of the monkey family, I do not wonder that men stop looking up their pedigree. And yet why? I had as lief come from a monkey as from anything else—if I had come far enough along. But one thing is certain: men have outlived that early stage; they are not monkeys now—mostly; they are rational beings, moral, spiritual beings to-day. What they were and what their origin was may be a matter of some importance in biology; but it seems to me that it need not inspire any such disgust as that man should turn away from the fact that the analogy of creation is that everything has ascended from some foregoing form, and that those best adapted to their surroundings are the ones that survived while others perished, or continued upon a low level without any further ascension. To believe this is to upset not only a good deal of man's impressions and romantic feeling, but it goes against many theories in theology, many dogmas; it undermines every doctrine; and men, while they might be willing to accept it as fact in physics, do not like to accept it, with its consequences, in theology.

Evolution an Aid to Christianity.

Now, I hold that Evolution, so far from being in antagonism with true religion, will develop it with more power than any other presentation of science that ever has occurred in this world. The day will come when men will render thanks for that which now they deprecate. I hold that Christianity itself, so far from being clouded, set aside, or in any way crippled, will be itself illustrated, and will be helped

in its acceptance and use by men by a rational view of the doctrine of Evolution; and it is my purpose to-night not to force the belief of Evolution upon you, but to stand between you and your just thought and feeling, and to show you, if I can, that a moderate and just view of Evolution will be of no disadvantage to Christianity, and of very much advantage to all its surrounding institutions and offspring.

What is Christianity?

But, now, what is Christianity? What is the religion of Christ? in other words. Well, it seems to me that the religion of Christ stands distinguished from the religion of His countrymen not so much in the ends sought as in the means by which they were sought. Right through the whole Old Testament, through its valleys and its hills, obscurities or revelations, right through that whole wonderful history of that wonderful people, there was one central aim—righteousness. And what is righteousness? Manhood. The Old Testament undertook to develop men to their full limit, so as that they should come into the possession and exercise of all the elements of manhood. That was their search; how imperfectly they succeeded is revealed in the teaching of Our Lord in the New Testament. The New Testament takes up where the Old Testament drops this ideal, and it is the endeavour of Christianity to give to men a development such as shall bring them up to all their capacity, and fill out the ideal of God in men. It is not theology, though it gave birth to it; it is not churchism, though it has since bred churches; it is not the science of ethics in a general way—it is the attempt of Christian religion to develop men, and to bring them up to the highest unfolding of their spiritual nature, their social nature, as well as their physical nature. When

Christ came He began his preaching thus: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," the new dispensation. He at once declared that men were all of them sinful, in a lower and unfolded condition, and the first declaration was: "Change; let go the old and under, take hold of the new and higher." It was addressed directly to men. "Repent" was the watchword that opened His ministry. And another characteristic note of Christ's teaching was this—namely, that men not only were to repent and let go past things, but that there was a transformation possible in them: "Be converted"—lifted up into a new and higher kingdom. He taught not only that men might be converted, but He went to the root of all reformation from His day to this, and from this onward to the end. He began with the individual man. He did not undertake to convert communities. He did not undertake to convert philosophies. He says to the individual man: "Be converted; rise higher into the spirit-life." He set the man's new life over against the old physical life. Men now are everywhere reorganising society, and they are attempting, in various experimental ways, to improve the conditions of man. You never will change the conditions of the great masses of men in society in any other way than that of the Saviour's—namely, change the individual, and you will change the mass. Men are talking about equality, and about the reorganisation of society, so that every man shall receive his own. Preposterous! By changing the individual society gradually changes itself. Christ also taught the doctrine of the Divine immanence and intersphering, that God was with Him, in Him, and that He was near to men, and that He intermixed, as it were, His life and being with our lower life; and that it was by the inspiration of the Divine life that men were able to rise above animalism, and to come into

relations with the invisible, with the spiritual, and with the eternal. Now, the character that men were to bear is described abundantly and often, not perhaps in the Gospels themselves so much as in the understanding that the Apostles accepted of it. The "fruit of the Spirit," say they, is—what? Orthodoxy? Oh, no! Right believing? Oh, no! "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, faith, self-government." There was the style of character that Christ taught.

Where is the Antagonism?

Now, I have to ask you if this be really the inward Gospel which Christ brought into the world—God revealed to men and in men an influence that should change men, and lift them above their animal potency into a spiritual sovereignty, and if this was the style of character that they were to develop in consequence of it, is there anything in Evolution that is antagonistic to this view—is there anything in any philosophy that is antagonistic? Are not men primary animals? Are they not steadily, by the force of civilisation, but still more by the force of a true religion, lifted up above animalism into a spiritual condition? And, still unfolding, is not this the character that all men—I care not who they are, nor what their philosophy is—will recognise as the true character for an ideal man, the man that lives by his animal economy in regard to material things, but over and above that he lives in the larger realm of thought, and in the larger realm of disposition and character, and in a larger commerce not only with the things revealed by the eye and the ear, but the things revealed, also, by the imagination, and by the aspirations of mankind? Is there anything, then, in Christianity, stated in its simple form, that Evolution or science in any shape has any objection to?

Nonc. But there has grown up round about this simple element in the Gospel—namely, a great movement of the spheres, as it were, by which man was being exalted above the animal and into the spiritual conditions of life—there have grown up, and not without reasonable explanations, a great many philosophies, theologies, institutions, and they have become so mixed that most men have lost sight of the fact that religion is a life, has in it a philosophy of life, and that most men have not yet distinguished between creeds and the evangelism of Christ. They have, in some sense in their mind and imagination, all that which has subsequently been clustering round about, indirectly springing from the spread of Christianity—Churches, with all kinds of ordinances and beliefs, discordant often; but nevertheless men call everything that belongs to the Church “Religion.” Now, there is very much that is secondary that belongs, in some sense, to the Church and to active religion that is not religion itself, but merely accessory to it, and in regard to many of those things I do not hesitate to say that I believe the progress of Evolution will reduce them from their present importance, and bring them to the place where they will be of some value, though never of supreme importance.

Evolution and the Personality of God.

And now, with this general statement, allow me to proceed still more specifically with reference to the general effect of Evolution, and to defend from the sceptical men that have held it some of the great primary beliefs of men. And in the first place there is no possibility, it seems to me, of Evolution or any of the group of truths scientific that now surround it, are born out of it or are accompanying it—there is nothing in the flow

and tendency of science to destroy upon a rational mind the belief in the existence of a personal God, to say nothing of the impossibility of conceiving any other, to add to our view that Divine personality must include in it much that does not belong to human personality, that it has in it that which in us represents thought-power, will-power, individual power, emotive power. What all these inhere in the Divine nature! There is nothing in science that can disprove it, or even throw a doubt upon it. You are to bear in mind that the Scriptures never affirm that the existence of God and His Divine nature is provable by any of those methods of proof which we apply to other things. To begin with, God does not address Himself to any of our senses; we neither see Him, nor hear Him, nor in any way can we approach or touch Him with conscious personality. That has been the teaching of the Bible from the earliest beginning; the Great God has hid Himself in eternal silences to the men of old; and throughout the New Testament it is the declaration of Christ, and of the Apostles, that the only evidence that there is of the existence of God lies in moral intuition. It is not a new defensory doctrine that we proclaim, it is the doctrine and the interior thought of Christianity, and its predecessor—namely, that God was very much larger than man and human nature, and there was in Him so much more than that, that could it be discerned even, it would be impossible to establish by the proof which we can bring to bear in regard to organised and physical human beings. There can be no such demonstration of the existence of God.

Knowledge by Intuition.

What then is moral intuition? We find it very clearly foreshadowed in Scripture:—"Blessed are

the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And John in his epistle speaks of God as being Love, and they that love shall know Him, and they that do not love shall not. He makes that very strong, and repetitively declared, and, I suppose, that men of large nature, that men attuned to the fulness and genius of love, are the men that have coming to them through the vast spaces of life, intimations of the reality of God's existence, that are stronger evidence to them than any reasoning or any possible statement that can be made. In regard to all the finer processes of the human mind, it is by intuition that you come to the highest elements; as in music it is intuition, in arts it is intuition; yea, in the dealings of men with each other it is intuition; in others words it is a sudden sense of the truth projected from the mind, when it is fine, strong, and luminous, that is, in a state of exaltation. There are multitudes of things in which men believe and glory, about which the proof absolutely, so far as ordinary logic or proof is concerned, is wanting; nevertheless, they are among the things that are most absolutely believed. I believe in multitudes of things that I cannot demonstrate, and yet I should be ashamed to be supposed wanting in belief in them, and the highest form of intuition is the intuition by which we see God. Now the element through which He can make Himself known to us is not the element of ratiocination, it is not the element that carries with it physical properties or demonstrations, it is the evidence that only comes to the highest states and the finest qualities that belong to the spiritual manhood of men; and when men have lived according to the great doctrine of love, in purity, in sympathy, in generosity, in reasonable self-denial, when they are men that have lived in that atmosphere, there comes to them in bright and blessed moments such

a consciousness of the presence of God, that they cannot doubt that He is near to them. What He is, how much He is, where He is, a thousand things they cannot determine, but that there is this power which men call God they do know, just as a man knows it is summer by the way he feels. Do I not know fragrance? It has not been distilled, it is not visible to me, it is a consciousness that is bred in me with regard to physical things—which is an illustration rather than an analogy. And so there are many of the noblest inspirations of man, self-devotion, patriotism, and the capacity to understand them both, and to worship them both among men. But all of these turn on that facility of the mind to know from the following out of the qualities that are in themselves, higher forms of emotion, life, and character.

The Authority of Testimony.

So, then, if men may say, "This may be an evidence to the man himself, but it is no evidence to those who stand round him," I reply, "Yes, it is; it ought to be." No man can possibly understand everything, and we are obliged to depend upon each other's testimony for 19-20ths of all that we know. It is so in science, eminently; nobody is a universal scientist; everybody borrows the testimony of some one else. If there dwells in any community a man that is God-like, and that through long experience and trial proves himself to be much lifted above the lower forms of passion, lifted into the serene realm of love, lifted into rapture in those conditions, and, if living worthily of such a declaration, he returns again, as it were, to a lower experience, and says, "I know, I know, I know," men have a right to believe him in those higher realms as they would believe him in lower realms of life. Do not you

believe in travellers' story? Do not you believe in scientific statements? Do not you believe in the great burden of knowledge, which has blessed the world, upon the testimony of men competent, that would not lie, that are assured in their statements by the experience of men round about them—do not you accept their beliefs as your belief? And when a man, living a God-like life, and lifted into higher realms of experience, says, "I have had borne in on me, as no proof or demonstration ever did anything else—I have had borne in upon my mind, There is a God, there is a God!"—I hold that you have a perfect right to accept his intuition as if it were your own, and no science can prove that there is no God. Some German men have said, "There is no need of one." They may not see any need of one. The world has seen the need of one, and whether there be or not, the dictum that it is false philosophy to assign two causes for any phenomenon when one will do, will, perhaps, work against the evidence of God's interference with matter; but what with regard to that great realm of experience within the soul? It would not touch that, and that constitutes the largest part of every noble life. It is the thing that is within; it is the accumulated moral testimonies and intuition that are the riches and treasure of the soul, and you cannot get rid of it by saying there is no scientific evidence that such things are valid. There is no evidence against the existence of God.

Evolution and "Design."

But it is said that Evolution has shown one thing very clearly, namely, that the old doctrines of the designs of God in the creation of this world are no longer tenable. May be not; perhaps not. It used to be thought: "Why, here is a flower growing

right up under the edge of a glacier. What a beautiful design of God to create a flower that should be adapted precisely to this situation!" Whereas comes the Evolutionist and says: "Everything that was not adapted to it died out, and this is the only thing left, because it is adapted to its situation and circumstances." No design in it, no evidence! and so all through the whole round, things that live live because they are adapted to their surroundings or "environment," as it is called, and they are thought to be evidence of design. I think they are, too, but not they alone. I hold that the evidence of design is stronger from the standpoint of Evolution than it was from the standpoint of special creation. It is not simply an evidence of design by the location of this and that and the other thing, by the combinations between nature and function and condition. Here is a vast system running through the ages, a system that has in general one single tendency, namely: the things that are poor go under, and the things that are better survive, and the better yet still overtop *them* and go on, and this has been going on through ages and running through vast spheres of dispensation, and all of them working together and working harmoniously. Is there no evidence of design with regard to this vast system and its tendencies? Here is a man standing in a factory, and by great labour he makes a gunstock, and by-and-by a man invents a lathe which turns out gunstocks, so that while the other man can make one a day, this can make 500 a day. I should like to know whether the evidence of skill and design in the man that could make one is not greater in the man that can make a machine that can make 500. There is a carpet-loom, a great-power loom, and when you stand before it you almost think the thing ought to vote, it looks so intelligent. Now, if you were to

see an Oriental woman squatting upon the ground and making exquisite rugs, putting in bits here and there, thrusting in the shuttle once in a while and fixing it, by-and-by comes out in glowing colours a beautiful carpet, you say, "What a magnificent design! of course somebody did it." Now suppose a man can make a machine that can do all this, is not that man a designer much greater than were these women who were making these individual rugs? The man that can create the greater design that is involved in these inferior executions is a greater man than the one that can merely do the inferior things. And the whole development of the method of God in the whole world, when it comes to be looked at from the higher point of view, is itself sublime evidence of design in the creation and in the continuance of this globe.

Evolution and Prayer.

Well, the doctrine of Evolution or the scientific doctrines that go with it is said to destroy Christian prayer. No, it does not. It leaves it just where it was. "Well," says man, "do you suppose that God changes the whole economy of this world in answer to a man's prayer?" I do not, myself; do you? People say the "prayer of faith" would indicate that it does. The "prayer of faith" is a very curious thing. In regard to medicine it seems to affect everything; people are cured of this, that, and the other thing on the "prayer of faith," but it stops short at surgery. When a man's leg is shot off, if the "prayer of faith" could make another grow I should be very much inclined to believe in the doctrine; but where it is easy to have relation to the nervous constitutions of the men and the "prayer of faith" acts upon these nervous centres, I do not understand at all why natural causes should not produce many of the things that

men call an answer directly to prayer. But I repudiate this whole view of prayer; it is vulgar, simply vulgar! Why, suppose that you think of prayer, as many people do, as an omnivorous begging: men going to God every day, "Give me something! give me something! give me something! give me something!" You find them at the corner of the street crying and whining and holding out their hat with a pernicious blandness, and you will find them in churches doing just the same thing to God, all the while praying for this and praying for that, and giving thanks for this and that. Now, I do not object to a man's being grateful in a general way for the providence that supplies his wants; but I say that this is the merest outskirts, that it bears about as much relation to prayer as a man's body does to his soul and to his inward excellences. Well, suppose I should behold, or some one at least should behold, in a wealthy heiress his very ideal of companionship, and, making advances, finds gradual recipience, and little by little he comes to look upon her as angels are looked upon—woe is that man that does not see an angel once in his life, however soon its flight may be taken—in the freshness and exhilaration of a true love he feels that the very atmosphere is blessed; and the play of thought and emotion in her, it was as if he heard the very choirs of heaven. He stays to look and listen, and then he goes out and meets one of his companions, who says to him, "I say, Jack, have you been to see her to-day?" "I have." "Did she give you anything?" "No." Well, suppose the man should say to him, "Is not she rich?" "Of course she is rich." "And you thinks she likes you, too, and you did not ask her for anything! *I'd* have asked her; *I'd* have got something worth having if I had been in your place." No, he would not; he could not have got in his

place ; he would have been spurned and rejected by the high-minded and noble woman. The intercourse of life is but the faintest emblem of what prayer means, the lifting of ourselves into the conscious presence of the Ideal and the Eternal, and the issuing of our highest and best thought, love, praise, longing, and adoration. These things are the higher conception of prayer, not a species of begging—"Give me something, give me something." We are not forbidden to put ourselves in prayer under the recognition of the general providence of God by which we are supported—"Give us this day our daily bread ;" but that is only one sentence in the whole prayer ; it is merely a recognition of our relations to God. The prayer that was uttered by Jesus, the prayer that is recorded anywhere by His apostles, is of a higher nature than that. I know that there has been a controversy upon this subject, and I think it to be a very contemptible controversy ; it has been proposed that we should start two hospitals, one of which may be a prayer-answering hospital, and the other should be a medical one according to the ordinary application of natural laws, as if that had anything to do with the real question. Can the soul mingle its thought and feeling with the Divine Soul ? The animal man cannot answer that, the spiritual man can ; and the testimony of men among themselves, the higher men in their higher moments and with their higher faculties, is that prayer is possible ; the interchange of our feeling and life with the Divine life, intersphering : this is not only profitable, but beyond all other experience ennobling. Science does not destroy prayer.

Evolution and Sin.

Now I come a little nearer to a theological ground round about which there has been much controversy.

Science does not destroy the doctrine of human sinfulness; it explains it, it defines it, it throws a clearer light upon it. The old doctrine of sin, which it seems to me no man of moral feeling could allow himself to stand on for an hour or a moment, was that the human race born of their progenitors fell with them, and that the curse of God rested upon the whole human posterity, and that therefore all men by reason of their connection with Adam are born without original righteousness, without true holiness, and without communion with God. They *were* born without righteousness and holiness and communion with God, and they were born without everything else too; they were born with feet that could not walk, and with hands that could not handle, and with eyes that could not see, and with ears that could not hear; they were born without arithmetic, without grammar, they were born without anything but potential power, with the capacity to come to these things by the process of unfolding, and when men say the whole human family is born without righteousness, of course it is; that is a thing that belongs to development and to conscious volition later on. Now what is sin? how would it be defined from the standpoint of sense if you accept the doctrine of Evolution, that if man was not actually developed from the animal, he was so near to him that he was substantially an animal in his savage state? But admit for the moment that man was primarily an animal, born and developed from his congeners into a higher state; that there was superinduced upon him a moral element, a spiritual element, a rational element. The animal man was first in order, and too often in strength, in the primitive day, in the early day of every man. And sin lies in the conflict between the upper and the under man. If you want to see the doctrine stated in its most cogent form. read the 7th chapter of Romans,

where the conflict is not between a man before he is converted, and after he is converted, but between the man animal and the man moral and spiritual; where he thinks the highest things, and would fain do the highest things, but is pulled down and dragged under perpetually by the forces of his animal body. Sin is the remainder, as it were, of the conflict between man moral and spiritual and man animal and so far degraded. And this gives not simply a rational explanation that every man's reason can perceive; but it takes away the idea from the administration of God that men were cursed in their birth without any fault of their own, and that they were being punished throughout all ages in this world on account of a sin that they never committed. They have had no part nor lot in their great-forefather's temptation and fall, but they have had to have their dividend in that everlasting, increasing and ever-rolling damnation that came to them in consequence of it. Men do not believe it, and I honour them for it. And see what a difference it would make in the preacher, for now when he goes on preaching about the fall of Adam, and posterity all of them falling with him, and that sin was the result of that great fall, men say, "Has not he finished his sermon? he has been preaching now twenty-five minutes." You do not *believe* it! But if a man stands before his congregation and says to them, "This is sin, the conflict between your lower nature and your higher, and you know what it is; you know what you ought to do, and you know that the reason you do not do it is the animal temptations and seductions and down-falling." Men hang their heads and say, "It is so, it is so;" and you will have an audience with you, and they will believe you, whereas now you have an audience that do not believe you. And the way out of it becomes rational. A man is to be born again; that

is, his life is to pass in its strength from its under nature into its higher nature ; that is a potency given to a man by which he can change the point and emphasis in his own structure ; and whereas to-day he is influenced mainly by considerations of success and by his physical relations to men in the temptations that flow out of his past, it is possible for him to pass into that realm in which he shall be controlled by reason, by sense of morality, and above all, by the aspirations of his soul for purity, for obedience, for worship, for *love*, which is the mother of them all. And, therefore, when you preach to a congregation "You are sinners," you do not need any proof ; the things that you would you do not, and the things that you would not that you do ; you go out in the morning, purposing to be beneficent and rational and reasonable, and come back every night, saying, "I lost my temper, and with my temper I lost my good sense ;" you go out in the morning, saying, "I will be generous," and you come back at night, saying, "I have been selfish and mean" : every night of a man's conscious experience sits in judgment on the man's morning. Every man knows what the reality of that truth is—the everlasting interplay between the under man and upper man, and every man lives, therefore, in the experience of the 7th chapter of Romans. And such a doctrine as this will not only convince men, but will guide them into a higher life and nobler purpose, better than the old historic theology of the mediæval ages, the scholastic theology.

Evolution and "Revivals."

Then it may be said that these rationalised doctrines will stand in the way of that overflow of zeal and active effort which we denominate revivals of religion. It may, but it does not need to do so.

What is a revival of religion? It is simply a phenomenon in common with a multitude of others in variety, by which the feelings of men gather strength by the collected and connected feelings in the same direction of the multitudes in society. It is easy to do business when business rushes and everybody is in the market; it is easy to be patriotic when the whole community is roused to that one current of thought. Fashion becomes very catching indeed when everybody is bent upon this superlative quality; the run of the mind is helped by the run of other minds in the same direction. Now when revivals of religion are "got up," as it is said, it is simply a natural bringing together of men, and by teaching and singing, bringing their thoughts into the same channel until one with another they coalesce, and the fire is kindled and it flows on, and the man finds himself segregated from his old companions and habits, and he finds it is easier to turn his thoughts to religion and the purposes of reformation than it would be if he stood alone. It is hard to make one brand burn itself out, but put plenty together and you kindle a fire that consumes them all. There is no reason, therefore, why there should not be these methods in religion which we denominate "revivals," applying to the highest things of life that which we are accustomed to apply to all the fundamental and lower developments of human society.

Evolution and the Church.

Still, it may be said that if this is to prevail it is going to change all church life and everything of that kind. Gradually it will change it, but not to abolish it, but to raise it to a higher level than that at which it exists now. There is nothing in this world that men need so much as instruction as to the development of their higher nature and the

constant incitement of their higher nature, and there are no institutions provided by society for these ends. Go to the newspapers: they have incalculable benefits, but of a lower range, and they do not tend to make men higher and nobler in their aspirations. The common schools, the universities, the whole sphere of ordinary education, science itself has no direct relation to the education of men in their higher life. The Church is the only school and the only academy that exists where the main business is to educate men's understandings so that duty and worship shall be perpetually developed and continuously maintained. Churches are no doubt susceptible of much improvement, but the thing itself is a universal necessity, and neither science nor anything else will ever destroy them. Well, I hold with regard to the churches that any church that undertakes to raise the standard of spiritual and moral life among men is a Christian church. I hold that anything in this world that is found with various application and continuance to subserve the vital interests of humanity, that is Divine whatever it may be. We do not need to trace it back to the Apostles to give it sanctity; whatever thing has been shown to be beneficial to mankind is Divine—it would not be beneficial without it. I believe in the apostolicity of churches, I believe in the descent from the Apostles, I believe that that man that is the most humble, the most self-sacrificing, the loveliest man before God and with the deepest love, he is apostolic. There is no descent from the Apostles except in the apostolic life.

The Sects of the Church.

I do not suppose that science and Evolution among them will ever destroy even the sects of religion. I do not know why they should. I do not know

what you would gain by it. What the sects need is common decency, that is all. You could not get the whole of London into one church : physical necessity would oblige you to divide up into bodies. You never can get men to see any physical or intellectual thing just in the same way ; some men are short-sighted, some men are long-sighted, they cannot see just alike. A man's belief is largely determined by the constitution of the emotion that lies behind his brain and feeling. You can make men pretend that they believe the same creed, but they do not believe the same creed ; it is a simple impossibility. They may come near enough for cohesion and for general purposes, but it is not probable that there are any two men in this whole audience that think alike on any one point. If you could take a daguerreotype of the inside of the brain instead of the outside of the face, men would be as different inside as they are outside in that matter. Now, there is no earthly reason why sects—that is to say, divisions of Christians, by elective affinity—should not all come together and live in peace ; men that live through the imagination in one group, men that live through ratiocinative process in another group, men that live by veneration, and men that live by hope ; and these may very naturally subdivide, and if they let each other alone they may live in peace. Only introduce that economy which exists in house-keeping. Take the families on each side of a street, and there is not any one of them that is like any other one in their mode of housekeeping ; they do not get up at the same hour, nor go to sleep at the same hour ; they do not breakfast at the same hour, nor have the same things on the table ; and they do not think it comely for the one to peer into the window, or go round to the kitchen and see how the other is living ; there is a certain letting alone which is indispensable to good neighbourhood, and

if that economy were only introduced among churches—let other people alone—it would be better. Nor do I see that there need be any quarrel about ordinances either. Why, if the Quaker wants to discern spiritually what other men want sensuously, let him have his ordinance inside while you have yours outside. Some men are divided from each other on the question of the Sabbath-day; “let every man be convinced in his own mind,” saith Paul, and in this very case, too. Do not undertake to make your conscience the despot of other people’s liberty. One man thinks that it is adequate to baptize by sprinkling, another man wants quantity. There is water enough and to spare in the world—let him have it. Why need you dispute about it? Let every man have his own. Ay, but it is the attempt to impose your conscience on other people—that is where the trouble comes in. The real vice of sects is self-conceit; they think that God has whispered certain secrets to them that nobody else knows, that they are sent out to be the teachers and witnesses of those great truths, and that it is their duty to make these things not only manifest, but to separate men from their fellows. Now, I hold that in the infancy of the human race separating men from their fellows was indispensable, as in childhood it is indispensable to separate children from their bad companions round about; but one of the tokens of manhood is that a man does not separate himself from his kind; he is strong enough to go into companionship. And the genius of Christianity is to bring men together, and any system of doctrine, any system of worship, any system of ordinance, any procedure whatever that undertakes to build moral walls of partition between men that are really living after the mind of Christ, substantially it, by just so much, variates the evidence of the Christianity of that Church, for Chris-

tianity brings men together. "Stay at home," said the Old Testament to the Jews. "Go ye forth and preach the Gospel to every nation," said the New Testament. The law of seclusion and separation is the law of childhood, and it is not law of manhood in Christ.

Evolution and Immortality.

Then there is beyond that an element in Evolution which endears it to me and to every man; I think it throws bright gleams on the question of immortality. I see that the unfolding series in this world are all the time from lower to higher, that the ideal is not reached at any point, that the leaf works toward the bud, and the bud toward the blossom, and the blossom toward the tree, and that in the whole experience of human nature, and in the whole economy of the providence of God in regard to the physical world, everything is on a march upward and onward. And one thing is very certain, that neither in the individual nor in the collective mass has the intimation of God in the human consciousness verified and fulfilled itself. The imperfection shows that we are not much further than the bud; somewhere we have a right to a prescience of the blossom, and the last we can see of men and of the horizon is when their faces are turned as if they were bound for the New Jerusalem, upward and onward. I think there is no other point of doctrine that is so vital to the heart of mankind as this—we shall live again; we shall live a better and a higher and a nobler life. Paul says: "If in this life only we have hope, we are, of all men, most miserable;" and ten thousand weary spirits in every community are saying: "Oh, this life has been a stormy one to me; full of disappointments, full of pains and sorrows and shames and poverty and suffering, and now comes

this vagabond philosophy, and dashes out of my hand the consolation of believing that I am to live again." And it is the cry of the soul: "Lord, let me live again!" The accumulated experience of this life ought to have a sphere in which it can develop itself and prove itself. Now, I have this feeling—I thank God that the belief in a future and in an immortal state is in the world; I thank God that it is the interest of every man to keep it in the world; I thank God that there is no power of proof in science that we shall not live. Science may say: "You cannot demonstrate it;" but I believe it; then it is my joy. Can you go to the body of the companion of your love, the lamp of your life, and bid it farewell at the grave? One of the most extraordinary passages in the Gospels is that where the disciples John and Peter ran to the grave of Jesus and saw the angels sitting, and they said to them: "I know whom ye seek; He is not here; He is risen." But what a woe if one bore mother or father, wife or child to the open grave, and there was no angel in it; if you said farewell for ever as the body was let down to its kindred earth. It is the hope of a joyful meeting by-and-by that sustains grief and bereavement in these bitter losses in life. There be men that have but the one hope. There be poor men, men coming out of the mine, men in the stithy, men, strong, great, poor, and proud; and they have a little child; the mother has died from it, and that little child is the star of their life, and every day they bear hardship and privation for the child's sake. It is the first little face that twinkles through the shrubbery as the father comes home at night o'er spent, and the child's loving embrace is his renewed life, and she is the last one that waits and calls out sweeter than a bird's note to him as he leaves in the morning. And some day he comes home, and she meets him not, and the house is still.

She is gone ! and there is nothing left for him in all this earth ; there is nothing left ! It is the last light that is quenched ! But, oh ! say to him now if you dare : “ You will never see her again.” Nay, evangel, say to him : “ ’Tis but for an hour ! she is risen ! follow her and comfort yourself by her with the faith that when you see her again it will be in more of glory than ever entered into your heart to conceive.” Science cannot destroy belief such as this of immortality after resurrection ; it cannot take it away ; it cannot destroy it, and it is the most precious boon we have in life—the faith that, through Jesus Christ, we shall live again, and live for ever.

A Mature Judgment.

And, now, it is not needful that I should push these investigations further. I am an honest man. I would not say a thing I did not believe myself. I am called to preach religious truths. I have preached a great many things that I was ignorant about, but I thought I knew them then. I have corrected in later life, upon reflection and experience, statements that I had made in earlier life ; but I never in all my ministry stated an argument that I did not believe was valid. I never in all my life asked myself : “ Will this be popular ? ” I never asked myself : “ Will this be churchly ? ” I never asked myself : “ Will this be orthodox ? ” I always said : “ What is truth ? ” And I have a right at this late period of my life, when all human inducements are gone, and cannot tempt me more—I have a right to say that, having been now for fifty years a preacher of religion, and having seen year after year scientific developments, and having hailed with increasing confidence and joy this last great birth of the Divine idea in the creation of the world, I say to you as an honest man, and as a

Christian man, and as a Christian preacher, Evolution is, in my judgment, the greatest blessing, not to biology, not to physiology, not to sociology, but to religion, and that when churches shall have thrown off their prejudice, and when more meditation and experiment shall have cleansed from one and another imperfect elements, the future of religion will bid fair to have free course to run, and be glorified, such as it has never had before. And when every doctrine of the pulpit runs down until it radicantes itself in nature, when every man's statement of the truth finds itself rooted in the moral condition of the world and of the universe, there will be less scepticism, there will be less doubt, there will be less difficulty. I hail that day, and it is coming on! I have lived to see the rising of the sun, and will live to see the mid-day glory. Read—do not be afraid to exercise yourselves in growing knowledge. Read books—they won't hurt you long if they hurt you at all. You will get over them. Read—as I tell every young man in my congregation—read and study; don't be afraid. A man that is a coward in religion has not any religion; and so, with unspeakable gratitude, and with the utmost faith, and with a faith that grows by sight from period to period, I declare thanksgiving and gratitude to Him that gave our Lord Jesus Christ unto us, that He is now bringing round about Him and the Church of His love an illumination that indicates that the night is far spent and the day at hand.

SERMONS AND PRAYERS.



THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION

“But the greatest of these is love.”—1 *Cor.* xiii. 13.

THE roots of this chapter are in the preceding chapter. It is a chapter of universal experience, a chapter of contention about peace, and of quarrelling about love, and of all manner of collisions and supersessions and criticism,—every man thinking that he had just the gifts that made him chief,—lying over against each other in battle array in regard to orthodoxy, regularity, organisation, authenticity. They had the gifts of speech, some of them, and used them; they had the gifts of teaching and misleading; they had all sorts of gifts jumbled together, as we have seen them since in the ages, and may see them still if we have eyes to see. And the apostle says that there are endless varieties, but it is God that worketh in them all; different dispensations, different offices, functions, experiences, manifestations, but God is behind all that are true, and they have a certain unity in God. But while the apostle did not discredit what we may now more familiarly call the means of grace, he said, “Have all gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet show I unto you a more excellent way.” “Shove the whole crowd out,” he says, “and let me show you the royal road.” And then he broke out into this magnificent hymn or chant of love; and there has not yet risen that man inspired upon harp or organ or other instrument, not Beethoven himself, that has been able to put into music the grandeur of this anthem of eternity. We shall hear it chanted there! Thus this lofty chant broke forth, as it were, in celebration of the coronation of love, and then all ceased. It could be seen that love was the one crowned truth of the universe; that without it all things are vapid and useless, and with it all things, it might almost be said, are superfluous.

But what is this love? We have a pale moonshine of sen-

timentality that is sometimes supposed to represent the Scripture love. Men sometimes advocate a life of love and a theology of love, but have no idea of justice and of truth, of sound words of orthodoxy; they advocate this *mush* of love. Now, the love which is the basis and sum of Christianity is something grander than any specialisation of affection known to man. Nor is there, if peradventure it do not somewhat exist in the household, anything that is fit to be the type of that which the Spirit of God teaches us to be the love of Christianity. For it is not a mild and feeble amiableness; it is not a kind of charity that forgives men's faults, because it does not feel that they are faults, and has no conscience rebounding from evil. It is not merely morality, indifferent to everything that is not regular, and without any quick sense of good or evil, of the beauty of the one and the odiousness of the other. It is large, robust, discriminating, full of rectitude itself and the love of rectitude, full of moral discrimination, repulsed from evil and attracted to all that is beautiful and true and good. It is the whole man attuned to God's own nature, and, therefore, full of sympathy, full of kindness, full of fervent well-wishing to all sentient creatures. It does not disdain anything, the great love that God pours into great souls and little; it does not disdain the flitting insect, nor the flocks and herds, nor the birds that build and sing; but it has its full disclosure among men. It is that quality which shines out with beneficence upon all. As God makes His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and sends His rain upon the just and the unjust; as He has a great orb of compassion and sympathy that showers down benediction upon men without regard to station or condition, or even character, so that love, when it is transmitted to human beings, is a compassion and a sympathy and a well-wishing that dodges nothing, reaches everything, descends to everything, is universal, continuous, habitual: it is the altitude of the soul; it is the disposition in its moods of benefaction, consideration, sympathy, love; and in that sense love itself is but a minor form of the great love. It asks nothing for itself; it has no second thought; it asks only the liberty of bestowing kindness and affection and sympathy and all helpfulness. It sees faults, longing to correct them; it sees sins, that it may heal them: it is the soul's physician going into the hospital where men are maimed and are sick, only to see how they may be succoured and helped. It is the soul's whole atmosphere poured forth upon others. Thus it is not a

faculty ; it is all the faculties and forces of the soul in a condition of imparting benefit, at any rate well-wishing, to all creatures. And thus it is a miniature God set up in the niche of our soul.

Now listen for a moment to this sweetest descant that ever was sung beneath the angel choir, and see if it does not compass substantially that which I have described rather than defined as the nature of a true Christian experience of love.

“Love suffereth long.” That does not seem very striking. It is very profound. You cannot tell the strength of one’s love by the pleasure which he receives from loving. The test of loving is what any one is willing to suffer for the sake of the object beloved. All deep love takes the object, as it were, into its bosom ; carries its burdens, or would ; forgives its sin, or would ; suffers. And any man that has nobody to suffer for him in this world is God’s orphan indeed. Children are blessed because there is a household love that suffers for them. There are no hearts in the union of love that do not know how to suffer for each other. “Love suffereth,” not once or twice, as if upon exhibition, but “long.” Long as the chord on the harp vibrates, long as the pipe of the organ, suitably ministered unto, sounds, so long the touched heart knows how to suffer for those whom it loves.

“Is kind.” Kindness should certainly have a place somewhere ; because piety is sometimes anything on earth but kind. It is acerb, it is stiff, it is homely, it is pretentious ; it is very good and very ugly. Piety ! It is enough to make a man run away from church to see some pious people. But love is kind, love is good-natured, and that stands society in hand often more than conscience itself. Love is gentle and kind.

“Love envieth not.” Nobody envies below himself ; everybody envies those that are above him : therefore envying is covetousness, or worse ; it is the recognition of good fortune, or of attainment, or of power, or of something else in those that are above, and the man is angry at their goodness because it rebukes his meanness or his littleness. But love, never. You cannot bestow too much upon that which you love. A mother is sooner liable to bestow too much upon the babe of her bosom than a true heart to envy the gifts of those that are about him. What if they are better and more popular than you ? Thank God that there is some one better and more popular than you. What if they are wiser than you ? Thank God that there is one more star in the firmament above yourself. What

if they have the commendation of men while you have the dry bitter root to chew? Thank God that somewhere there is somebody that is not getting troubled as you are. There are tears enough and misfortunes enough, and there are burdens and cares laid on those that are eminent quite enough to keep them down in their own estate. Love never envies anybody. And, judged by that test note, a great deal of religion is spurious.

"Love vaunteth not itself." It is not a braggart; it does not every time it lays a golden egg rise from the nest and cackle. It "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Oh, that there were some men that could be touched with a lancet! How the puffed-upness would come down, and leave vacuity.

Love "doth not behave unseemly," or uncivilly. It does not think that rude, hard words, an abrupt manner, a disagreeable honesty, are any more tests of sincerity and manhood than words that are agreeable to men. It is not uncivil.

Love "seeketh not her own." That golden word that had been almost lost by forgetfulness luckily Paul brought into eternal remembrance, remembering the words of Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This heresy the world has not yet acceded to. Selfishness says, "It is not orthodox: every man for himself; if every man took care of himself everybody would be taken care of; as for the sinful, the weak, the ignorant, those that are out of the way, no matter for them; take care of yourself; make your strength selfishness; make your knowledge selfishness; call yourselves by holy names, and live like the devil." Love never does it. It "seeketh not her own."

"Is not easily provoked." A wonderful grace is that! not easily provoked by things that are provoking; to stand in misunderstanding; to be yourself sensitive, and have all the insects flying in with stings on you, and not be irritated; to have the armour of patience, this is an attainment much to be desired. There have been some specimens of it undoubtedly in the history of Christian experience. "Is not easily provoked."

"Thinketh no evil." Now, that is too much. It cannot be expected that we should reach that; that we should never have a secret pleasure in hearing some tale of a neighbour that thought himself pretty good; that we should never repeat it with smiles: "Well, you know, he is a good man, but good men have their faults." So it comes to pass that these beautiful Christians sit down at a banquet like so many cannibals

eating up the reputation of their neighbours. "Thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity." Cynics, men that pretend to have such a knowledge of the world, think they cannot be deceived by sham, don't believe in sincerity, don't believe that there is any virtue that will not yield to temptation, don't believe but that every man has his price everywhere. The man may seem saintly, "Yes, but have you seen him behind the alcove?" If I am told that there is anybody very good, or very holy, or very just, or very pure, I will be above such things as that, for the Divine love does not love such things—it "thinketh no evil, it rejoiceth not in iniquity." It will not thread the common sewers of life for the sake of finding out the worst elements to feed on. Many a muck-worm does it.

"Rejoiceth in the truth." No matter if it is your enemy of whom you hear something better than you had supposed; be glad that the man is better than you thought he was. Your own church is good—of course—and all things are orthodox; but the church over the way! Ah! learn some of the things that have developed the true Christian life there. You ought to rejoice and be glad; no matter where you see the truth of life, of duty, of self-denial, of holiness, accept it, and bless God that there is even a twinkling of heavenly light in the dark passages of this world.

"Beareth all things." Love is a burden-bearer, and it rejoices in its burden. The nursery is God's commentary on atonement and on moral government. For where on earth is there such an instance as the mother, who counts it all joy to bear the child's feebleness and weakness and want, and by-and-by quarrelsomeness and sickness and aberration? "Beareth all things," not saying "If I had been tried with such and such a trial, I could have endured it, but *this*!" There is no *this* in true love. It is everything, it is anything.

"Believeth all things." It trusts men. It does not mean that it believes every fugacious heresy or every rambling novelty; but it has a mind credulous, childlike, confiding. Count Cavour, the Italian diplomat, said he was satisfied from his experience that more mistakes would be made by not trusting men than by believing in them and trusting them. If that is true in Italy and in diplomacy, good heavens! where is it not true? "Believeth all things," or, at any rate, if you cannot do that, "hopeth all things."

"Endureth all things;" and you will have to do that if you undertake to walk through life with this kind of Christian love.

Now I want to call your attention to the fact that this is the only note of true orthodoxy in the New Testament. Let me refer you to the Gospel of St. John, chap. xiii., v. 34 : "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Even late down in the history of this world this commandment was given as "new" ; and if he were present to-day, our dear Lord might, without changing a letter, say "A new commandment I give unto *you*. As I have loved you in the greatness of the Divine compassion, in the largeness of the Divine sympathy, in the glory of the all-filling love in God, so love ye one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another." Now, do you want to know how to find out whether a man is a disciple ? Go to the catechism : "What is your belief in respect to fore-ordination ? What do you think of predestination ? Do you believe in the Trinity ? Do you believe in the total depravity of the human race ? Do you believe that men are effectually called, that they can do nothing to help themselves, that they are born without any good or any possibility of doing good, until they are regenerated by the grace of God ?" By this time you begin to sweat. "Do you believe that an atonement was made to satisfy the law of God, that all men are under wrath and damnation until they are brought by the Spirit of God to accept the benefits of the atonement of Jesus Christ, so that His righteousness is made righteousness unto them ? Do you believe in all these things ?" "Yes, yes ; I believe." They swallow them at a gulp ! But I never yet have seen an examination for ordination or for admission into a church that dared to sound this note of orthodoxy, "Do you love one another ?" Yes ; here it is, in the Word of the Lord Jesus ; it is the one note by which we are to determine whether a man is orthodox or heterodox, whether he is converted or not converted. "By this shall man know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another." But I shall have more to say on that subject in a moment ; I merely call your attention to it in passing.

And now—for I have not finished this chapter—the grandest judgment seat is set, and before it is summoned, not man in his animal nature to be judged for vices, for wallowing in crime—not gross, cruel, avaricious conduct—that is not summoned ; but civilisation is summoned before the judgment seat, to be measured, and to have its contents and its nature marked down. And first comes all that is brilliant, and useful, and enticing, and cheery, and charming. "Though I speak

with the tongues of men." All harmony, all exquisite discourse that fills the soul with feeling and knowledge, and the ear with rhythm, all that is entrancing, that is called up. All poets, and all the flowing measure of poetry that lifts men who are among the gross and visible into the ideal and the invisible, these are called. "Though I speak not only so, but am caught up by rapturous inspiration to speak things unpremeditated, and far beyond the ordinary purpose and vision of men, with the tongues, as it were, of angels, and have not love," how contemptuously he treats them! I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal—noise, noise! There is not so pretentious an instrument in all the band as a drum, nor one so empty. The men that fill the air with laudation, the men after whom the crowds do flock, the men whose eulogy is glowing on the page from day to day, who walk forth crowned with human praises, without love, are worthless creatures.

Then come from the cloisters and from libraries and from colleges men of knowledge. "Though I have the gift of prophecy"—which includes not alone the sagacity that forelooks but the power of sagacious teaching—"and understand all mysteries," going down from the surface into the causes of things, from the apparent to the real, "and all knowledge." Bring up all these men from the laboratory, from the study of the rocks, from the observation of the stars, from chairs of philosophy; bring all the men of knowledge together, and hear the word of the Lord saying unto them, "All your knowledge is as dust, all your knowledge of the present and of the past is nothing without the simple and solitary virtue, love." Life is without its key-note that has no love.

Then come the last, the religious crowd. "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor." There is a great market. Men have got a deal of money together—it is not worth while asking how, but they have got it—and you find them standing on their feet and saying, "My silver and my gold do not bring happiness. Men say 'There is a rich man, but that is all there is of him;' I should be glad to be put upon stations of observation, I should be glad to have men giving me office and position." That is the trouble of these men. They have earned that which they thought would bring happiness, and they have paid out already those qualities of their soul from which happiness alone can spring in order to get the money, and now they go into the market and say, "Who will give me fame? Who will give me reputation? A thousand pounds

for that college, and I shall get a title or a degree ; to the charities of the city, and I shall shine as a benefactor. I will give my goods—a good many of them ; the rest I prefer to retain till I die. I am willing when I make my will to do great things for the great charities that shall bear my name sounding down to posterity. Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not love, I am nothing.” Poor miserable demigod that thinks he can carry himself to the gate of heaven and enter in by a reputation which he bought with his money and without desert !

“Though I give my body to be burned, though my zeal mounts up to the very steeple, though I am willing to burn those who do not believe in true religion as I am willing to be burned for it too ; zealot, narrow, sharp, intense, I will live for the glory of God in my humility ; other men must look out for themselves ; I am living for religion, I am living for the church, for my church ; I am living for my orthodoxy, and God knows that I am willing to go to the stake for it.”

There are a hundred men willing to die at the stake that are not willing to take up the Cross, and live for their religion. It is often a great deal harder to live than to die. The vexations of life are a thousand times more painful than being burned or incarcerated. The zealous in religion, the narrow, the bigoted, the intolerable and the intolerant, without love they are nothing—mere walking shadows. I do not know whether you have among you a little insect that in America goes under the name of “mosquito.” They always say grace before they begin to suck your blood. Or, if they have not been feeding, you may see them on the wall transparent—there is nothing of them but the power to hum. Alas ! they are not all insects. When we think of the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ and its history in this country under almost every name, it would seem that Golgotha had extended itself and covered the whole realm of Christianity. What a horrible betrayal of Christ has been the history of the churches of Christian sects ! And even yet, though we are greatly advanced and the morning star of hope has risen over our horizon for the future, even yet is not the concord of Christian sects armed neutrality ? Is it not peace preparing for war ?

Now let me bring home some of these views with a closer and more personal application. I wish you to see from the light of this view how easily we may distinguish between religion (Christian religion) and religion. Religion is the worship

the submission, the awe, which men feel for the great unknown God. There are thousands of men that bow themselves down and worship, but you shall look from end to end of the New Testament for the advocacy of that. It is not in the Lord's prayer, it is not anywhere in the Exhortation of the Apostle, it is not in the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ from the beginning to the end. The whole New Testament pivots on this golden point, "Thou shalt love." At twelve o'clock at night, from out of a hundred or a thousand steeples goes forth the solemn bell, striking the last hours; and every one of them strikes twelve—some in tenor tone, some in deep resounding bass, and with every variation of pure tone or clangour, but every one of them far and near strikes twelve. There are ten thousand things in the New Testament, and unfolded in human life there are ten thousand things of thought, of fancy, of feeling; but every one of them strikes at the hour this one sovereign note, "Love"—some in one way, some in another, some through intellectual influence, some through the ascetic feeling, some through emotion, some organised, some disorganised; but every one of the great truths of the New Testament strikes Love.

Now in regard to religion instituted, organised into life, it is quite possible that men may change their theological creed, and not in the slightest degree disarrange religion. It is possible to reform creeds; apparently it is almost impossible, but ideally and conceptionally men may change their creed in order to keep their true religion. Or it may be that the creeds of the Middle Ages, framed in times of war, and armed like the old castles on the Rhine to repel invasion and to protect the interior, may be found as unfit for modern habits of thought as the old armour of steel and chain are unfit for the civic dress of to-day in times of peace. Still, the old corslet, the old helmet, the greaves, the armlets, and the gloved hands go clanking along the ways of orthodoxy, weighed down with the forms of thought that were necessary for certain ages and periods of the world. But we take off these things, and reduce men to habiliments that are comfortable and suitable. "Oh, there is no telling, if you once abandon the old ways, where you will bring up." You will bring up in heaven, if you abandon them in the right way; but if you do not, it is uncertain where you will bring up. You can change instituted religion, you may change it as easily as a farmer can change his implements; to-day it is one hoe, to-morrow it is a lighter

one; to-day it is one plough, to-morrow it may be a better one; to-day it is one threshing machine, to-morrow it may be another. When we come to spiritual husbandry, men want to plough with an old stick because their ancestors did so. It is true that implements are being changed by which the religious life is cultivated, instructed, built up. God forbid that I should undervalue the use of institutions; and God forbid that I should seem idolatrous of them. They are the servants of men, according to the Word of our Lord and Master: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The Sabbath is my slave; I say to it, "go" or "come." It was made for me, and I will take no orders from it, and no man shall impose any orders on me from it. I love it; I love it with the associations of my heart; I love it with the history of all the sweet truths that have blossomed on that fragrant day, but it is not my master; I am a free man, and if men say, "You must not change it, it must be on the seventh day, and not on the first day," who are you to be idolaters of outside things? I hold it spiritually; I love it. If men say that all denominations must worship alike—oh! what a mirage has been before the Church for ages!—hunting after that delusive conception of unity. There never was and there never will be unity of doctrine, because men's minds are not alike. There never will be unity of theories of government, because some men are democratic and some are aristocratic in their cradles. There never will be unity in regard to any of the educating apparatus of the Church. The only unity this world will ever see, or that God wants it to see, is unity of spirit, unity of love, of sympathy, of helpfulness. And that is gradually going on. Those flowers that come earliest in the spring disappear earliest; they are sweet, they are beautiful. But all through the torrid summer there are some flowers that are breeding themselves for days of frost; the chrysanthemum, the aster, that bloom in the hedges of our fields and forests, and many another, come late, even into the winter itself. And there be many glorious things that the early morning of the world has not produced, but little by little there are roots which draw sustenance from the soil, and when the world grows older, we shall not be without flowers that defy the frost, that lift up their cheek to it that they may be kissed and become more beautiful. Instruments may change, theologies in so far as their philosophy is concerned—not the actual and fundamental facts out of which theological systems are built—they should

not change unless they have been obscured ; they may be cleansed, they may be burnished, they may be touched with the chisel here and there ; for large theology is like the ruins of Palmyra or Tadmor, here a capital, there a part of a shaft, and yonder a frieze, and the edges are worn away and wasted ; men gather them up and restore them in some faint degree. So one may bring out lines of fact or of theology ; but there is no sacredness in a human system ; there is no reason why men should be idolatrous of creeds or dogmas. In every other department of life, of literary life, of scholastic life, science, music, men at last have been liberated, and are free to graft on old knowledge new branches, and to bring forth truth in clearer aspects than ever it had been seen in before. Only in the most glorious department of human life is there yet lingering a fear to touch the old exposition lest the whole should be destroyed. You cannot destroy God ; you cannot destroy human nature that echoes to God. There will be religion, and as the times grow better and as truer understanding and the instinct of love are developed it will unfold itself, and intelligent, spiritual liberty will give us orthodoxy, no matter in what form it expresses itself. It is always safe to trust the moral experience of an enlightened, free, Christian community—not of every individual, but of the body collectively.

Then I may possibly—if I were in Brooklyn I should without any hesitation—apply this subject to the inquiry, what is the true church ? That is the true church which produces and is adapted to produce the largest harvest of love. You cannot test a church by its history ; you cannot test a church by its logic, nor by its concatenations of argument. That is the true church that is most nearly allied to the mind and spirit of Jesus Christ, and the mind and spirit of Jesus Christ is that God so loved the world that He gave His Son to die for it. Greater love hath no man than that He laid down His life for His friends ; that is the interpretation. That, then, is the true Church ; not that which is largest, or the most numerous, or the most decorated, or the most acerb in its theology, or the most historic in its claims ; but that which continually brings forth the sweet fruits of righteousness in the form of love. God be thanked, there are grand, true churches in the communion of the catholic church ; there are holy men among them, and there are churches under their administrations where I see unfolded the sweetest and choicest flowers in the garden of the Lord. Humble they are ; so is the

violet. Unpretentious they are, not widely grown ; neither is the vine. But we know that they are gardens of the Lord. Churches there are round about whose boundaries tower the hollyhock and the pretentious sunflower, and nothing besides. Churches that bring forth righteousness, and are adapted to bring forth in their ruling ideas all the sweet fruits of the Spirit of God, they have the note that they are of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Now, what is conversion ? We hear a great deal about it. Conversion is the kindling in a soul of the light of love. No man is illuminated at conversion entirely : it is the rising light that shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Before every part of the vast chamber of the human soul shall receive its light, time and suffering and experience must be passed through ; but the beginning of the life of love—that, and only that, is conversion. Some men think that they are converted because they had a horrible conviction, and because they said they were brought out of the miry clay and had their feet set upon the rock. They look back to that experience, and they say, “I was converted at four o’clock in the afternoon on the 10th of June, eighteen hundred and so and so.” Your clock may be right, but the thing itself is not perhaps worthy of a revelation ; for I have not been able to perceive that you are a particle less proud ; I think on some grounds you have been more avaricious ; I think you have traded on your reputation for piety ; I think you have taken on airs by reason of your supposed now superiority. There are a thousand reasons why I do not think many conversions are good because they do not bring forth the fruit of love. When a man is converted he says, “I saw a great light.” It was nothing but a tallow candle, and the wind blew it out very soon. Yet the man carries round his snuffed-out candle and says, “I was converted.” Some men who are converted carry about their lamps which are known by the smoking of the unburnt material, and they think that they have got a light. Conversions are like the dawn of the morning ; they come and irradiate the very dewdrops and change them to jewels ; they wake all birds, they wake all hearts and melodies. Why, when a man has entered into the spiritual elements and knows what it means to be Christ’s man, loving God and loving everybody, he begins to feel and wonder if there is anything on God’s earth that is so ecstatic as love. If it is beautiful to love a single one by elective affinity, if the

love by sympathy includes all men, is it lessened? It is glorified.

But time passes, and your patience is in danger of being exhausted. This thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians is in no danger of being exhausted. Let me say to many that I shall never speak to again, unless peradventure it be when we grasp hands and walk into the gate of the Blessed, I call you to Christ and to Christian religion; I call you to no penance, to no seclusion, not to cloisters; I call you to life and liberty in Christ Jesus; I call you to love, for the noblest thing in this wide world is a man intelligent and wise, and meant to be a child of God by having kindled in him the radiance and warmth of a true Christian life. For him all mirth comes dancing, at his service; for him comes humour, like the dew on flowers; for him comes all trust, for him all courage, for him all liberty; for the more we learn automatically to obey the laws of our spiritual being the more we are enfranchised. Men that are in the lower stages of obedience to the foolish laws of society are all of them in bondage; but when the man has grown above all these things and becomes a law unto himself, and he does the things that are best not because he is commanded by the Church, or by the creed, or by public sentiment, but because in the spontaneousness of his own heart he wants to do these things, he does them to please himself; he is a law to himself. Do you suppose that I forbear picking pockets as I walk along the street for fear of the policeman? If there was not a policeman in London I would not pick anybody's pocket. That is out of something in me. There is no temptation in burglary to me. I might pass ten thousand shops and I would not get drunk. I have risen, at least, so high in the scale of liberty, that I perform the social duties of life almost unthinkingly, and, in so far as the motive is looked for, it is a motive unspeakably higher than that of fear. I call you out of the bondage of fear, I call you into the resurrection of the new life, that you may have the liberty of the sons of God.

Of all things most admirable and sweet in this world is the man that, not standing upon his own dignity, nor fencing himself off by his privilege or his superiority, carries in himself the full choir of Christian graces and virtues.

One word in closing. I now come back to the text. The Apostle says, While love never fails, while love is the one immortal thing on earth, all other things are changing, and

must change. Knowledge shall fail, prophecy shall pass away, and for this reason, that we are, in our limited state of understanding, only dealing with spots and fragments of the truth. That great republic of worlds, of which this is but one single province, what do we know of it? What does a man know of an engine by one wheel? What would a man know about a watch and its powers of performance by simply seeing a main-spring lying on a table? We are in the condition of a dishevelled machine: we know in part, we know spots and fragments. By-and-by, says the Apostle Paul, as the ignorance of childhood ripens into a perfect knowledge in manhood, so our earthly ignorance and limitations will ripen when we come to a world where we shall know as also we are known. All things perish in this life except disposition. Genius, philosophy, all forms of ritual worship, all forms of voluntary worship,—everything is stamped with the relativity which belongs to this state of being. It is the imperfect expression of only an imperfect part of an unknown system; but by-and-by we shall know as we are known. There are three things that death itself does not change. It takes our wealth, our raiment, our friends, our honour, ten thousand things in life death despoils; but there are some things that the tooth of death cannot gnaw; there are some things that the hot iron blades of death cannot touch. What are these? “Abideth faith”—not relative to this life, but belonging to eternity, “faith, hope, and love.” The foremost and greatest of these is love. And, when in the great coming day you and I should mount up as upon angel wing, they that have best on earth represented the Divine element of love, feeling the attraction of God Himself, on golden wings shall outrun all others and enter heaven a rejoicing crowd. May the Lord Jesus Christ bring you unto the fulness and glory of this Divine experience!

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

“Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.”—MATT. xvi. 24.

THIS period in which we are living is a period of great doubt. [Mr. Beecher, who spoke from a platform under the pulpit, began in a very low tone of voice, and at the end of the first sentence there were cries of “Pulpit!” and “Can’t hear!” from the congregation.] If you will make less noise you will hear me before I get through. As to the pulpit I think about it as Daniel Webster did; he regarded the continuance of religion in this world, in spite of pulpits, to be one of the signs of its divinity. I suppose pulpits were originally framed after the apocalyptic vision of a candlestick, and ministers have been too much like wax candles in candlesticks, hard and stiff, with very little light. No man would ever undertake to plead for the life of a fellow-man out of a pulpit. No man would ever undertake to go before a crowd for votes and be perched up on the top end of a candlestick. When a man is in earnest in preaching he ought to preach from the top of his head to his toe. It is not the voice alone; it is the man informed with his subject that preaches.

I was saying that this is an age of great doubt and uncertainty on the subject of religion. The mist comes up from two directions; on the one hand, it comes from the realm of science, and, on the other hand, it issues out of the Church itself; and multitudes of men are as much affected and repelled by the prevalent impressions of Christianity which have been derived from the Church as they are repelled by the yet unripe conclusions of science itself. For a multitude of

men regard religion as only a kind of bondage which no man would tolerate for a moment except for the hope of what he will get for it by-and-by. It is thought to be a restriction of liberty. Instead of presenting a joyous face to them, religion is veiled or gloomed. They hold that it would be better, perhaps, for a man to be a Christian than to be damned, but only about that; that if it can be deferred safely, and if there may be such a thing as a compromise on a death-bed, why then the man who tries to get all he can out of this world, all that he can out of society, all that he can get out anywhere, and anyhow, is wiser than the man who cheats himself all through life, and is no better off at death than he who has had a good time. There is in the mind of youth an impression of this kind, that it is a sad and sorrowful course for a man to pursue, and this runs parallel with another experience, that of Christian people themselves. My own impression is that the ideas of the Christian Church have been so largely derived from the fuliginous atmosphere of the ascetic that we now almost always read the Bible through that glamour. We think that religion is really a sorrowful thing, that it is a medicine, bitter, sharp, continuous, that we cannot get well unless we have all the pain and poverty that is consistent with the development of an ordinary practical life. Nay, more; there is an impression that suffering is a badge of piety, and is the antithesis of nature. There is a strong feeling that joy is to be had very sparingly, a mere sweet to be handled with the fingers after the main meal, and little of it; that it is to be regarded with suspicion as being at variance with sanctity. If a man is at once, in the testimony of those who know him, sound in justice and in good sense, large and liberal, sweet as summer and fragrant as all its flowers, and yet is gay, "Oh!" it is said, "that is a single case; he is eccentric." For still men cling to the idea that piety and a certain restriction of joy are synonymous; that sobriety of face, a stern, hard expression of conscience and of will, are more nearly the representatives of a sanctified state than the genial, smiling, humorous, elastic ways of life. All these are the results of a false interpretation of sacred Scripture as it is seen through the atmosphere which has been created by the school of ascetics, who believed that God cursed the world when He made it (they ought to have believed so; it is the logical sequence of their position); who believed that man, being created, was excommunicated, as it

were, not altogether on his own account, but on account of a derivative guilt from an ancestor whom he never saw, and in whose sin he had never any concern, but he was to have the dividends of the transaction to the end of time; that he was so cursed in consequence of the paternal sin as that he was utterly devoid of all good, unable to accomplish it, absolutely outside of any true function of grace, and that the exercise of the powers of the mind, as they are born in nature, along the line of God's inevitable decree, is always sinful, and not until a certain something called Grace is infused has any action of a man's reason, moral sense, or affections any validity before God. And so, as the world is a perpetual scene of temptation, and as in the unregenerate state men are without moral ability and without any capacity of doing anything that is good, the ascetic holds that he must mortify everything, and as certain views founded in truth come with nature they must be set aside. As ordinary good natures springing from happy constitutions are liable to be mistaken for Grace, you must mortify them. So men, misinterpreting the phraseology of Scripture, talk about crucifying themselves, whereas in the New Testament you have not any such thing; never once is it declared that man must crucify himself. We are told that we are to crucify *the old man*, with his lusts, the animal man; for the true man is a social creature, intellectual, emotive, superinduced upon the animal, and the animal is perpetually acting with strength and priority of existence; for the animal comes before the man. It is held in the New Testament that we are to put the animal under; to be sure we are. Now, under these interpretations of the ascetic school men often feel that joy is a temptation, one of the devil's worst lures, and that a man had better be sorrowful in this life, if he can only get enough for it in the other. Therefore, it is thought that the man who macerates his flesh, wears his hair shirt, flagellates himself, and prays a good deal, shuts himself in a cloister, or in the cell, or in the cathedral, as the case may be, that the man who goes glooming through the world as a skeleton is the saint; whereas a robust man, rubicund, genial, going through life both happy and diffusing happiness—well, he may be a good enough citizen, but the idea of his being a saint! Who ever saw a fat saint? (Laughter.) I know that a great many of my brethren think that laughing in church is very wicked, but there is more grace in an honest laugh oftentimes than

there is in a prayer or in any form of self-denial. Conscience is a good thing when it works in sunshine and love, but when it works in acerbity conscience is a bulldog that sits at the door and keeps out less mischief than it lets in.

Now, against all these false notions, I declare that the ideal of the Christianity in the New Testament, by any fair interpretation of the whole of it, is that it is a release from bondage, not an entrance into it ; that it gives larger liberty to every part of man's nature, that it brings life, not gloom, joyfulness in overflowing measure ; not merely what may be technically called religious joyfulness, that is to say, joyfulness as in the presence of God Himself, and when thinking upon religious topics ; but I hold that a true Christian development in man, formed after the pattern of Jesus Christ, is full of joy of every kind from the lowest to the highest scale ; and as in the harp the deepest note of every chord all the way up to the shrillest is musical, so in a truly Christian disposition we have the right of joyfulness in all things that are becoming manhood and womanhood.

What, then, are we to understand by such passages as our text, and such words as these, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able"? Is religion, then, a cloistered thing? Is it a special treasure that none may have except by the most vehement exertions? is it something that God is keeping to Himself, and gives men only on rare occasions a taste thereof? And self-denial and cross-bearing, are we to understand by them that religion is, after all, an experience of well-borne sorrow ; that men are to begin on crutches, and limp on crutches all the way through their life?

I have already alluded to the fact that man is of a composite nature, and that in the order of time and nature both, he is first an animal, and of all animals the latest in coming to himself. For there is nothing in all the earth so far from himself as a human being when he is first born, with eyes that cannot see, ears that cannot hear, hands that cannot feel, feet that cannot walk ; whatever there may be potential in him undeveloped, he is a mere sucking animal, and that at the lowest. The fly is a full fly in a minute ; a colt is a full colt in less than a week ; a calf comes to itself very soon—it has not got a great way to travel—but man has to travel a great way before he finds himself. He begins at the bottom, at

zero, and gradually attaches figures that give value to the zero on the way up. The things that are necessary for the animal life of a being in the material globe are very strong in him, as they must needs be, and so come the nourishing appetites that may easily be perverted into gluttonness and drunkenness, also the protective elements which defend him against aggression, as if they brought out in each individual the condition of human society when all were savage and every man's life depended upon his power of defending himself; combative, destructive, with a sense of his own personal worth and dignity which we now call pride, but which towered up in the early days as that element of selfness which it was his duty to defend in life. We are born animals, but not far along on the way we find beginning the buds of something far more beautiful and noble than the animal, and they break out into fragrance and affection in the soul. After a time, if these be cherished, they rise from the mere domestic realm of personal relation into larger affection, into goodwill and benevolence; the man rises from instinct to intelligence, from intelligence in accepting the things obvious to the senses, the percipient intelligence, into reflective intelligence; and then by thought he ranges from the throne itself to the footstool, back and forth, with ever-widening circuits. Then we find that there is developed in those that still grow, liberty not restrained by philosophy or by any other thing of that kind; but men that have an inspiration to develop come to the spiritual element, and as all below that had cognisance of things seen, as all truth had to come below that to the sensuous man, to the ear, to the eye, to the taste, to the hand, to form, and to visibility, so we come to the realm in which the invisible predominates, and we become the creators there, and fashion things not only after the manner of their combinations among us, but higher than that we enter the realm of Faith—the great realm of imagination which, when it is sanctified in religious use, we call Faith, but which is a gift of God in all its shapes and forms. Already, while our roots are in the soil, our top moves in the great realm of Faith, and we have the power given us somewhat of God Himself, and we go forth touching with colour, with proportion, with all quality, the things that are not real, but are more real than things that are real.

Now, in this great multiplicity of constitution, to which I have given but the barest thought, in this richness of faculty

there is, of course, a great contention which part shall govern. As in every commonwealth there must be an upper, and middle, and lower, so it is in the commonwealth of the human soul. By nature it is the animal that wants to predominate, but no! it is restricted, and to a certain degree qualified by the decencies of social life, that repress a thousand things that in the savage life are permitted to go forth free. And whenever any animal instinct would raise itself up against any purity of the household, the purity, the instinct of love says, "Down! down!" and it is denied. Man denies himself; the under is put under, that the upper may be regent; and whenever in the yet higher realm of duty, conscience, justice, equity, kindness, there rise up social affections or animal instincts, then the higher quality in the mind says to the man, "Be still; rest—know your place"—and we deny ourselves again. And if we call, as St. Paul did, all the way through (for he was a Darwinian without knowing it)—if we call a man a double man, the flesh and the spirit man, self-denial may be briefly defined as being the suppression of the under man by the authority of the upper man; it is not denying things that are pleasant, but it is denying to ourselves the things that are inferior and wrong for the sake of giving ascendancy, blossom, and fruitfulness to the things that are right. That is the whole limit of self-denial and cross-bearing; it is the repression of the under by the upper; and it is painful or not painful just according to the rude and uneducated condition of the man. In itself the instinct of benevolence, when it is ripened into a principle of benevolence, gives more joy when it puts avarice down than would have come from avarice permitted to have its full range, a thousand fold. Where temper would burn and kindness suppresses it, the kindness fills the soul with a joy and a peace that never would be known by anger. Where the upper qualities prevail, they grow luminous as they go up, they are sweeter as they ascend, they are nobler in every way, and the upper man, the topmost man, the man who loves God, conscious of the eternal, the invisible, and the immortal, that part of him is strung to a musical power that is not known in the grumbling base of the lower animal passions of mankind. So, then, self-denial itself, when you come to see exactly what it is, is that which we experience along the line of every single step of development in human life. I would fain be a musician—some youngster in my

neighbourhood is trying to be—and, oh, what work he makes of it! I know perfectly well if I could be a Paganini, how beautiful it would be. But before a man gets there, he has to deny himself in a great many ways for a good while. Every time that a man, in the process of education, ascends from ignorance to knowledge, and from one department of knowledge to another, he has got to give up a good deal of bodily rest, a good deal of diffused and dissipating society and pleasure; he has got to limit himself in his directions. No man can become an eminent chemist without great self-denial; no man can become a great geologist without great self-denial; no man can learn languages without great self-denial. We do not call it self-denial in secular things, but when we find it mentioned in Christian relations, Christian ethics, then it is an ecclesiastical something, which is very different. But self-denial does not belong to Christianity, it belongs to humanity. Self-denial is that by which we put down the inferior things for the sake of the ascendancy of superior things. It runs in music, it runs in the painter's art, it runs in sculpture and in architecture, it runs in husbandry and in statesmanship, it runs everywhere. There is not in the world any way by which a man comes to himself in the higher realms, except by steps of self-denial; and when Christ says, with larger scope and more profound spiritual meaning: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me," it is a truth as wide as the spheres; but how different in the understandings of men from what it was in the pronunciation of our Master!

Well, when self-denial has become facile; when you have learned, if I might so say, the trade of self-denial, it not only becomes easy relatively, but it loses much of its painfulness. If in a family of robust children a child is governed from the beginning, it is easy for him to give up his will to parental authority; but if the mother's love is so weak that she cannot dare to restrain her child, the child may run riot, and by-and-by, when the time comes when she attempts to restrain him, she will have a time of it, and he will have a time of it. And so in regard to self-denial in religious life. If men were brought up to understand what it is, to identify it, and give it a large sphere in their daily Christian experiences, self-denial would not be so very painful. I have got so that I do not deny myself a whit in some things. I see a great

many whose pockets I could pick, and they would very amply fill mine; but I never do it. It is not because it is so very painful to restrain; on the contrary, I should rather suffer if I did do it. I behold a man's garden full of fruit and flowers; I do not leap the boundary and rob it. There is, it may be, a faint animal insinuation: "It won't hurt him, and it will advantage you;" nevertheless, there is a Chief Justice who sits up there and says: "For shame! for your own sake avoid it!" and it is for my own sake that I avoid it. I find no difficulty in regard to cheating and lying—that is, except in that form of incidental lying which everybody practises. (Expressions of surprise.) I believe there *are* folks who do not lie in thought or in feeling; but they are all in heaven. On earth, when a man so lives that everybody can see him inside and out, from his perfect truthfulness,—when a man speaks the truth absolutely he has got to be a man so good that the Lord does not keep him here long. I do not, of course, speak of vulgar bluntness, but I speak of that state of mind in which the love of the truth in the very inward parts prevails and dominates the life; the yea is yea, and the nay is nay, and there is no shading off of either of them. Every self-denial ought, therefore, to give place to the pleasure of a higher quality. Where men are living in habitual self-denial they very soon efface the pain; the subject passions learn to submit so easily that there is very little sense of suffering. Now and then exigencies, now and then catastrophes come; now and then there is some great experience that goes athwart the life like a comet full of terror sweeping its train along; now and then there are new necessities; but in all the ordinary commerce of life men ought so to deny themselves as to subdue the recurrent powers, and it becomes an established habit as easy as breathing itself. The great trouble of self-denial is that a man often denies himself something for to-day, and takes it up again for to-morrow; he denies himself in church and forgets all about it out-of-doors. It is the want of thoroughness in self-denial that makes it at all painful to men, except in occasional exigencies.

Before I leave this thought, let me give expression once more, and by illustration, to what I believe to be the great mistake of men in judging from the Scriptures what the real ideal conduct of a Christian man is. For there can be no question that the letter of Scripture in manifold places would

seem to inculcate a course of suffering. Well, go with me into a hospital (for this great world is one vast hospital), and here in the wards are consumptive patients, dropsical patients, fever-stricken patients, men lopped of an arm or a leg. Go round and see the prescriptions that are given. There is one shivering with malarial fever, and to him the physician gives quinine. When he gets up and goes out of the hospital, he says, "My dear, the prescription that brought me to health was quinine; I want to have it on the table every day; we will have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper." Quinine was very good for medicine; it is a very poor thing for bread. Another man is told that by reason of some infirmity of joint or muscle, he must help himself with a crutch; and after that he worships the crutch, and when he has got entirely well, still goes crutching round; because the physician prescribed it, he is going to stick to it—he is not going to vary the receipt. Where men are, as mankind is, malformed in every form of disproportion in themselves, where they are in process of recovery, as the race is everywhere, there are many things necessary to them as medicine or adjuvants; but as soon as it is possible we lay aside these exterior things, indispensable as they may be in the primary stages. Their design is to help a man to get rid of them, as the design of medicine is to make a man healthy. Suppose a man should undertake to lecture on the subject of health, and should take for his text the hospital, and say, "A healthy man lives always—I can prove it to you—in a hospital;" suppose he were to say, "We are eating all agreeable things here; I will show you the jalap and various other things in the hospital.' You won't dispute the authority of the hospital. But men go to the New Testament for prescriptions, forgetting the unfoldment, the further development; they stick to the old things, the early things, not for a moment thinking that it is necessary to go on to perfection. There are some folks who believe that they have come to be perfect; and I do not know but they have, because it does not take much to perfect what some men have got in them,—they have not got much. It is a quarrel often about definitions; only this is true, that a man who is broad of endowment in this world will never, to the day of his death, get rid, in some things, and in some directions, of the command, "Deny thyself." But the behind, the experience of the past ought to be in every man's Christian

experience one of the victories. No man knows anything until he knows it so that he has forgotten that he does know it. No man is fit to be an arithmetician that has to stop, as I do, to count on his fingers. The banker, the broker, the arithmetician, the mathematician, runs the figures up almost without seeing them; he has conquered it. In every respect a man that has conquered his temper, conquered his avarice, has no longer any trouble; it is intuitional with him, it becomes automatic; until it is that it is green, unripe, imperfect in way.

Now there are many of you—I know what you think—who will say, “This is ingenious.” Some of you will not even admit that merit; you will think it is all wrong and misleading, and I shall have this question propounded to me, “What do you say of Christ’s example? And He makes makes this the test, “If any man would come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow Me.” Then will come up the apothegm, “Christ was often seen to weep, never to laugh.” Is that an argument? Where is there a passage that says that He did not laugh? I believe He did. He is called “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” Yes, He had mighty sorrows, He experienced great grief; but don’t tell me that Christ was not a happy man. I believe Him to have been the happiest man that ever dawned above the horizon of time in earthly condition. Do you suppose that such a being, exercising the greatest part of a man’s nature, His moral nature—bearing in mind that it is more blessed to give than to receive, by His own testimony—do you believe that such a being as He could live in the midst of so much want and trouble, to allay the trouble, staunch the tears, encourage the doubting, heal the sick—do you suppose that He stood and commanded the bier which bore the only son of a widow, and raised him to life, and gave him back to her, and that He stood like an icicle, that He saw it all, and did not feel, did not care? Do you not suppose that even her heart itself could not have had the same exquisite satisfaction that His heart had? When He went to Jairus to raise his daughter and the sweet maiden came back, and the hearts of father and mother were melted with joy and gratitude, do you suppose that He had not some sweet thought who had done all this? Do you suppose that He who raised the dead, gave sight to the blind, wholeness to the

lame, purity to the leper—that in all this world of wonder Christ was not happy? I think there was no creature in Palestine so happy as He was.

Did it ever occur to you that He drew a contrast between Himself and the ascetic religion, the religion of forms and rigorous duties? “John came,” He says, “neither eating nor drinking.” John, you know, was one of the precisionists, one of those ortho-Christians; and Christ says that the effect produced upon the mob was that he was crazy, “he hath a devil.” But “the Son of Man came eating and drinking”; that is, He was not like John, who kept himself in the wilderness, who saw only the shady side of human nature, who was a reformer with the hammer of truth in his hand. The Son of Man came socially. The first act that He performed was the miracle in Cana of Galilee where He created wine to continue the hilarity on the occasion; and over those wine pots more men are stumbling to-day almost than over any other difficulty in Scripture. Now, of all social festivities known to the Jewish calendar there was not one that exceeded in joyfulness the marriage supper; and He was not only present, but an actor in that. Do you suppose that He had no joy of love? When the young man came running to Him, saying: “Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?” when He had questioned him, it is said that He looked upon and loved him. It was one of those spontaneous bursts to which Christ’s nature was addicted, and to which all natures of eminent genius are addicted. Do you suppose that when, in the midst of His sermon, they sent little children to Him, He took no comfort and joy? Do you suppose He talked catechism to them? Do you suppose he taught them little hymns? No. What did He do? He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them; He caressed them, and, what is the most remarkable thing, for you know how shy children are with strangers, they liked it. What was the atmosphere, what was the presence of Christ, that the little vagrant children that were brought to Him all snuggled up to Him, and He took them in His arms, and, according to the Oriental way, caressed them?

Let no man tell me that Christ was not a happy man. Listen to the royal sentence, “Who *for the joy set before Him*, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God.” Do you not know that

in sorrow are the sweetest elements of joy? Do you not know that joy comes to us as the chestnut comes, the burr full of prickles, but in the interior, sweet and most toothsome nuts? Do you not know what heroic joy is, and that a man may be suffering martyrdom and yet experience a more exquisite joyfulness than ever could have been felt in any other relations? There are joys that mock the senses, there are joys that lift up almost within sound of the harpings at heaven's gate.

But it may be said, is not this an ingenious form of self-seeking? Will not the impression be, from the tenor of such a discourse as this, that every one of us should go out and say, "Mr. Beecher says that Christian life is a very joyful life; I am going to make myself happy." Oh, no! oh, no! This Christian joy is a thing to be cultivated; it is the aim, but you are not fitted for it yet. A man may have joy of one sort, and of another, and of another; but it is when the whole man is composed into a harmony in Jesus Christ that he hears those sounds of true joy that will not die away. We are like an orchestra in our life. Suppose that in an orchestra the instruments did not care for each other, every one of them striving to take the lead of all the rest; suppose the piccolo should undertake to squeal away in the altitudes and drown all the others; or suppose that the sharp piercing clarinet should feel itself to be the whole music that there was in the band; suppose the old wheezy bassoon should say, "No, I am here also;" and suppose the tenor and the bass were at conflict with each other, each seeking to make itself heard and to be dominant; what would you think of that for music? It is where they are all attuned to each other in common concert pitch, where they all harmonise with each other, that we have true music. The broad ocean is a unit, and it constantly comes back again to unity. So it is in character. A superficial joy, a joy of the senses, a mere joy that hath in it neither time nor eternity, but a flash—that is not the ideal of Christian joy that I would hold before you; it is that with a due submission of every part of your nature to harmony in yourself as the immediate inspiration of God. Then man is lifted into that state of smiling humour, mirth, imagination, gratification of the higher kinds. The dominant characteristic of a true Christian should be cheerfulness, radiancy, and joy.

It may be said that in this way every man will become a self-seeker. Heaven help us; every man ought to take a torch and go down into his basement story to hunt for himself among his animal appetites; and he ought not to find himself there, either. Then he ought to go up another story where his affections are, and hunt for himself there; but the man does not live there. Then he carries himself up another story higher, into the range of intellectual research, but, thank God, he cannot find himself there. He has not found himself till he goes into the crystal dome, out of which he can see the whole heavenly host. There, in the very topmost of his being, where reason, where knowledge, where all self-subjection, all harmonious result of all the parts of his nature dwell—there he finds himself. Every man should be a self-seeker; only look out where you search, what you search, and what you call yourself.

But is not this an ingenious gloss on the sacred Scripture? Is it? Did you ever read the New Testament, more especially the Epistles, with the thought, I will not say of their vivacity, but of their immeasurable triumph? Listen to these men that were like the offscouring of the earth. Paul had been banished from his own country, which he loved dearer than his own life, for he said of his countrymen, "I would to God I were accused from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Hear him recite what perils he has been through by sea and land, in the city, in the wilderness, among false brethren; and yet you cannot find one morbid line in the whole of the Epistles of Paul from beginning to end. While he recounts shadows and midnight experiences, the morning star is always shining above his horizon, and he rejoices; having two things to say to the churches, the first one is "Rejoice," and then when he had thought a moment he found he had nothing better, and he added "Again I say, Rejoice." He did rejoice; and there is not to be found within the bounds of literature such a triumphant outburst as is contained in the New Testament. Do you tell me that sorrow, gloom, and circumspection are the ideal of the New Testament. It is liberty, it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. That is the testimony of the whole book. It is a book of prescriptions of medicine, but it is to bring men to health, and when that health appears in the basement, how radiant, how glorious, how all-flashing by night and by day, in sorrow, in woe, in bereavement! "I

would not have you, brethren, to be ignorant that they that sleep God shall bring with Him." He goes down to the grave and sounds it, and there comes heavenly melody out of it. He goes into the byways and dark places of life, and He kindles a luminous joy everywhere. Joy is not only the fruit and outcome of a true Christian experience, but it is the aim, or ought to be the aim, of every Christian man. O, ye that are young, feeding on husks and thinking that the juice is sweet, go from them; go to the tree of Life; the very leaves are wholesome, and what must the fruit be? To be a Christian is to round out and perfect the hints that nature has given in you; to be a larger man, not a lesser one; a freer man; for just in proportion as we go out of bondage by the government of our lower animal nature, just in that proportion we make our life to culminate in our higher and nobler selves. There is nobody so free as the man that is absolutely obedient. "They are a law unto themselves," says the Apostle in the Epistle to the Galatians, where he speaks of what the fruits of the Spirit are. And what are they? Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, self-control; to such there is no law; that is to say, they have risen so high that they are automatically what these things would make them by prescription. The New Testament, I say, is a book of radiant joy.

There is a great deal of heathenism yet left in the Christian Church. It makes sorrow a great end and awe a great duty. Where a man experiences really an overwhelming sense of the grandeur of the Divine nature, let him bow down; but to sit down every day and say to God, "Lord, Thou art glorious, Thou art holy, filling immensity; we praise Thee, we love Thee, we rejoice in Thee," as if God loved to have flattery and ascriptions of that sort! When I worship anybody, I must have a God that is better than a man, and I cannot conceive a man who would like his children and his servants to come every day and say to him, "How beautiful you are, what a noble creature you are!" But they do it every day till they have it by heart. People praise God in the sanctuary often, not because they have any impulse to do it, but because it is regulation praise, and they think that God is pleased with it, and that in spite of the example given in the New Testament, where the Pharisee went up before God, and, wishing always

to be polite and obliging, said, "I thank Thee that I am not as this other man. You must needs have a good many men come before You that You don't particularly like, but I am not such as they." The poor publican could not even lift his face upwards, but he smote his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Now, there is not a word of praise there ; but Christ says, "He went down to his house justified rather than the other ; I like him, I did not like the other." When a man wants to praise, when adoration takes on the form of awe, then "Praise God from whom all goodness flows," be free in it, but it does not follow that you are bound to say it every day when you do not feel it ; it is worse than wrong. Give the heart liberty of expression, and do not tie it up to the drudging usages and mechanical necessities of a formula and a pre-arranged religious service. The spontaneity of Christian hearts is sweeter to God, as much sweeter as are the flowers growing fresh in the field, than the memory of flowers in your herbarium at home. I would not cast reproach upon those who from heredity and from misconstruction of early truth are themselves what are called men of stern sobriety. A man may be born so unhappy that he has no sense of humour ; a man may have no wit or capacity to understand it ; but I should as soon think that a man would go about boasting that he was born without ears as that he should boast of being born without wit. He may be a respectable man, but certainly he ought not to boast of his deformities. I hear men set forth almost as ideals for imitation, images certainly, and they represent conscience, fear, down-looking awe, but such men are not the ideal Christians ; the ideal Christians are elastic, wide-winged, full of joy and the inspirations of joy to others, not disdaining the lowest, yet drawing joy from fountains that grow deeper as life goes on, and upon whom at last shall break that light of everlasting joy which is reserved for those who know how to find themselves in Jesus Christ. And I call all of you out of the bondage of naturalism into the higher realm of yourselves. I call you to sorrow so far as sorrow is a solvent and cleanses you. I call you to all forms of endurance and hardship that have in them education ; but all the way up you are seeking a something higher than the sorrow, the loss, the self-denial ; you are seeking your perfected self when the whole soul accords, and when the theme is everlasting glory and everlasting love, and every part of your nature together joins

and cries out, or sits in silence with inexpressible joy, "Glory be to my Father ; I am His son, the heavens are mine, and the earth is mine, and time is mine, and all things are mine, because I am a son of God."

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIANS BY THE POWER OF LOVE.



“Neither pray I for these, &c., . . . Thou hast sent Me.”

JOHN xvii. 20—23.

THE divinity of Christ made evident through that unity of love which should exist in the Church, and be the fountain of all knowledge and of all gracious affection—that is my subject : the unity of Christians by the power of love. The commandment was : “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself;” and this is only a varied application of that law : “As the Father loves Me and I love the Father, and We have unity in love, so may all those that I have taught, or who shall be taught by the words of My disciples, be one with God through love, and one with each other through love.” And this unity lay very near to the heart of Jesus—much nearer than it has to the heart of His disciples through all the ages since. For the organised Church of Christ has never been in unity—never been in unity in any form of doctrine, of worship, of affection, of the Divine Spirit. Certainly it never has been, it is not now, and it does not seem likely soon to become as one ; and most certainly it never will until we find some other method by which to seek it than those that have been relied upon in days gone by. They have been tried and have been proved to be vain, and if there are no others, if we must still go on the hard and flinty road, such as has been trod for ages, we may as well give up the illusion, and count love a thing dead in any such sense as that in which our Saviour looked upon it. An organised religion represented by churches, denominations,

creeds, and ecclesiasticism lies under the imputation, among rational men, of narrowness, exclusiveness, selfishness, bigotry, quarrelsomeness, and general combativeness. And this, too, without derogating from the desirableness of church life, church organisation, and systems of truth and ordinances; they are all of them, under the conditions of human life, to be accepted, but they have so lacked the qualifying influence of love as that they have been, not useless, not fruitless, but less fruitful and with more blighted truth and with more attack in leaf and blossom and fruit than was necessary in the garden of the Lord. Religion, as made manifest in individual hearts, has been most beautiful, and there alone, I think, unless you add to this the household, can we form any just judgment of what religion is to be in the days that are to come. Its spiritual power has never been fully developed. The fruit that is most beautiful and luscious in October is acerb and bitter in June, and religion to-day has only got as far as June. The infidelity of our day I believe to be an instrument in the hand of God, not as containing in itself medicable truth, but as making such war on men's infirmities in Christian service as shall compel them to go higher, and fortify themselves in the citadel of love; and if the Church is not to have higher ground, and if the spirit of religion is not to take on a diviner form, I care not to look into the far future.

The fruit of the Spirit! And what if a horticultural show should be proclaimed, with an agricultural department, and the men flocking there should see neither flowers, nor fruits, nor vegetables, but harrows and ploughs, and reapers and sickles, the spade and the hoe—instruments; and what if the whole contention should be which of these are the best, and there should be in all the stalls neither anything beautiful nor toothsome, but there should be wrangling and contentions as to the instruments by which things could be raised in the field and in the garden and in the orchard? It would have very much the condition of the churches to-day in their higher forms and ceremonies—a controversy about the best methods of doing something instead of the thing itself done and made beautiful in our sight. It may please God by the activity of those that are without to carry into the churches a blessed necessity of a higher life and of a more noble and all-conquering spirituality. Never, I have said, and repeat, shall we come to that unity of the Spirit which existed between

Jesus and His Father, and for which He prayed, as a legacy to all His followers in all time to come, without some other method. I think it may be said that the methods by which unity has been sought in this world are external, are mechanical, and are not even adapted to the flesh, still less to the Spirit, and they cannot be relied upon in days that are to come to produce perfect unity among Christians.

The idea of unity is, in the first place, radically faulty ; for men have a sort of idea of rotund, material, physical unity that consists in juxtaposition, or in a certain sort of external harmony. Suppose the whole world agreed to one psalmody and to one Scripture, to one creed and to one service—to a unity. The midnight of this side of the globe is mid-day on the other side, and *vice versa*. You cannot get unity in the sense of juxtaposition. Men must be divided up for neighbourhood, for towns, villages, and cities, and different countries, and there is only an ideal hovering doubtfully in the minds of men when they speak of the unity of the Church—as if they were ever, in any true sense, one or united ! They are infinitely separated. As in one hour the revolution of the globe make darkness or light opposed to each other in alternate hemispheres, so if there should be an agreement to have a universal worship there would be no unity in it. There might be unity in Greenwich until the sun had gone over and wetted its feet in the ocean and trod the further shore ; but by that time you would have all sung your hymns and said your prayers, and gone to bed here ; it would be only alternative worship under such circumstances. Yet this winged fiction of our imagination has great influence with some. Oh, that everybody on earth could be saying the Lord's Prayer at once ! If you gave it wings, could there be such a thing ? Yes, provided the whole world were made over again—not unless.

So, too, the repetition of the same forms, the creeds, the confessions, the psalmody—everything that is used by universal Christian worship—there can, in the necessity of the human structure, be no absolute unity, simply because words have associations as well as etymological conditions, because the same word means one thing to the poet and another thing to the orator, and another thing to the logician, and another thing to the philosopher and the metaphysician ; and when the word strikes upon the ear there is a different bell struck, and

different men get round it. "Our Father which art in heaven." To me, of all the words in the world, "mother" is the richest, and "father" the stateliest. For my father was a great-hearted, magnanimous man, gentle and most generous. But your father was a drunkard and a thief, and all your associations with that name are of vice, and rudeness, and cruelty, and crime. You and I sit side by side in the same seat, and when we hear the words: "Our Father," I glow, and you shiver. At every step in the Lord's Prayer, that is so simple that it is supposed easily to unite everybody, God sees what is going on inside of you, and one has one thought, and another has another thought; though pertaining to the same words, they include the associations of days gone by; the educated habits, the experience of life-forces that are in you, are struck, and every man is like a steeple with a chime of bells, but every chime is different from the neighbouring chime.

Then the words of the English language, how different they are, if you go back to the old Saxon English, if you go back to those things that our common ancestry had and transmitted to us. The reason why plain language is so effectual is that it is the language of the heart, it is the language of the table, it is the language of our father, of our mother, of our brothers and our sisters, and the sound makes ten thousand little fairies in every man's imagination. Periphrastic language, classical language, educated language, the beautiful language of the schools has no old associations in it, and it does not do for us.

And that which is true of simple language is true of all the offices and exercise of the Bible. One man goes through the Bible and leaves one track, another man goes through the whole Bible on a different track, because he is different. Five men start upon a journey through old England. One of them is filled with patriotic ardour for historic verities, and he marks this castle and that domain. The journey is all of the past, that comes whispering back to him, and fills his soul with sweet influence. Another man is scientific, and he sees nothing except the chalk formation here, or the clay there, and the various epochs of the formation of the globe. He is watching for scientific and material development and growth. Another man is a poet, and he sees those great city trees in which the birds do dwell, and out of whose sounds come to him almost the voices of the other land; he glorifies the trees

and sees them most beautiful. Another is a botanist, watching for herbs in the fence and in the corners; he scarcely sees trees at all. Another man is none of your men of fanatisms; he is a timber merchant, and he says: "Those trees will cut about so much." And so there is a different England to every different man that goes through it. We cannot ignore the fact that men understand something according to the proportional faculty, the method in which they are combined and have been educated, and the experiences which have gone over them. If this is wrong, then God is wrong, for He made it, and made it so that it is inevitable, and must needs follow the Divine decree. One evidence of divinity is variety; but a grander conception is infinite variety in harmony and unity.

Pause for a moment to take up one attempt that has been made—the most laborious, I suppose—to produce doctrinal unity by explanation or by brevity in generalisation. And how do the churches of Christendom stand to-day. Is there perfect unity as between the Greek Church and the Roman? Is there perfect unity between our great old Roman mother and the Protestant offshoots? And among Protestants are there the same doctrinal views? We have had controversies, we have had synods, we have had new creeds explaining old creeds; and are all at one to-day, or anywhere near it? We never were wider apart than we are to-day. Nor can you find absolute unity of intellectualism in regard to high moral truths; you never can find it on this earth. There are certain departments where men may come to unity, as in arithmetic and in mathematics—that is to say, in the truths that represent materiality, and lie low in the base of the brain, and lie low for the service of the world, men can come to approximate unity. But, as you go up in the scale of the human heart, faculties become more complex, and unity and harmony among them becomes more and more difficult, until you come to the range that seems to be the peculiar element of Christianity—faith, which is only another word for imagination. It is reason, working by the mystic, and revealing and creating imagination; it is faith when it is working upon the invisible and the Divine; but faith is but a limited expression of the universal feeling of imagination. And now when you consider the infinite variations of men's genius, the attempt to make them see all things alike in the higher realm is useless. You can make them see some things

alike. One is one to everybody ; two is two to everybody ; three is three, ten is ten, thirty is thirty, and every combination of arithmetic when once perceived is the same. But you cannot take the realm of universal truth, and less and less in proportion as you go up, and make men see alike there. They are not alike. The seer differs from the seer ; and the very structure of man, as approved and adjudicated by the experience of time, compels men to see love in different colours. Justice is justice to all. But what is justice ? And gentleness, and kindness, and magnanimity, and all moral qualities—there is a certain element in them that is common to them all ; but if you bring them to definition, or if you can open the thought portraiture of a man, and take a miniature of the way in which he thinks, you will find that the difference of faces would not be greater than is the difference of the inward workings of men in regard to the highest forms of truth.

And, more than that, the higher the truth the less can any language be found to clothe it. You know perfectly well while the common things of life are susceptible of definition or statement, that which is to you the choicest and the best is absolutely incapable of being interpreted by words. I may say love, and you may say love ; but it is not the same in you as it is in me—it differs in everything. But whether it differ or not, I am sorry for a man whose feelings can be expressed ; they must be very small feelings that girt round so narrowly that a word can compass them. The best things that are in them, all the sweet tendernesses, all the thoughts that a mother would say to the cradle, all the feelings that the heroic soul would say to its mate and fellow—these things can never be spoken, and if you attempt to speak them or define them, and turn them into idea, the moment the feeling is turned into an idea, and is expressible, it is dead—the feeling is gone. This, too, from the very structure and necessity of the human constitution. Creeds have never, therefore, united churches as much as they have divided them. The idea of God is endlessly varied, according to temperament, according to education, according to richness of moral conception with different men. There is a common element about it ; but that which is common to all men, up and down through all their ranks, must be very low. The average conception of God must be comparatively very low, because it has got to go low enough to make itself

felt and manifested in the undeveloped. To-day the creeds are systematised thoughts. A system of religion that runs from the crown to the sandal, from the throne to the footstool of humanity ; a system that undertakes to bring together in stated form the universal, unspeakable truths that hover round about the ever-living soul—such a creed as that cannot be formed.

Is there to be, then, no system? Is there to be no theology? Yes. Every man is obliged to put thought and thought together, to follow cause and effect ; but that is no measure by which you can unite men together. The thing itself, as an imperfect statement of universal truth, must wait yet for more knowledge than we have got. There is coming up knowledge now by a new interpretation of Nature that never was represented in the mediæval age, out of which came mostly our creeds. There is a conception of God's wonder-working power ; there is an evolution of the thought of time and its relations that was not understood ; and creeds that were formed for us in the mediæval ages are like garments that were formed for knights—steel ; good for that age, not fit to be worn for every-day clothes now ; good at a time when a man's life depended on what he believed ; when, as in old England, if a man did not believe in transubstantiation—as now almost every man does not believe in it—when his life turned on it, and many precious lives were sacrificed because they did not believe in the absurdity—I take back the term in deference to those who reverently believe in it—in the impossibility of transubstantiation, or that the bread and the wine absolutely contain the body and blood of Jesus Christ. How many men have laid down their lives for not believing that ! But in later ages nobody believes it, except the man who has been trained from his childhood to a reverent acceptance of that which the understanding does not assent to. So, all the way down, orthodoxy was a man's fort, and every man had to pretend that he was inside that fort, or his property, or his reputation, or his life, or safety, or comfort, or convenience would be sacrificed. The persecution of days gone by related to a man's bodily affairs, to his life and property ; we do not allow anybody now to be guillotined, or hanged, or burned for belief ; the body, at least, has got emancipation from such penalties ; but we torment people inside, where they are a good deal more sensitive than they were outside. If a man

does not believe as we think he ought, we treat him with frowns and scowls, we exclude him from society, and men are walking under clouds and shadows simply because they do not believe what somebody else does believe, but does not understand as much, or half as much, about it as the man who doubts. I see that some of you are laughing. I must admonish you not to do it, because we have the religious papers every day telling us that nobody has a right to laugh. No matter that humour and mirth are abundant in the Old Testament and exhorted to, they are not befitting a Christian congregation. Do you suppose that God put into man's mind faculties that are most cheering and comforting, and then forbids man to use them for purposes of religious elucidation?

A man may sleep in church—that is orthodox; but if a man takes the whole scale of faculties belonging to him in his zeal for truth; if, that he may pierce the leathern hide of unbelief, he brings to bear every element in the battery of the soul, these sapient and profoundly wise editors think that that is a desecration of Sunday in the pulpit and in the congregation. I hold that whatever way a man may gather men's consciences into his hands and their hearts into his arms, and lead them up into and along the sacred way, is a right way. What if Beethoven had been told that the middle C was an unsacred note in the musical scale, and that every time he came to that in unfolding a tune he must jump it, and give something else? That would not have been more supremely ridiculous. If religion means awe, fear, if sobriety means dull assent, I can well understand that the almoners of these qualities may object. Still, I am told it is the custom in old England, although John Bunyan lived here; that it is the custom in old England, although Rowland Hill preached here, to regard any enlightenment of the imagination, or any spontaneous outbreak in the elucidation of truth or in the destruction of error, as irreverent. My God gave me myself; and I will use myself as He gave me to myself, and when I speak for Christ and for you and for your soul I must bring everything that God gave to my nature to bear, if by any and all means I may win some. It is not irreverent—it is earnest, it is real. I know it has power and knowledge, and I consecrate that power to the life of religion. Still, you had perhaps better follow your own habit and don't smile any more.

Out of this rigorous endeavour to hold men by creeds have sprung sects. Under the dominance of some creed we grow ; and either in philosophy or science a clear-headed man sees that the truth has not been more than half spoken, and he begins to alter it. He sees that it has not been in its true location, and he begins to re-systematise it. The moment that is done the orthodox man says to him : " That is error, that is heresy." He says : " It is illumination, it is reformation." And then it is said to him : " If you indulge in that you must go out." " Well," he says, " I will go out ; I will be true to that which is revealed in me." Then he certainly goes out, but usually he is driven out. If he escapes anathemas he is fortunate. His pride is hurt, his sense of consistency is hurt. He then calls round about him those who believe in the same ways : they organise, then they are assailed, then comes bombardment between the one and the other. When they get strong enough and large enough to form a separate and distinct sect they turn round and do just the same ; if any among them has a new view or a revelation they kick him out, and then is born another sect. The attempt to harmonise the world by rigour of armed doctrine has been tried over and over and over again, and there are to-day scarcely less than a thousand sects in the realm of Christianity. You talk of union—great union ! The old is thought to be sacred and the new dangerous, and yet God shows you that the old oak and the pine shed off the bark of last year in order to let out their clothes, and that the new bark carries in it the sap of life, of organisation. The old is sacred when it is sacred ; it is not sacred when it is not sacred. And the same criticisms which I make on the attempt to bring about a theological unity I make in regard to the attempt to produce unity in worship, unity in government, unity in ordinance. That has been attempted. I hear the Greek saying : " Come unto me ; our system of worship and belief is the only one tolerable to God." Over against them I hear the hoarser and louder voice of the Roman Pontiff saying : " Come unto me, for I only am inspired ; and, speaking in the right quarter, I am infallible." And I hear the Presbyterian Calvinist saying : " Come to us ; we have got the doctrines, we are right, and our worship is the Scriptural one." And I hear the Quaker saying : " All visible organisations are false ; it is only the spirit that you need in worship or in ordinance." And they hold their tongues and do not sing

Then I hear the Methodists roar their joyful hallelujahs: "This is the way to worship: this is the right way." And I hear above all these noises the voice of my Lord, saying: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." This contention of worship and ordinance and method has been going on in the Church in infinite diversity until, at last, the Church is like a broom turned upside down, split into little splinters innumerable; the handle may be true, but all its diversifications are generally so many separations.

Now, is there any way in which out of this Babel and confusion we can come into a true Spiritual unity? Certainly. Is it merely an imaginary way? No; it is a way that assists, and has approved itself in many other directions. To-day Great Britain is convulsed by a great question of justice, and men as good as any other men are on one side, and men as good as any other men are on the other side; and what is the spirit of civilisation saying to-day? "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, let every man stand on his own convictions." We do not run out with bayonet or sword to pierce anybody that holds with one side or the other. There is liberty of opinion amongst men, and so the commonwealth holds together by the permission of dissent. And dissent is that element which prevents the boiler from blowing up; for an engine which is not permitted to give vent to its steam is permitted very soon to explode. While men are talking and rating the mouth is the safety-valve of the kingdom, for when men have talked enough, and have been permitted to talk, they feel better.

How is it in regard to the whole matter of dress? The proverb has gone abroad about taste; there is no disputing it. Everybody that prefers black wears black, and they that prefer grey wear grey; they that prefer silk wear silk; and they that choose cotton, because they can get nothing else, are permitted to wear cotton. Nobody is harmed in the mechanical realms, and matters of taste and dress, though relatively of small importance, are of some importance; but we have learned to allow persons to dwell together in unity and harmony, dress as they please. There are certain metes and bounds required, but within those there is liberty.

How is it in regard to neighbourhood? Probably in one long street in your city there are not two families that keep house alike. You do not make sects on that account. You

have nothing to say against your neighbour because he rises at six in the morning, as every good man ought, while you do not get up till eight or nine. The hours of slumber and of waking are permitted to every man as he will. Neither do men keep the same table, nor eat the same viands. In the whole realm of domestic neighbourhood there is absolute toleration of endless variety. Nobody has yet risen up who undertakes to say that civilisation would be greatly advanced if there was an ordinance that everybody should go to bed and get up at the same hour, should breakfast at the same hour, and have just the same food on the same table. Would that help happiness and promote unity? Is there not a toleration of every one in the domestic relation—a toleration of differences? And how easy it is! It harmonises society.

But you may ask: "Would not this destroy all sects? Is that your idea?" No, no; not at all. I would simply say: Let there be just as many sects as there are persons who find themselves edified within them. You are obliged to group yourselves into separate neighbourhoods; why not let the grouping go forward according to elective affinities, as they are given to each cluster or class of men? Sectarianism is not at all dangerous, and it is not forbidden. The spirit of love may abound just as much in a hundred divided sects as if they were all grouped into one. The trouble of sectarianism is that it is selfish, ambitious, envious, jealous. If sects behaved themselves there would be no harm in them. I would not for a single moment say to the Presbyterian: "Get another form of faith," nor to the Baptist, nor to the Methodist, nor to the Lutheran, nor to the Episcopalian. All that love these things, let them stay there and love them. It is perfectly possible to have your own separate convictions and tastes in religious life as in social life, and yet be perfectly in agreement with each other.

It is asked: "Do you believe in abolishing creeds?" You cannot do it. There is no man of any intelligence but has a creed of his own, either expressed or adhered to, if already unfolded. "What, then, would you hold?" I would hold simply that the fundamental things in creeds should be held to. Ah! fundamental things; yes, that is the current language of the pulpit; we believe in fundamentals, and things in-different we let go. But what do you mean by fundamentals? I know what you mean; you mean those that are fundamental

to a given system of theology. The Calvinistic creed requires that there should be certain doctrines linked together, and all the postulates of it are called fundamental to that system ; so that if you but take out the shortest length of it, the chain will fall apart. I hold that in that sense fundamental doctrines are not necessary. But what do I hold as fundamental? The things that are necessary to the right unfolding of the Christian consciousness and the right development of the whole man towards the Spirit of Jesus Christ—fundamental as to the unfolding of Christ in you, the hope of glory. Those are doctrines. What are they? They are few and simple : The doctrine that every man is born at the lowest point in life, and is to go up by imperfections and obscurities, which constantly break out into sin and transgression ; the doctrine, in other words, of the feebleness, and weakness, and sinfulness of every man that is born into this life—that is the foundation truth. We are not perfect. No one is born as himself. Animals are. The lion needs no education to become a lion ; it is a lion already. The dove is always a dove from the egg. But a man is not the man he was designed to be at the beginning, not in the cradle, not through the early years of childhood. Little by little he comes to himself. The law assumes that at twenty-one a man comes to himself—that is too early evidently for many a man ; but the law itself illustrates the fact that a man is being born for years and years and years in the ascending scale of the developed faculties. In the beginning man is animal, and the problem of life is how to escape and go up to the higher and higher unfoldings of his own soul. There is no man born to whom it may not be said : “Except a man be born again he shall not see the kingdom of heaven.” Where is that kingdom visible? The interpretation of it is through our highest moral and reasonable faculties. Men go groping up, and the sentence is universal : “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

Well, can a man be born again? Is there such a thing as an unfolding? Is there an ascending tendency? Yes. Ah! then all you have to do is to let men get up as fast as they can. The moment a man undertakes to overcome his animal nature, to put down the stringent passions and appetites, he feels, as society beats and throbs, the biases, the attractions, all the actions and retro-actions that are going on. At last he gasps and says : “I cannot, I cannot.” For men seeking a

higher realm are like shipwrecked mariners that have swum from their ship till their strength is exhausted, and are beginning to touch the bottom, and creep up along the shore, till some great overtopping wave comes in after them, and they are swept back again, struggling, into the sea. Then comes the blessed annunciation that God is everywhere. The Spirit of God is that Spirit by which universal growth takes place; and there is the power of God given forth to every soul that wants it, and opens itself to it, to be regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost. It is not a hard command that we should not be converted in any other way than that; it is a most gracious permission, it is a glorious annunciation. In your struggle upward God is on your side, working out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that is working in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. Glory be to God that a man be converted and that he has Divine help!

Then, besides this, comes the annunciation that as we are ascending we shall come to that state in which we shall understand, with a personal and intimate experience, Jesus; that He is the interpretation to every man that believes in Him of God's atonement; that He is the revelation of the Divine Nature which is in itself atonement; that in God there is all that is necessary to make away with past transgression; and that Divine love washes clean and sets every man in a right state; bears with him, endures him, carries him onward and forward, until at last he reaches the perfected state.

Then there is the great truth of immortality. The sinfulness of man, the need of the new birth, the regenerating power of the gracious will of God helping him, the life that is to come, the atoning power of God, the lifting of man out of the low to the high, out of the sinful to the pure—these are fundamental to the development of Christian experience and Christian character. But when you come to fore-ordination, election, and I know not what else, I do not say that they are not true, I merely say that the exposition of them is fundamental to a system of theology, but not fundamental to Christian experience.

But men may say: "Are not these doctrines of grace, as they are called, sound doctrines?" (largely because they make so much sound) "and will not they be shattered and taken away?" No; those that feel a call for them, those that have

been found by them, those in whose inner consciousness these things throb and bear fruit—there is no reason why they should not believe in them. If we were to purge out everything in us that is imperfect in our belief we should hardly cast a shadow. Paul says that our whole belief in this life is a mere fragmentary thing. “Knowledge shall vanish away, prophecy shall cease.” What is it to be immortal? Faith, hope, love, disposition. This world is only one corner of the universe, and the system of God is multifold; it cannot be understood until you see all its relations to all eternity and to all gradations of being. At death all things will seem so different; it will seem as if our firmest beliefs had no existence. Looking at a mosaic while a man is making it, the eye gets up as far, perhaps, as the feet of an apostle, and stops there. Who can tell what the stately form of the apostle yet to be developed will be? It is true, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough to get the full stature and the expression. We scarcely reach in the spiritual life even to the feet of the grandeur of that Being for whom we live and in whom we live, and whom we are to understand only when we behold Him as He is. Therefore, I hear John himself crying out: “We are the sons of God; but it does not yet appear what we shall be.” We know that we are sons; but what sons are doth not yet appear.

Again, it may be asked: Is there any hope for the future? Blessed be God, much. “The night is far spent, the day is at hand.” Not in the ways that we have marked out is this higher notion of the kingdom of God being developed. To-day the principle of sympathy is opening all hearts. No nation is so separate from other nations but that their weal and their welfare interest men. The missions that are at work from the Church of England in India are my missions; the Baptist missions in India are mine, for that in them that makes Christ for my fellow-men makes Christ for me, and we are brethren. The principle of elective affinity is giving place to something that is yet higher than that, without excluding and destroying that entirely. Men are coming nearer together. The work is slow, but it is going on. There is more relation between church and church, between denomination and denomination. They are working for the temperance cause; they are working for the cause of peace; they are working for a larger humanity in the administration of public trusts; they are working together, and that close corporation of the Church which held them in iron

bars, so that they could not go out or in respectively, is giving way to this spirit that is descending upon the Church. Some of the sweetest saints that ever lived were Roman Catholics, thank God! and some of the sweetest friends I have to-day are Catholic priests. I love them and will love them, even if they should not love me. They are my brethren, though they may not know it; they cannot separate me from them. I am a Calvinist—all except the doctrine. I am an Arminian—all except the doctrine; I am a Unitarian; I am a Universalist; I am a Swedenborgian; I am a Lutheran—I am everything, since everything that is worth having is love, and I love the whole of them. In the things in which they touch Jesus, I touch Him, and in Him is our unity. We are beginning to recognise that Divine unity, and are coming nearer and nearer together. It is not, therefore, to relax the organisation, it is not to destroy all creeds, but it is to make higher than any and all of them that spirit of Jesus Christ which does not divide and scatter men, but which draws all men together in a Divine atmosphere and in a Divine perfection.

Now, brethren, we have tried all these things, we have tried to make the Church strong by dividing it. We have tried to make men love one another by pounding them and slaying them; but somehow or other we never have done it. Is it not worth our while to come out of the realm of fear and of abject conscience; is it not worth while to rise above talking about absolute truth, and absolute justice, and absolute rectitude? These things are all very well in their way, but is there nothing higher? Is there not a divine atmosphere of love that shall become, as I had almost said, universal, no longer sporadic, when all the churches of every denomination shall break out into new and spring-like fragrance and blossoms of love in Jesus Christ; not one patriarch, not one single church, but one divine atmosphere is wafted from one church to another when it is the spirit of Christendom, and love at last, long hampered, and chained and abused, shall come to her regency, and walk forth as God's own elect? Then there will be more power in the atmosphere, more power in the churches, more power in religion, that no infidelity will want to touch, for the things that constitute true religion, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, self-control—who hath a word to say against them? Who is infidel to these things? And when these qualities, that are the fruit of the Spirit, shall

be the characteristic and not the exceptional development of the Christian Church, you shall have come upon a new day ; the power of the Lord will sweep over the earth, as after winter and long-delayed spring, the balmy days come, when the birds sing again, and the flowers scent the earth and fill the air with fragrance, and the summer is come, and the harvest is ripe. Oh ! for that day ! But all that you and I can do is, each of us in his own place, in his own personality, and in his own church, to stand for the spirit of love, to refuse to be provoked and alienated, to stand in the meekness and sweetness of Jesus, and to say to others what He says to us : " All ye that labour and are heavy laden, come unto Me, and I will give you rest ; take My yoke upon you ; My yoke is easy—the yoke of life—and My burden is light, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

NICODEMUS AND THE RE-BIRTH.

“Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”—JOHN iii. 3.

THERE have been a great many men that have suffered in their reputations through long periods of history, and who have been put right again by later investigations ; but no man ever was more misrepresented, no man was so little understood, as Nicodemus. Most persons connect with the declaration that he came to Jesus by night that other unlucky sentence so far as applied to him, “for fear of the Jews.” But that was another person ; that was a secret Christian, “for fear of the Jews,” and not Nicodemus. But he came to Jesus by night, as if any other time were half so fit for what he wanted as the silence of the twilight and the earlier hours of darkness. The extraordinary imputation laid upon him of being a timid believer is absolutely void of truth. So far from it, if I were to pick out a man of rare endowment, of great delicacy and great fervour and great fidelity to his own convictions, that man should be Nicodemus. Let us look a little into this history and see the scene in John vii. “Then came the officers to the chief priests and Pharisees ; and they said unto them, Why have ye not brought Him? The officers answered, Never man spake like this Man. Then answered them the Pharisees, Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him? But this people who knoweth not the law are cursed.” That is, they cursed them. “Nicodemus saith unto them (he that came to Jesus by night, being one of them)” —a member of the Sanhedrim, a ruler standing high in office among the orthodox Jews—“Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth? They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee?

Search, and look : for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet. And every man went unto his own house."

Now, there are a great many worthy men that are true to themselves, but it is a great trial of a man's manhood if he is publicly true to his sentiments and faith in the presence of social influences adverse to him. He is a brave man in political affairs who thinks that his party is wrong, takes some fiery moments of zeal when they are about to precipitate themselves into wrong courses, and says : "I rebuke you ; I will have none of this," and the parties make it the key-note of their campaign, and everything depends on it, and he stands against them and says : "I will not." There are very few men—I never have known one—that dared do it, even among men of honest conviction, and who are true to their convictions in themselves. Or in the convention, conference, or convocation, a clergyman, some man, is for trial for heresy putative ; and there are not a few—a score or more—that believe that he is on the right lines of discovering new truth ; but there is the *esprit de corps*, the orthodox feeling that they must take care of God in this world, and listening there are a score of men that believe with the impleaded one, and not one that dares risk his reputation for orthodoxy by standing up and saying : "Men, brethren, and fathers, ye do wrong ; I believe as he believes, and if you touch him cut me off." No ; every man is bound to take care of his influence ; men are afraid that their influence will be taken away from them, and it had better be if it is a sort of influence that anybody can take away. A man's influence is the reflex of power, and when a man's influence can be taken away, and yet he be alive, it ought to be taken away ; it is a false shadow. Yet here was this man, in the inflamed state of public feeling and in the inflamed condition of the Sanhedrim, when Christ had already been condemned by them in secret council, and they were seeking to seize Him, and carry out the sentence clandestinely to slay Him, and were so wrought up to that purpose that they swore at the people because they were so ignorant—in the midst of the serried ranks, Nicodemus quietly rose and took His side, and said : "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth ?" and sneers and taunts were let out like hissing, venomous serpents. Rather a peculiar condition for a coward !

Then there is another remarkable case, which is contained in the nineteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse thirty-

eight. It follows the crucifixion; Christ was dead. "And after this Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus Christ, secretly, for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus, and Pilate gave him leave. He came, therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came, also, Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus and bound it in linen clothes, with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." When a man has been in favour of some movement or some man, and the cause collapses, and the man has gone into disgrace—when the bubble is burst, and there is no use any longer in risking one's safety or convenience by public adhesion to the offending man, how many are there that would stand up and say: "He seems to have come to naught, but I believe in him still, and I believe in the cause, and, if need be, I will perish with it"? But Nicodemus, when there was nothing more to be gained, when the whole drama had been enacted, and the pall of death and apparent night had come down on the prospect of this strange Redeemer, he would not give Him up when He was dead, and he exposed himself to the inspection and to the dangers that came by taking the body and giving it honourable burial with all the accustomed rites and honour belonging to the Jews. This is the man we call the timid Nicodemus. What did he come by night for? Well, when would you have him come if he wanted to have a quiet conversation? In the roar of the temple? Would you have had him come when all was bustle and confusion, and everybody was asking questions, and some were trying to trap Jesus, and others were frivolous or ignorant? Was that the time for a deep-hearted man to burrow into the very inner consciousness of Christ, and know the truth? If a man had inward doubts, inward longings, inward aspirations, if he longed for the truth, and had long been hungering for it, and there came the man that seemed to have the power to span the heaven above him and to give him the things which his heart desired above everything on earth, treasure, reputation, standing, everything—if there was such a man as that, what would you say, honest man? What would I say? "Give me the chance when I may have this talk with him alone, that I may open my whole soul to him and learn more of his way"

It is said that when Emerson visited London and sought out Carlyle, they two sat by themselves for more than two hours

in the evening in a darkened room, and the chief part of the conversation was God and Immortality. These great thinkers who had had their doubts and their perplexities longed to sound each other and know what way each had made along that great highway of God. Was it because they were cowards that they sought leisure and seclusion for mutual investigation?

Then there is one thing more, and it is rather a striking thing, too. Matthew, Mark, and Luke make little or no mention of Nicodemus—if my recollection serves me, none at all. John, that peculiar disciple, John, all whose affinities were of the spiritual life, of the deepest inward life, is the only one who brings up this history of Nicodemus. He saw and felt just what Nicodemus was, and he makes a record of it.

Now, what has all this to do? It is interesting as biography, as mere history—it is instructively very interesting indeed; it is profoundly interesting when we come to think that this man stood apart from his fellow-men by qualities of virtue and excellence. We should not have been surprised if, pointing to the rabble in Jerusalem, raging, rancorous, Christ had said: “They must be born again.” Of course they must. Robbers ought to be born again, thieves ought to be born again, drunkards ought to be born again, lecherous folk ought to be born again. Everybody would agree that there ought to be conversion of some folk; yes, if a man had a very imperfect and fitful life, flashing to day, in gloom to-morrow, men would say: “Yes, it might be better for such a man to be born again.” But here was the luminous Jew, a leader, a ruler, eminent in the Sanhedrim, and coming to Christ, showing hunger and desire for a higher and a nobler life, and it is to him Christ says: “*You* must be born again, or you shall not see the kingdom of God.”

Could there have been anything more striking than that this annunciation should be made to a man that might be considered in morality and in religion, for his time and knowledge, a pattern man? If it were true of Nicodemus, where is the man of whom it is not true, “Ye must be born again”?

Then it is worth our while, before passing to the meaning of Christ, to call attention to the incidental fact that Christ never preached this in any of His other sermons. Take the Sermon on the Mount—this doctrine is not announced there. It is said, to be sure, and that is the nearest of anything that comes to it, “Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter in.”

But here is this fundamental declaration of a re-birth, a new birth, a conversion, a total conversion of a man. And when you go to Paul's sermon you do not hear that doctrine preached as it is now in our churches. The doctrine of regeneration, the new birth, conversion, is one of the staple fundamental doctrines of our pulpit warfare ; it is one of the executive doctrines of the Bible. Yet when you come to look at the sermons that were preached by our Saviour and His Apostles, this technical form of it is not to be found, although that which they teach runs in it by construction and upon reflection and philosophical analysis.

To the popular mind there was another mode of instruction, but to this man, Nicodemus—capable as it should have seemed of understanding the fulness of Christ—there was taught the doctrine which throws light upon Christ's innermost thought in regard to this whole doctrine of conversion, regeneration, new birth. The kingdom of God is said to be within you. It is a view that Christ gives of what to Him in His inward life and thought is meant by the Kingdom of God. Not a condition for future salvation, the safety after death, is this doctrine of conversion. It is the indispensable condition of that kingdom which is on earth and in men now, and it relates not to a formal kingdom, but a state ; it relates to a condition of a man's soul. You shall not come into that experience of your soul which is God's kingdom, and where only you can understand Him, meet Him, feel Him, unless you are born again ; you cannot come into that higher stage of your own self where only you can meet and understand in some shadowy way your God. It is a view of unfolded mind that Christ is giving here, that condition in which a pure spirituality dominates all inferior gradations of experience, good or bad or indifferent as they may be ; it is not an insight, a flash such as one has in a hymn, or such as one feels in moments of transcendent love and gladness ; it is not a flash, it is when the work has been carried on in the womb of a man's own brain by which at last he comes up to his real self, to the real man that God meant in the primal creation. and when the problem is the ascension from low and coarse matter up through the various stages of unfolding, up to that that God meant when He created man in His own image, the higher man, in which love and conscience and will and reason so predominate not as to obliterate any powers that are below, but as to hold them in harmony and perfect sympathy with them and in perfect subjection to your higher self.

That is God's kingdom as I understand it in the souls of men.

In view, then, of this interpretation, "Except a man be born again," and I might, without any want of reverence, say a good many times, too—"Except a man be born again he shall not see the kingdom of God," he shall not come up into that element, attribute, and condition in himself which is the kingdom of God in you, and in which you meet God and understand Him, not by learning, not by logic, not by philosophy, but—I had almost said by spiritual sensation—if the terms were not contradictory. "Blessed are the pure in heart, they shall see God." No man ever excogitated God; no man ever came to Him by philosophical analysis. If any man has come to the realisation of God, it is heart that has done it; it is out of feelings in men that are so nearly like God's own attributes and emotions as that we feel Him. It is moral intuition that teaches us of God in His reality and in His higher reign. In view of this interpretation of the inwardness of God's kingdom in man and of the necessity of being brought up to it by new regeneration—born first as an animal, you have got to be born again as a social creature, you have got to be born again as a moral creature under the dominion of right and wrong; born into morality, you have got to be born again to come into faith, life, spirit-life, the highest life. You may call it all comprehensibly born again, but in historic fact it takes place time by time, stage by stage, until the whole golden chain is completed, the links are wrought out one by one in actual Christian experience.

Now we are prepared to look at some practical questions that naturally will flow out of this subject. First, we will look at that delusion that conversion is an all-accomplishing act. If you take the actual mechanical way of preaching of good men and imperfect, though it is a way that has done great good, although it has not represented the innermost and full form of the truth, yet, as I heard my venerable father say: "First we preach that we may get attention; then we preach to the attention of the audience that we may get up interest; and then, when we have secured interest, we preach that we may produce conviction of sin; and when we have produced conviction of sin, then comes the tug of war; then comes the will of man in conflict with the will of God; then comes the subjugation of hatred to God and of hatred to the law of

holiness ; then after the struggle has been gone through, and the man is either exhausted or is subdued, and gives up, then comes conversion, and after this practical method is the experience of thousands of people, who say : ‘ I was going on in a course of sinfulness and worldliness till the law came, sin revived, and I died,’ ” and they explain that on some great occasion, under some mighty movement of revival, or under some sudden revelation of the truth of man’s nature and need, “ I was seized with conviction of sin ; I wrestled with it ; I tried to get some peace from it ; none came ; my night and my noonday were of the like colour, and often I fought and would not submit, and was driven from point to point by the terror of the law of God—the law work had become perfect in me ; then at last it pleased God to reveal His Saviour to me—Jesus Christ—and I gave up, and oh, there was a new heaven and a new earth ; I never heard the birds sing till then ; I went home, and my wife’s face was like an angel’s to me ; I never loved my children as I did then ; I was converted ! I was converted ! I was converted ! ” It is all very true, but a very imperfect and partial statement of what is the root and substance and philosophy of any such experiences. This is mechanical : it divides up the work by stages and steps which are taken ; but the same result might have come without having taken these successive steps in this mechanical order. For all this impression in respect of the men is founded on the idea that conversion is the irresistible force of God’s will, cutting, like a scythe, everything before it, blasting like the lightning, sweeping a man down as if he were but a bulrush before a tornado, and it is based upon the idea that in the act of conversion it is not a Divine, educating force that is carrying men along, but a Divine, spiritual omnipotence, and then men say : “ When God has done a thing nobody can undo it ; He ties the knot of allegiance, and nobody can pick it apart again, and there is no sword that can cut the Gordian knot,” and men feel that, having been converted, it will stand, and that it is a thing set, done, and for ever. And so we find in men, although they go back to a worldly way, and are just as selfish as they used to be, and just as prone as they used to be to avarice, and are ambitious, and are proud, yet in various ways, once in a year or two, when there is rousing in the church, they cry a little, read their Bibles a little more, pray a little, get back to their hope. They have got a hope, and they think that is a fortress. “ Because I have evidence that I was convicted I

have evidence that I was converted, and God's irresistible will is not to be negated by any lapses and fallings off on my part ; it brings me up again. Yes, I am a converted man ; I have been born again. That stands." Now, I hold that when a man has really been converted he will stand. I do not believe he will stand because it is necessary to carry out a certain system of theology that you must assert the irresistibleness of the Divine will in such a case as that, but I believe God is giving new birth to us as He is to all nature all the time, and that it is the result of the Divine will, but not in the mechanical way, not with that irresistibleness. I believe it is the result of the Divine will just as heat in the sun is the irresistible cause of moss, and grass, and flowers, and shrubs, of grapes and fruit of every kind. No tree can stand up and say : "I made myself a pippin." He is not going to nod his proud head as if he did it himself. He had the element in him out of which the tree came and the fruit came, but all came from the sun, and if there had been an eclipse he would never have sprouted, let alone become the father of fruit, and I believe no man in life ever thinks, wills, or has any upward aspiration, or any longings, any soul-life, that God is not the author of "In Him we live and move and have our being ;" and while no man can live in his physical and animal nature except by the agency of the laws of matter and of the world around him, still more imperatively is that to be asserted as true when you come not to the animal man, but to the spiritual man, the higher manhood, the man of the spirit, and not of the flesh ; all the impulses of his life, everything that he has, "By the grace of God I am what I am." It is the circumambient influence, the universal, immanent God, the God everywhere and always, and in all things ; that is the pabulum of life, is the spiritual stimulus by which we do anything that is higher than animal life itself.

Then there is the idea that conversion is like an insurance policy. "I paid the insurance premium ; I have got the name down ; I am insured against future fire ; you cannot disturb me." There are many men that hold conversion like an insurance policy against future fire, or like a deed that covers property. "I paid the price, I have gone through all the legal forms ; here is my deed, and the law will defend me in that position." Men have an impression that having been through certain spiritual experiences they have a deed, and what sort of Christians these notions make !

There is an impression, too, that conversion, or that being born again, is instantaneous, and very much emphasis is put upon that. Now, in one sense, it is true that in the last analysis every act of will is instantaneous. All the sequences are not, and all the antecedent preparations are not. When you put a thing weighing ten pounds in that scale, and commence and put five pounds in the other scale, it does not vibrate: you add four more, and it begins to vibrate a little, but still the ten pounds weigh down the nine pounds, and the nine pounds and a half, and the nine pounds and three-quarters, and by-and-by you come so that it looks as though a needle's difference would make it, and the needle is thrown in, and it kicks the balance, and down it goes, outweighing—instantaneous when it comes to the exact point. A man is going North, thinking he is coming South, and by-and-by he is roused by some phenomenon, by some guide, and he says: "Have I been all this time going wrong, have I been going North? Well, I have got to turn round." The turning round is instantaneous, but the getting back to where he started from is not. And so there may be in the course of a man's experience many, many losses, many sorrows, many joys, much instruction, and it does not vibrate his will to the right direction. Little by little they increase in number and in force, and he finds himself drawing nearer and nearer to the point of decision, and at that very point is the critical point. Whether you go for a lawful pleasure or not will determine whether you go right; whether you go to a thing permissible, in parties, or not, will often determine. At these moments—these crises in a man's history—whose results reach as far as eternity itself, the least things will determine the action of a man's will, and it is instantaneous at that point of choice; but when a man chooses that which in its nature has succession, unfolding, development in it, it cannot all take place instantaneously. God never did regenerate any man, so far as we have knowledge of it, without there being a long process of sanctification afterwards to bring the man up to the full measure of a child of God. We call them by different names, but sanctification is only a part of conversion with another name on it. While, therefore, conversion, in one interior and philosophical sense, may be said to be instantaneous, yet it involves in its very nature continuity, gradualism, unfolding, unfolding, unfolding, from the beginning clear through to the end.

Take the Prodigal Son. He went away to spend his sub-

stance in riotous living, and began to be kicked out of society ; one contumely followed after another, until at last, he, a Jew, that hated hogs as much as moderns love them, went into the field to feed them, and among them he got so bad that he made himself level with them, and ate their swill, their pods and husks. And then memory began to come. Sometimes fasting does do a man good who has been a fast and riotous liver ; it emancipates him from the juices and morbidity of enormous digestion. A man ought to live so that he does not want to fast ; if men lived in a good healthy state of body they would not need to fast. It is for the riotous liver that fasting is good for anything, and when this man had got reduced in his body he began to think, and he says : "How many hired servants hath my father that have bread enough and to spare, and I am perishing with hunger?" Those thoughts kept going on, and urging him and urging him, till, by-and-by, from his low-stooping among the swine, he lifted himself up and said : "I will arise ; I will go to my father." There is the work—it is begun ; but there are a great many weary steps before he got there—a great many ; but the regenerating point in his life was when he came to the decision that he would do it, and followed it up. His reception we all know ; I think it is one of the most extraordinary developments of Divine love and mercy that has ever come—that of the father receiving his son back from his follies and dissipations, and not only receiving him back, but shutting his mouth, not letting him make even his confession, but when he saw him afar off running to him—running to him, throwing himself upon his neck, and kissing him. He did not say : "Have you come back staid? Are you reformed?" Nothing of the sort—not a word. Love sweeps everything out of the way, and forgives because it is love. And love on earth is as dry husks compared with the glory of the ever-living and ever-growing love of God. Love is atonement, and God is love.

Many men have an impression that conversion is not only instantaneous and historically fixed, but that it implies also an absolute physical re-creation of the man. They think that that which was old in sinning was taken out of him and something new put into him. Here is an old clock ; it has been ticking away and lying about the hours for ever so many days. At last we send for a Frenchman to come. He has a well-made French clock ; he unscrews it, and takes out the works, and puts them into the old clock, and then it begins to go.

So many a man thinks that the old man was knocked out of him and the new man put into him, and he goes on ticking, and thinks he is keeping time just because of this wonderful change. No such change takes place ; it is not a change of organ, it is a change of function, that takes place in conversion, and they that have done evil learn to do well.

Then there are a great many persons who are distressed because that which they hear in others' experience is nothing in theirs. They have heard a class leader or a good Presbyterian Christian or a Baptist convert get up in a meeting and give his experience. Now, there never will be two experiences exactly alike until you get two men exactly alike. The experience that we try to get is absurd. We are all of us like dramatic artists. Mr. Irving is not Hamlet ; he plays Hamlet, though. Mr. Irving is not Othello, but he plays Othello—imitates him ; and we are all trying to be Hamlets or Othellos or somebody-elses. In other words, we are all the time trying to compare our experience with somebody else's we heard in the meeting, even if it were not doubtful whether they had such experiences, because people, when giving their experiences, are always the heroes of them themselves. Here is one says : "Our brother threw me into darkness last time. Did you hear what he said ? 'The law of God,' he said, 'filled the heaven with blackness' ; I never saw any blackness. And 'it thundered long and loud' ; I never heard any thunder. 'And I was awfully wretched. I could not eat nor sleep ;' I never had any trouble about that myself. And, finally, he said he had such a burst of joy that it seemed a new heaven and a new earth ; I never did, and I have great doubt whether I have been converted."

Now, suppose a party of men out on a holiday ; the boat is capsized on a lake, and one gets out one way for the shore, and the other another way, and one fortunately strikes shallow water immediately and wades ashore. He is wet to be sure, but that is all. He gets on the ground and shakes himself, and thanks God he is saved. Another man gets among the lily pads and the eel grass, and is slimed all over with filth, and has to come down the mouth of the estuary, and when he gets on shore he is all dirty and smeared from head to foot, and he comes to the other and says : "Are you saved ?" "Yes, I am." "Well," says the other, "look at me ; I have not got any mud on me ; I do not believe I am saved." These processes through which the mind changes its states and relations

have personal interest, but they do not determine at all the personal condition of a man. He that has come under the controlling influence of love to God and to man, and feels it every day, need not disturb himself and trouble his conscience as to how he got there. If he is there he is there. Do not you believe that the sun rises? You saw it yesterday morning come up over the horizon clear and radiant from the moment it struck the atmosphere. To-morrow it comes up under a cloud; it is noonday before you see the sun, but the sun rose then. And the Sun of Righteousness rises to some behind clouds, but to others in a clear sky; it rises if the fruits of righteousness are developed in the conscience and the life.

Well, the idea that some, by reason of natural excellence and the careful training they have had, do not need conversion may be illustrated and the folly of it exposed according to the view which we have taken this morning. Now, Christianity has so far prevailed in this world that in Christian households the Gospel is preached by father and mother, not catechetically it may be, but better a thousand times by their living, by their example, and the child grows up under a perpetual knowledge of the Gospel, and his nurture and admonition have been in the Lord, and he is brought to a state having hereditary qualities, which are God's reward for the righteousness of his ancestors to the third and fourth generation, inheriting a balanced mentality, and having a perpetual church in the family, and a Gospel preached, and he trained to all the outward forms. It does not require any such work with him as with a man born of ignominious parents, brought up in the midst of jeers, irreligious, and all forms of vice and crime. That man has a longer distance to travel than the other has. But no matter how high a man has travelled in the family relations, and how high the work of morality has been in him, there is an element of development to go on yet in him. There is not any man that has reached those higher tones; there is not any man who has the whole organ in him; and the sweetest creature that ever touched the earth, as a bird touches the quivering limb and flies again into the ether, the heart most nearly responsive to everything organically beautiful, nevertheless must have an unfolding yet—there is something higher and beyond yet. No man ever comes into a state of absolute communion with God. We come into the state of begging. Two-thirds of all men's prayers are begging—begging for

something. No man ever comes into that state in which he stands in the presence of God blessed. "No matter whether I have anything or not, it is enough for me; God is my God, and I am His, and I can feel Him and rejoice in Him." No person ever comes to that state without an unfolding process in him. Happy are they that are advanced a good way on the road towards that; but no one is ever so far advanced that there is not to be this special unfolding by the inshining of the Holy Ghost into his heart and into his experience.

There is reason to fear that many professing Christians, I remark once more, are trusting to old hopes and not to the life that is in them, and not to the progress of that life that is in them. There are a great many Christians that do not bring forth the fruits of righteousness, and the utmost charity trembles for them. They are confident. They make me think of a man that has bought his orchard trees, and set them out, and after they have grown a little in the first heat of the soil, the soil gives out, and they give out, and the trees are covered with scale, and they grow mossy, and insects burrow in them, and there is no fruit except here and there a small knurly apple that is worse if you touch it than if you let it alone; and when sometimes his attention is called to the condition of the orchard, he goes and gets the label of each tree and reads it, "Holland Pippin"—"Ah, Holland Pippin." He goes and gets his catalogue. "I bought it of Waterer; I bought it of this nurseryman, an established nurseryman, a good nurseryman; he is orthodox; it is true; it is all right." It does not bring much fruit forth; what then? How many Christians are there like trees and vines that bring forth no fruit? "When I came to seek the fruit there was none," saith the lord of the vineyard. Are there no such Christians here? Are there no Christians here the forces of whose real life is in the world, in the body? Are there not many men here that never hear the sweet, seraphic music from heaven? Are there not those here that could not say conscientiously, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee"? I tell you that a true and high Christian experience is just as clearly to be discerned as the ringing of the bell in the marriage festival itself. A man does not know whether he is a Christian or not; it is because he has been misled by doctrine. But no man ever ought to be in any doubt who believes that God loves us not only while we are sinners, but because we are sinners. What does the doctor care about you across the

street till you get sick? Then he cares for you, then he comes to heal you. And God cares for us not because we are so lovely, but because we are so homely; not because we are serving Him so well, but because we are serving Him so poorly; not because we are righteous, but because we are wicked, inharmonious with ourselves, not in harmony with life round about us, and far from being in harmony with God and the universe; and His heart is poured out in sorrow for us because we are so low, so weak, so deserving of condemnation. Do you believe that? Do you believe that it is by the grace of God that you are what you are—a Christian at every single step—and that God still lives, and that the drawing you feel, the reluctance, the regret at anything wrong is a part of God's standing, stimulating soul acting on your soul? Why should you be in doubt, then? Do you believe there is in you even the least aspiration, and that, though you make many mistakes and stumbles, yet you lift yourself up again, and strive to love and please Him; and is God your God, and, therefore, your hope of salvation? Then you do not need to be in doubt. Do not suppose that that man is a Christian that has a poetic and dramatic experience, and you are not one because you have only a drudging journey which, with muddy shoes, you are seeking to perform. When a man is on the road, and slips up or falls down, he does not turn round, and go home saying: "I will not journey;" he plucks himself up, and shakes his garments, and goes on. You may be a very poor Christian, probably you are—we all of us are—but at every stumble and lapse, and everything that reveals to us how low we are down yet on the scale, take courage: you have got God for you; He is on your side, and all the universe may be on the other side, and it won't amount to that. Who can harm us if God be for us? "Who can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus?" Height or depth, or length or breadth, or things to come, or powers or principalities? Oh, can anything take the child away from the mother's bosom in the household? Not its naughtiness, not its fretfulness, not its weakness, not its sickness—the mother clings to it; and the mother is the nearest commentary on Jesus Christ that the world has yet. Go, look at your musty volumes and commentaries all the way down—Latin, Greek, English; the mother in the family is the best commentary on what the love of Jesus Christ is to lost and ruined souls in this world.

Take courage, O sinner, for the publican was not con-

denned, the Pharisee was. The Pharisee, you know, had one of those oratorical convictions and conversions; the publican had nothing but the consciousness of his own sinfulness; but he went down justified rather than the other.

But then there is a theological difficulty which good and honest men entertain. They say all this sets men a-doing their own work, and it takes from the sovereignty of God all honour and all glory. I believe thoroughly in God's sovereignty. I believe He can convert a man in any way He pleases; and who are you, O theologian, that says He must convert him in just that way? I think that God converts a man that is slow and stolid, and has no imagination, in a way that is suited to that fact of human construction, and that He converts a man that is a poet in a way that is exactly adapted to that peculiar material He has got to work on. God does not convert paving-stones into roses, but He does convert roses from roots into bushes, and branches into roses. He works on men as He works on Nature. There are certain laws by which He works in Nature. Cause and effect are constant everywhere, and He works upon that greater Nature, the top of Nature, the sum and substance of Nature, human life and human experience, not in its basic forms, but experimental forms, according to His own will—that is to say, He adapts Himself to the facts that are in the man, brings him out along the way of experience that the man needs himself. And we take no glory from God. There are twelve different gates in the Apocalypse to the New Jerusalem. There are a great many more gates than that to the spiritual New Jerusalem. The man that comes in at the North gate must not throw stones at him who comes in at the South; and the man who comes in at the East must not say anything against the man that comes in at the West. Anybody that loves God, and shows it every day in his disposition and his life, loves his fellow men; he has found the gate for him.

Then, dearly-beloved brethren, Christians all, have you been born again? Have you been born again and again and again? Have you gone up step by step, through the lower, intermediate, and into the higher experiences? At every single stage of unfolding that Voice, still sweeter than music, but imperious as the empire's voice, says: "Ye must be born again." You have overcome your lusts and your passions; have you gone higher than that? You have entered into the kingdom of morality, of social affections, of affiances. Good! Have you

gone higher than that ? You have gone into the outskirts of the moral kingdom, the religious, the spiritual ; have you gone higher than that ? What is there higher than spiritual ? There is this that is higher than spiritual—quality, quantity, harmony. Here is the organ, and as the builder builds one part after another, all its sub-basses, diapasons, and all the other instruments represented in it, it is full of cacophony as it sounds one stop, then another and another ; by-and-by he has brought them all together, and he tries and proves them till they are brought into harmony with each other, and he voices the organ so that the effect shall be the sweetest possible, and then, when at last it is all there, and all the appliances to bring wind, to make the sound, and top and bottom and side of the organ are in perfect harmony with itself, and the voicing has given to every stop its very sweetest tone, then we say it is completed. Have you come to that condition in which grace is spontaneous ? Does it harmonise from the top clear down to the bottom, and has it come not occasionally and forced, but has it come to the condition of spontaneity, automatic, so that without thinking you do the things that are right ? Have you come to that higher stage of Christian experience in which, with fear and trembling, you yet can say : “ I see God ; I know God ; He dwelleth in me and I in Him ? ” May God give us all this higher light ! While we go on preaching to sinners, oh, let us preach to ourselves—Ye need to be born again.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

“For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.”—GAL. v. 13.

THE only bondage in God's Creation that is tolerable and desirable is the bondage of love. No man knows true happiness till he has learned how to love—how to love, not a little, but a great deal; how to love, not occasionally, as a sweetmeat at a banquet, but how so to love that he is tied up by it; he is in bondage to it, it rules him. For the only slave on God's earth that needs no compassion and pity is the slave of love. And yet liberty is as little understood in the general way as almost any one single name or quality. Government, restriction, are the thoughts of rulers; men are not to be trusted; men are beaten about by so many passions that if a man is to be left perfectly free, he is a dangerous animal; we must, therefore, have governments for men. Yet in this very chapter, and further down, as we shall see by-and-by, there is a strain of music: “Against such,” as he described, and as I shall, “against such there is no law.” Is there a liberty, therefore, where there is no law? Yes, and there is no liberty anywhere else. Is it, then, the Gospel doctrine that laws and governments, officers, courts, restrictions, are all to be abolished? Yes; but that will be in the millennium. If there is ever a time coming when men, living in their essential manhood, in the spiritual man, and when they are inspired with the desire of being and doing that which makes them in alliance with God, so that they would rather speak the truth for their own sake than be false, that they would rather be benevolent than selfish, and had rather be humble than proud; when men, in other words, have come into spiritual things, into the same conditions as those in which they come in spiritual things, they will need no government. When a boy first begins

his arithmetic it takes a good deal of time and trouble for him to cypher, and he says : "Six and three are—eight ; no, six and three are—six, seven, eight, nine—six and three are nine. An old merchant would be ashamed to go on cyphering in such a laborious way as that ; and a banker or an accountant can take four columns of figures, and run them down faster than I can run down a page of writing. Nobody has learned anything until he does it without knowing it. When anybody begins to walk after he has been long sick, he takes care of every step ; but when a man is in full health, he never stops to see whether he shall step here, there, or anywhere else. The man who is fit to take care of himself does spontaneously the thing that ought to be done. No man has learned a language if he has to go to the dictionary and the grammar to know about it. No man has learned music who has to sit down at the key-board and spell out his notes. No man becomes a compositor in a printing office who has to think where the letters are. His hand thinks, and he himself is thinking of something else while he is composing his sentence out from among the type. Knowledge that has been reduced into a man's own self, so that he knows it automatically, spontaneously, that we call knowledge. Now our graces are largely occasional practices, and our daily life is, to a very large extent, automatic in selfishness and in animalism. We do not have to think when we have to get angry. The moment the offensive thing is said flash goes the anger. The moment a man cheats us the wrath comes up ; we do not have to pump it ; it takes care of itself. And in all our lower range of life we act spontaneously. Too often in our higher range of life we have to strive before we have the initial experiences.

Now the apostle says : "You are free, Christ came to set you free ; only abuse not your liberty as an occasion to the flesh." You are not free in material and bodily conditions. Man is not free to fly ; he has not any wings. Man is not free to act without eating ; he has got to eat. The circle of our liberty in bodily matters is a very small circle ; but in that small circle men have an amazing amount of liberty. And so the apostle says : "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, but do not mistake the currency, do not take the wrong kind ; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." There is not a man or woman in this congregation who ever fulfilled that

law—not one. “But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.” Moral cannibalism is very largely practised yet. “This, I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.” Paul makes two men out of every one; or, rather, there are two men in every one; and in that he touches very close on to the modern scientific doctrine that man was born as an animal first, and that by evolution through the Divine decree and the Divine Spirit, there was superinduced upon the animal man—man social, moral, intellectual, spiritual. If you take the seventh chapter of Romans, no man can steer through that troubled passage unless he goes upon this theory, that man, according to the apostolic idea, is a double being—the lower part is an animal, the upper part—the upper part, if there is an upper part—rides him, and is not ridden by him.

So he goes on to tell us what he means by the flesh man, what in modern parlance we mean by the animal man, the under man; and here is the description: “For the flesh”—he gives it in the broadest terms as it is exemplified in the largest abuse of our animal powers; for there is not one constituent element of animal life that is not, in its place and in due subordination, right, and it is only the excess and disproportion of it, and the usurpation by it of the higher functions of human existence, that makes animalism wrong. “For the flesh”—the animal element that is in you—“lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh.” Now you have got the origin of sin; you have the conflict between the developed man in Jesus Christ and the original animal man. The two are perpetually warring against each other, the under man refusing to be bridled, guided by the inspiration of reason and moral sense and moral excellence—love, uttermost love; and, on the other hand, the higher elements in man constantly condemning the impulses that are tormenting him—gluttony, drunkenness, envyings, all forms of lust. And here sit two courts, the infernal court below, and the supernal court above, and they are perpetually quarrelling with each other’s decisions. This is going on through life, and every time the under one prevails over the upper one, that is sin. It is comprehensive enough; the particulars every man can learn by his own autobiography. “The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.” And what a piteous history is that of ninety-nine men in a hundred, who, if they

be conscious and faithful to their own selves, are obliged every day to say : " I knew I had an ideal, I knew what was right, I set out to do what was right, but all through the chequered day I have done the things I meant not to do, and have neglected to do the things that I intended to do."

And this conflict, this unceasing conflict between the upper and the lower man is that that led the Apostle to say : " Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?" The body, the animal man, that is constantly intruding where it has no business, sullyng the clear sky of love, dimming, clouding the day, and making us creep along the material ways of life when with wings we ought to soar by love and joy, and get into the higher and unclouded realms of experience.

" But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." I am not under the law—of picking pockets, that is. If the law were abolished to-morrow, I would not pick anybody's pocket. I am not under the law of murder ; for if there were no gallows, nor guillotine, nor officer, nor judge, nor court nor decision, nor execution, I would not murder. Why? I have that law inside myself—humanity. I do not want cruelty ; I hate it. I am not under the law to drunkenness. I can go by a whole regiment of shops, and never think of turning in ; I do not want it, I am above it. I do not abstain from gambling because gambling is disreputable, nor because I fear losses. I do not gamble, because I do not want to gamble. I do not avoid bad company because I should lose respectability. I do not keep bad company for the same reason that musicians do not sit down and work out discords ; their ear suffers from discords, and they keep to harmony because harmony is so sweet and discord is so painful. And so in regard to spiritual things. We are led by the Divine Spirit into such a state of approbation and satisfaction in the higher things that we do not want the inferior, the antagonistic, the antithetic. " If ye are led of the Spirit ye are not under the law." Do you suppose that a bird, seeing a man in the muddy road toiling up the long ascent, when he can shoot through the air on even wing and go quicker and easier, would envy the man, or would stoop down to use his legs instead of his wings? No. A man as respects his lower nature may be said to walk ; he touches the earth at every step, man in his higher nature lifts himself above the morass, above the ravine, above the mountain, and goes by the shortest course to the noblest things. " If ye be led of th

Spirit ye are under the law," that is, ye do the things by the law that is in you and by your preferences and loves and likes, which otherwise are commanded. There is not in all the statute books of the whole civilised globe one single law saying to the mother, "Thou shalt love thy babe," there is not any church or creed, or any form of legislature that says to the mother, "Thou shalt feed thy babe out of thine own body." But see the mother as the twilight darkens, sitting with her child as it draws sustenance from her own bosom, and singing sweet carols, and counting it the proudest of all the hours of the day. She has the law of the mother in her, and she does the things that ought to be done, because she loves to do them—it is automatic.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery"—there is the quality carried to its fullest extent, despising the restraints and laws of society. "Fornication, uncleanness"—for there is a depth beyond adultery and fornication—a salacious imagination, a fire of lust that goes on in a man's own secret chambers of the soul. "Lasciviousness"—as Galatia was a Greek colony, and as the Greeks were the most abominably corrupt in all social relations of any nation that ever lived, dissolved and rotten in their lasciviousness, you see with what speciality the Apostle specifies all the forms of that vice which has corrupted mankind and the world. "Idolatry"—idolatry in ancient days was not condemnable on orthodox creed principles; it was not because they made a mistake about their god; it was because idolatry made a part of their worship the indulgence of lascivious affections, and everywhere bestiality ran with idolatry. "Witchcraft"—if there is no such thing as witchcraft, the counterfeit is amazingly like it, and we have a good deal of it yet. "Hatred"—now you come to a very popular form, because there are multitudes of persons who think that hatred is sacred, that you are bound to hate the man who doesn't go to your church, bound to hate the man who is not orthodox, bound to hate the Romanist and Romanism; and if God looked out of Heaven with all the variations of impression which so-called Christian men have, he would hate about four-fifths, yes, nineteen-twentieths of all the creatures that live on the face of the earth. Of all Christian graces, I think the easiest and most productive is hatred. "Variance, emulations"—that is, disagreements and strifes one against another. "Wrath, strife"—quarrelsomeness; "seditions"—breaking out into up-

roar against law, order, government. "Heresies," not doctrinal disagreements; that is not the original meaning of the word heresy: heresy had always a moral element in it, according to the original intent of the word. "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, and such like."

Now these are all animal; they all spring from the basilar faculties, they all come from the base of the brain; they were original; in their primitive and organic forms they simply made the material platform on which God was to build the real man; yet they are constantly tending to subtend every form of human life. But have you ever heard an ambitious organist undertaking to show what can be done in the gymnastics of music? He goes screwing his way up through all the chromatic scale with all sorts of thunderous conjunction of sound until he has shown that the organ is devilish, or you feel so, but at last some gale of good sense overtakes him, and he begins to modulate and gives out some sudden rare strain, such as Beethoven or Mozart hath given birth to. So out from the cacophony of harsh and ugly affections and passions the text modulates into the very melody and music of religion.

"The fruit of the Spirit." That word "fruit" is a very great favourite in the New Testament and also in the Old Testament. Christ made it almost fundamental. There is the vine, and its bearing or not bearing fruit; or, as an interpreter of Divine Providence, it is pruned that it may bring forth more fruit. The quality of fruitfulness runs through the whole New Testament, latent, or obvious and expressed. "The fruit of the Spirit." "Oh!" says the hierarch, "the fruit of the Spirit is organised churches, subordination to God's ministers, clear and definite instruction in fundamental doctrines, reverence, and awe in the presence of God, obedience of common folks to uncommon folks. That," say they, is "the fruit of the Spirit." But I do not read it here. "The fruit of the Spirit." Why, then, this world is God's garden—God's orchard. I should like to know the sort of things that God does like to raise in His garden; I should like to see the list of His orchard, the fruit for which God sustains the garden, the orchard, and the farm, for which His Providence controls events, for which the whole experience is blown as a sweet gale that blows away the winter and brings on the spring. The fruit of the Spirit, over which all God's singing birds, in hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, do chant melody—the fruit of the Spirit—the end which is sought in this

world among men by the Spirit, the ripeness which is the result of the fostering care of God's Spirit—what is it? Catechism? Not a word of it. Confession* of faith? Not a word of it. And yet these are not necessarily to be rejected, they are not to be disallowed. "The fruit of the Spirit." What if a man, sending his children to a dancing school, should ever after insist upon it that they should reverence the fiddle and the dancing-master and worship them? What are these but mere mechanical appliances by which to teach grace and method? And so soon as grace and method are once organised into a person, the school at which he learned them goes behind and is forgotten. No child will be an expert arithmetician that does not first dig in the mire of the common school; but afterwards he abandons that. When we read we do not stop to look at the spelling, unless we run against a false one, and then instinct brings us up. We become so habituated to it that we gather that which hovers over the letter, and is in the air, as it were, the meaning, and it is interpreted back by the heart, by the experience, by the affections. The fruit of the Spirit is that which is underlaid by culture, but culture itself is not it. The text is not the precious thing, it is the meaning in the text that is precious. A farm must have its implements, but it is the harvest that is of value, and they are relative. If a man can make a good crop with the poorest instruments he is better off than his neighbour who has ten times better instruments but a poorer crop. And if a man can make out of heresies a better Christian life than another man does out of his orthodoxy, he is nearer to God than the orthodox man. This is not disowning instruments, not at all, but it is saying substantially that men are perpetually worshippers and idolators of outside means, and quite forget that their value depends entirely on what they produce. So we have in the world, in the religious world, a vast amount of the *means* of grace without much grace. And yet when men criticise these things, when faithful pastors undertake to set forth to their congregation that while instruments or means of grace are useful there is something higher and better, "Oh, dear! dear!" they say, holding up holy hands in horror, "where is the end going to be if you take away the foundations?" The foundations are on the top in Christian character, not on the bottom! Then what are these fruits for which religion is established, for which churches and all forms of moral organisation exist, without which, as the

apostle declares in keenest ridicule, all religion is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal? The noisiest instrument in the band is the emptiest one.

Now listen to the fruits of the Spirit for which a Church is established and without the production of which it is like an empty field, for which all doctrinal schedules are ordained, without which they are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, for which all orders and regulations and methods are framed, and if they do not bring forth these there is no sacredness in them, and there is no irreligiousness in trampling them under foot. It is the soul that God has filled; it is the upper man where God is the cultivator, and husbandman, and fruiterer; it is the higher man, not the under man. And here are the harvests. The fruit of the Spirit is—of course it is—is what? It is the one thing that carries in its bosom everything else; it is the mother around which are gathered the group of children; “the fruit of the Spirit is *love*.” You would not think it, to see how ministers act; you would not think it, to see how converted Christians act; you would not dream it by merely reading confessions of faith, which do not discard it, but which, as far as I can remember, scarcely ever mention it. Talk about orthodoxy, sound words, wise discrimination! The mother of all things in the soul is love. I do not know what men do when they go into those great, dark cathedrals, and stoop down on pretence of praying, and sit in a kind of stupid reverence, and are shocked by any wild ebullitions of life; or a congregation made happy by the luxuriant liberty of a sanctified soul. They do not know whereunto such things will grow. “The fruit of the Spirit is love.”

And the very next thing to this word means God in us; it is “*Joy*.” How is that for sobriety? Stern-faced, sharp, critical man, that thinks a smile is the shadow of a coming devil, how is that? Love first, next joy. What is joy? It is the response of each of the higher faculties of a man’s soul, when it is brought up to concert pitch. Every one of them tends to produce pleasure, joyfulness, alertness, liberty.

“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, *peace*.” What is peace? One would suppose it is going to sleep in church. One would suppose it to be simply the absence of pain. Peace has a positive existence. When the soul in every part of itself is stayed upon some good centre, upon God and Christ in the love of God—when every part of the soul ceases to be hungry, when it has no clamour, no sorrow, but is restful, glad, and

perfectly composed, in a sweet harmony in itself, that is peace.

“*Long-suffering.*” (I am going over this catalogue again ; I have other applications of it, so I will not develop all that I think about it.) Long-suffering : we admire that quality a great deal more than we practise it. We admire long-suffering in other folks. We admire long-suffering in the schoolmaster, in the regent mother, in the creditor to whom we owe a debt. It inspires almost the dignity of perfect beauty. A man that will let you abuse him, a man that will let you cheat him even, a man that forgets to-day what you said or did yesterday—his long-suffering, oh, how beautiful it is ! It is a patience that is not easily provoked and thinketh no evil. Yet look at that matron who through the years of early life inherited bereavements and sorrows, the thinning out of the precious flock, the dishonoured name of the husband, the death, the rolling upon her of the responsibility of rearing the whole flock, the unwearied fidelity, the inexhaustible patience, furrow after furrow that experience is ploughing upon her brow ; at last the children had come to ripeness, and they in their turn are lifting her out of trouble, and she sits serene at the close of life more beautiful than the going down of the sun. Is there any object in life that a man can look upon that is more beautiful than long-suffering ?

“*Gentleness.*” Now, gentleness is not a quality of not having *vim*. When a man is strong and energetic, and at the same time uses his strength and energy and power with sweetness, that is gentleness. See the great swarthy smith as he returns from the anvil, every muscle herculean, after the day’s labour washing himself that he may come back to his own complexion. As the little child totters out to him, see with what ineffable sweetness he gathers up the little one on his shoulder, and holds the babe in his arm. He that could swing a giant and slay him walks about the servant of the little children, so gently that they love him almost more than they love the mother’s bosom. It is the sweetness of strength in an element of love that makes gentleness. It is not an attribute of weakness ; weakness is not gentle.

“*Goodness.*” That is a very comprehensive word that everybody uses and nobody defines. It is a sort of mixture of everything. It is where all the qualities are brought together and shine out. It is a composite grace.

“*Faith.*” What is that ? Believing things you do not

understand? No. It is sanctified imagination; it is having the horizon above the world; it is believing that there are things that have no mortal forms; it is believing in a future, believing in a whole assembly of intelligence above your head; it is having a life hereafter, a greater life than this. Ah! the man who sits in his house all day knows exactly what he knows—that is the fireplace, that is the rug, that is the fender, that is the window, that is the door. That is what is called a practical person, who knows what he does know. But out of doors the whole heaven is above his head, night and day, filled with inestimable treasures.

“Meekness.” That is a form of love. If a man smite you in the face your bodily nature says: “Smite him back again.” If a man betrays you in the bitterest way, nature, in the bad sense of that term, says: “Give him as good as he sent.” What is meekness? It is receiving personal injury, yet having such a predominant spirit of love in you that you wish the man that does it good. It is not retaliation, it is being so filled with the love and nature of Jesus Christ that you give back blessing for railing and cursing, prayers for those that despitefully use you. That is the definition. Do you know what meekness is? Any man that knows what perfect meekness is is at liberty to rise up without any danger of disturbing this congregation.

“Temperance” is the next; self-control, self-government, which in the ordinary range of life is indispensable to education, and indispensable to conduct—the power of controlling ourselves and keeping the body under.

Now, with regard to this chapter, bear in mind, if you please, that this is the inspired definition and declaration of the Christian religion as made manifest by Christ’s chief servant, the Apostle Paul. And I remark, in the first place, that there are a great many men who have religion who have no Christianity. What is religion? It is reverence, it is worship. Its remote origin was fear. It was a sense of a man’s danger in the presence of the unknown Deity. It was an attempt, therefore, to palliate Him, to keep down His justice and wrath, and placate Him in some way. The original idea of bowing down before the king and the powers that be, and bowing down before God as if He were the dreadful potentate of the universe—that was the idea of reverence, and there are multitudes of teachers who inspire the idea into the young and old that reverence is the proper manifestation of religion. I say it is as

far from it as it can possibly be. Every child is called on to say in his earliest lisps : "Our Father." See the child that has a severe, harsh, unjust parent, how he steals in and looks to see if he is good-natured or not ; how he comes round the chair and never trespasses ; and by-and-by he touches him. What kind of a father is that that a child slavishly intrudes upon, not knowing whether he is going to give him a blow or a smile ? Any child that would come to me in that way is no child of mine. "Let us come boldly," says the Apostle, "to the throne of grace, because God knows everything about us." Naked and open are we before Him with whom we have to do. Fatherhood is universal invitation. The idea of God sitting in the heavens with a severe, stern law that He thinks more of than He does of the people under it, as the pulpit often teaches us, that God must take care of His law ! Christ says that God sends His rain on the good and the bad, and makes His sun shine on the just and the unjust, like the great heart of love brooding, not as the sun that rises and sets, but with an effulgence that has no night and no midnight. God says : "Come to Me, children ; come, I am your Father ;" and am I to come sneaking up unawares, to see if He is good-natured or not ? I come to Him with the rush and joy of childhood, not because I think I am worthy. A child does not think anything about whether he is worthy or unworthy ; a child is sped by love and received by love. Love, not reverence, is religion.

"*Joy.*" We seem to suppose that joy is very proper in the shop at proper times, in the house at suitable times, but that exhibitions of joy in the church are so irreverent that if a man smiles he does it behind his handkerchief, and those are the tricks that we try to play off with God ; as if children at home with Him whom we are taught to call "Father" should play all the tricks of the slave of the Oriental despot. God loves cheerfulness and mirthfulness, or He would not have sunk the fountains of them so deep in the best parts of the human soul. Do you suppose that when He sees the rejoicing child coming near to Him in mirth, re-echoing the very Psalms, do you suppose that He reproves him, or that his offering is received with abatement ? Now, religion is more than believing right. We believe right for the sake of developing religion—Christian religion. If we believe right, and have no religion, we are like that vine which the prophet denounced : "Wherefore, when I came, brought it forth wild grapes?" or the fig-tree that had no figs. Thousands and thousands of men have

substituted their creed for their religion. They have a petrified creed; they do not believe that anybody one inch outside of that creed has any considerable chance in future. They have read in vain all the way through, with and without spectacles, that love is the fulfilment of the law, and that he who loves knows God, for God is Love, and that he who knows not love knows not God. They have read that, and have heard it said again and again it is the end of the law for righteousness—that is, for manhood; it is the beginning, the middle, the end, the chief factor, the great producer; yet there are many men to-day in chairs and pulpits, up and down throughout the land, that are looking at men askance whose lives are as sweet as flowers, and whose juice is sweet as apples and peaches, and say that they will be damned, that they are forsaking the truth.

Now, it is not for me to say that systems of theology are to be ignored; but while we use them we are to use them as implements and instruments, not as final ends. It is a great deal better that men should learn to read by going to school—that is, schools are conveniences that most easily teach men to read and the elements of education; but there was many a slave who lay on his belly and learned his letters by the fire or the light of the pine torch, and when he learned his letters he could read. Imagine a man saying to him: "Have you been at school?" "No, sir!" "Then you cannot read." All creeds that tend to develop the understanding and moral sense and the higher affections are to be employed for that sake, and not for their own sake. The fundamental doctrines, the executive doctrines are only fundamental for you and for me as private Christians. If I am to teach I must take the knowledge and experience of men in days gone by, and use those forms of doctrine which have been found under the providence of God to convict men of sin, and bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ through faith, and build them up in a holy Christian life. There are multitudes of things that are most useful; but even if you should change your creed to-day in the growing light of an advancing civilisation you do not touch your religion, any more than a man who changes an old plough for a new and better one changes agriculture. It is an instrument, and all doctrinal creeds are mere instruments; but the things that they are to produce are *love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, self-government.*

There are, therefore, I think, a great many religious people and some Christians. There is an impression spread abroad

among the young very widely, that religion is a thing to be put off as long as they can; or that religion, if it has joys, has special joys that belong to religion. If a man wants a full outplay of his own nature, he must bring his constitutional faculties up into the realm and atmosphere of the religious spirit; then there will be sources of joy. There is a vague impression in the world that men's joy springs out of this: "I am going to be saved; when I die I am going to heaven." Then they make up a sort of allegory or imagination as to what kind of time it will be, and it reflects itself back to them. But the teaching of the Word of God is this—that the true development of our minds and faculties according to the Lord Jesus Christ gives them harmony and melody in themselves, and joy springs out of everything, out of sorrow itself, out of sin, as old Martin Luther, in his audacious and grand way, says: "Blessed be God for my sins," and the consciousness of their degradation; and over against it the wondrous atoning love of Jesus Christ made him feel: "If it had not been for my sins I should never have had such a view as that;" just as a man may say: "Blessed be the storm," when he sees the rainbow spanning the heavens.

A true life in Jesus Christ is a life of liberty, of largeness, of joyfulness and peacefulness, and if a man wants to get the most out of the life that he is living in this world it is better that he should reap the crop out of the top of his head and not out of the bottom of it.

His passions give him a certain sort of joy—lurid, but they wear out and shade down, his self-contentment growing less and less as the years increase; but the joys that spring from the top of the mind, the spiritual man, are least in the beginning; increment comes day by day, and they blossom when all the world is under frost, like the asters and chrysanthemums of our garden grow full blossomed into the world. When heart and flesh fail, then in the man that is living in the true spirit of Jesus Christ, and under the enchantment of love; then, when property is lost or passes out of his hand, when no man chanting never so sweetly can fill his ear with music, when weeping friends are no longer able to help him or he to receive their consolation—then, when the tabernacle is being taken down, joyfulness springs up, and is never so great as when a man passes from glory to glory.

Another thing I wish to say is that we have got to have a new light on the subject of preaching the Gospel of Christ

Men are ordained to preach the text, to preach the intellectual elements of the Gospel, but no man ever preaches effectually to the hearts of men any more Gospel than he has in his own heart. Ideas are not Gospel; dispositions are Gospel; and he who brings to men thoughts of liberty in all things right and noble and good, and cheerfulness, and loveliness, and forgiveness, and patience, and long-suffering, and gentleness in the warfare of this life—he that lives Christ knows Christ, and can preach Christ. Nobody else can. You may bring me a catalogue of fruits; all the fruits of earth do not taste good out of a catalogue. Bring me one cluster from the orchard, that touches at once my palate and my imagination. Gospel living is the only ordination that can make a man God's priest and God's minister.

Then I say more than this. I say that the fruits of the spirit will kill that red dragon of Infidelity dead. Men do not believe in a Church, many of them, and men do not believe in the Bible as it lies to their understanding, and they do not believe in what they call the fantastic experiences of men who do not know themselves. Men say: "As for that which belonged to the old Church lore, we have demonstrated that it is not true, and we have no occasion for Church and no occasion for ministry—we are Agnostics in so far as most of theology is concerned; and as to Christians, when we see some Christianity amongst men we shall be better able to judge what it is worth." Now, I say that while a man may doubt the inspiration of Scripture, and the origin of the race, and the nature of sin and of responsibility, and the tenets in regard to the Trinity, and the special philosophical theories, of which there have been eighteen or nineteen different ones, as to the atonement of Jesus Christ—while men may say in regard to all these: "It is all foreign to me;" bring me, if you please, the man who really sees love, and who will say: "I do not believe in it." Everybody believes in it—the child, the mother, the wife, the husband, the father, the neighbour, the sweetheart—everybody believes in love. And everybody believes in joy. Whoever heard sweet-toned bells in a chime that did not stop to listen? Why, at Antwerp I sat for hours under the spire of that vast cathedral to hear those chimes that rang out every quarter of an hour. It seemed as if the heavens rained music down upon me. Whoever saw real, simple, unalloyed, happy childhood that did not stop to look at it? Whoever saw a school let out that did not wait to see

it? Whoever saw a bevy of sweet girls going to and fro with laughter on the street who did not wish he was an artist? Whoever saw happiness in the family when on Thanksgiving-day or Christmas-day the whole circle of them entwined in each other and around each other, and merry hours went past even to the small hours of the night—whoever saw that and said: “I am an infidel; I do not believe in joy”? Whoever saw a great heart on whom time had spent itself, and the waves dashed against him, and the commotion of the people raged round about him, who lifted his head in calmness and patience and all peacefulness, sure of God and sure of the future—whoever saw such heroism and did not admire it? Whoever saw long-suffering anywhere and did not call it heroic? Whoever saw a wife—of all tragedies bloodless, but the most horrible—marrying in the freshness of her early life an ideal husband, only to find out little by little that she was worshipping an idol—gambling, drunken, licentious, removed further and further from her in moral character—yet she must needs cling to him, and of all lying outside of hell I know of nothing so loathsome as for one to lie side by side with a brutal beast, whose every sense gives evidence of rottenness; yet how many holy women there have been who have borne it in the morning, at noon, at night, in youth, in middle life, and further on, and when at last the wretch dies, and everybody thanks God that he is gone, there is one that sheds tears over his dishonoured grave, and remembers only the things that she had thought of him—when one looks upon such heroism as that, who can say that he does not believe in long-suffering? Infidelity is external—not the book, not the Church, not the officer, not the misinformed superstitious; but there is no infidelity in the heart when you have reproduced the fruits of the Spirit before men; and if there is ever to be a millennial day—and I believe there will be—it will not come until the sporadic cases of Christ’s likeness are swallowed up in the multitude of them. If all those who sit here to-day were like the apostles of the Pentecost; if everything that is animal and fleshly were subjected and reduced to its lowest terms; if everything that was in you was rational and inspirational; if everything in you was sweet and joyous, full of peace, goodwill, and self-sacrifice for others; if all were thinking of others better than themselves—if this congregation were animated one single year with such experience as that, London would feel it like a change of climate. Here and there we have single Christian

—the head in the household—single Christians in obscurity and poverty, but we have never had communities, we have never had even whole churches, that had this true spirit of Christ, creating an atmosphere as well as an experience. When that day comes, oh, how fast the Gospel will gain its victories! When that day comes, when all sects shall be, not made into one sect, not necessarily, but when they shall all be wrought into this high and royal spirit of love and mutual honour and respect, then look out; the morning star has arisen and the Sun of Righteousness is not far. But if we think that with all our missionaries and all our church offerings we may cherish the spirit of the animal man, with its envyings, its jealousies, and separations, and still expect the millennial day, we shall be expecting, as the Jews did, that when their Messiah came He would come in arms and overthrow the empire, and lift them to a physical and national triumph. The kingdom of God is within us, and when the kingdom of God is displayed all men can but admire.

Dearly beloved, it is for you and for me, for each of us in his own sphere and in the calling of God, to make mention to men and give a demonstration of the reality of religion. They do not believe it, selfish men, on your account; they do not believe it, proud men, on your account; self-indulgent men, you stand in the way of Christ. All you that are limp in your higher experiences and only strong in the lower, you stand in the way. Prepare the way; take the stumbling-block out of the way, and then, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their head, you shall swell the chorus, and you shall keep step with God's Anointed One.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

“For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight : but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—HEB. iv. 12—16.

“For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins : Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way ; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity.”—HEB. v. 1, 2.

THE Book of Hebrews and the Book of Romans, by different authors, are really on the same key, and we lose very much truth and we gain a great deal of inconvenience in not taking into consideration the standpoint from which both of them were written. The Epistles of the New Testament were not like our sermons and lectures in this day that attempt to give an epitome of the whole theology ; they were rather the pleadings of a lawyer at the bar who has a good case, who, to be sure, brings out law, but only so much of it as is relevant to his aim. The whole of God's moral disposition was not declared in the Book of Romans, nor was it in the shape of a philosophical outline and encyclopædic presentation of universal moral truth. Here were people of God that had been educated through centuries, and with this great object in view, how to build a man perfectly—righteousness ; that was the aim and ideal of the whole Old Testament, how to build up a man so that he should be God's ideal of a

man. And they tried to do it by bringing to bear outward institutions and outward instructions upon the man, not disdaining inward, but outward as the means of inward exclusively ; and at last the testimony was, "What the law could not do in that it was weak"—not the theologian's conception of moral law to-day, but the Jews' idea of law as embodied in the Mosaic institutions in that day ; the Apostle says to them : "We have tried what this law of institutions, liturgies, and services could do, and in that it was weak through the flesh"—that is dealing with men that were full of bodily infirmities—"it could not effect the end of righteousness." It did not touch a great many, it touched the conscience of better men and worked distrust and distress and so on. The Book of Romans is an epitome of that—how conscientious men that undertook righteousness according to any high scale were convicted at every step of such sinfulness, and at last they flung themselves in despair and said : "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death ?" The body was their trouble ; for man is an animal first, and his passions are the strongest part of his nature ordinarily, and they last up to the gates of Jerusalem. The serpent, it is said, when boys kill him in the field, never dies until the sun goes down, so men have found out that the serpent in them is not killed until the Sun of Righteousness arises. The Book of Romans was an argument of the Apostle to show to them that Christ was a better organiser of righteousness than were all Mosaic institutions. They were good enough, they were not actually to be thrown away in a sense, but if you will take a living person that will work righteousness in you a great deal easier than a dead form. We learn a great deal out of books ; but, ah, when a child has a mother, when the student has a professor, or a teacher, we learn from a living person what a dead book cannot teach us, though dead books are very good so far as they go. So of the dead law, the law of ceremonies, of baptisms, of days, of months, of various observances, Paul says not that they are to be condemned as having been useless, but that they do not go far enough ; the flesh is too strong to be controlled in that way, and he reveals to them that all that the law sought to do, Jesus undertook to do ; that to build men up in righteousness, accepting Him by faith, a faith that works by love, would put men into a better position to attain the great end of the Jewish life than anything else could. That was the argument of the Book of Romans. And as part of that argument, of course

there is to be more or less of the delineation of the character of Christ, but that was incidental, illustrative. The purpose with which Paul, as a special pleader, was addressing his countrymen as an audience or a jury, if you please to say so—the purpose he had was not the absolute and final exposition of the Divine government and the Divine nature, but it was this : Jesus Christ stands as a cause that will procure you the ambition of your fathers and your own for righteousness better than any ceremonial means whatever.

Now comes the Book of Hebrews. We know not who its author is ; we know it was not Paul. You might just as well talk Choctaw and say that is the language of New England or Old England. The style of the Epistle to the Hebrews is impossible to Paul. There is but one place in which the writer says “ I,” and I think that is towards the close ; but in Paul’s writings “ I ” stands out as thick as spears do in a battle—it is “ I,” “ I.” “ I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” There is a most imperial and superb egotism in Paul which is not offensive, simply because he had lost his sense of personality. “ I am in Christ, and Christ is in me.” “ The life that I now live in the flesh I live by faith, that is, in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.” He is all the time assuming a double personality. It is as if his private Paul self was transfused and controlled utterly by the other I—Jesus. Now, this Book of Hebrews, by this other man, whoever he was, is an attempt in a different way. It takes up the various ordinances and institutions and offices and functions of the Hebrew economy, and undertakes *seriatim* to show that over against every one of them there stood an equivalent in the living person, Jesus Christ. Now, there was no person in the Hebrew economy that was so revered as their high priest, so loved and trusted in the better days of the Jewish commonwealth. He became more corrupt in the political times preceding Christ and accompanying Him, and was a mere cat’s-paw to the ruling forces ; but the name high priest, as interpreted by the whole history of the Hebrew people, was one that was not only revered, but loved. He was ordained, it is said, to have compassion ; he was their highest ideal of purity ; he stood in the grandeur of a supposed inspiration ; he represented God, or, still better, he represented the people to God ; he was their advocate ; he stood in their place officially, and in every way helped to bring men up without any oppression ; He was a minister of mercy to them ; they adored Him,

honoured Him, revered Him, loved Him ; and you could not have struck a bell that would echo and roll through the air with such melodious sound as by saying that Jesus Christ stood as a High Priest to the people, and that compassion was the great attribute of Jesus ; that He not only represented the people in their wants, but that He was a forthcomer of the very God Himself, and represented God to mankind as far as men obscured by the flesh are capable of understanding God. Oh, if God was only as big as you think He is, He would not be worth anybody's worship. If your thoughts could be His belt, what sort of God would He be? You cannot measure the infinite wisdom by my ignorance, and you cannot measure the eternal glow and glory of love by my selfishness, and you cannot in the infirmities of human life in all its relationships have any satisfying representation of the grandeur, and richness, and infinite element of the Divine nature. So, in searching for some emblem the Apostle strikes through to the centre, and says that Jesus Christ is a High Priest to represent—what? On the one side to represent the infirmities of men. He is clothed with them Himself; He had to make atonement for Himself, the High Priest; but Jesus Christ, who was sacrificed, and was tempted and tried as men are tempted and tried, He knows all about it; He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; He knows the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of human experience and human need, and He is gone up to stand before God, our High Priest there; and not only to represent the wants of mankind, but in doing that, and in that being described He represents to us what is the interior character of God Himself, and what is the economy of the Divine love. And according to the passage which I have read here let us look at what the representation which He makes of God is.

Theology, for the most part, has got about half way through this description. The phrase, “the Word of God,” means “God,” according to a periphrasis that was not uncommon in that day. “Is quick”—living. The truth is a living thing; in other words “Quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword”—running into a battle figure—“piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts”—not alone of the conduct, which may come from complex reasons and thinkings but “a discerner of the thoughts”; yes, and back of that, “and of the intents”—those shadowy impulses that precede a thought

or a determination of the soul. God reads a man so that He sees clear through to the very beginning and shadowy substance of human conduct and human thought ; “ the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

“ Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight.” Nobody hides, no pretences avail. God is clear-eyed, there can be no juggling with Him ; God is not deceived ; He knows the whole just as it is. “ All things are naked and opened.” A man may go, you know, in disguise to a masquerade ; you may think a man is a king because he wears a crown and has a robe, but he may be a beggarly creature after all ; a man may seem like a gentleman, but you know he is a selfish dog inside ; a man may hide himself in a thousand ways by his apparel, but not before God. “ All things are naked,” all disguises are stripped off ; no matter what a man’s garments are, God looks upon men as if they stood stark naked inside and out ; “ Unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do ; all things are manifest in His sight, naked and opened.” That seems to be taking another figure, that of a book. You cannot tell by looking on a book what is inside of it. Open it and you can read it. Most men are books shut up, and the writing that is in them they do not care that you should see. But God opens the book, and God sees it. We are naked, as men stripped of disguises ; we are open before Him, as a book printed in broad type, and laid open before the eye.

Now, if the Apostle had stopped there, it will make any man tremble in his shoes ; and, to a very great extent, hierarchs have stopped there. It is one of the most astonishing things in the world, that this is the foundation on which an appeal is made for hope and comfort and trust. For it says, “ Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all faculties (“ points ” it is in this version) tempted like as we are.” He was not tempted as a father is, He was not a father ; not as husband is, He was never married ; nor as a bereaved mother, He was neither a mother, nor bereaved in that sense. “ Tempted in all faculties.” All these various outward experiences run back to certain faculties in the human soul, and there was not in Jesus Christ one single power that throbs and vibrates in the human soul that was not tried beyond anything that we are ever tried

with in this mortal life. He has been "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He was "in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." A man says to himself: "I began to live a Christian life, but temptations have dragged me down through my body, and selfishness and pride have played mischief with my resolutions. I have not been faithful to my covenant vows, and I don't believe that I am a Christian. It is no use my shuffling along in this miserable way; there is no help for me. I am a miserable, insincere hypocrite, and there is no use in my trying any longer." Then the voice of God comes out from the throne of mercy and says: "*On that very account* come, come boldly, come to Me; it is My nature, it is My business in the eternal sphere; I love to take hold of those that are filled with infirmities, and whose infirmities break out into transgression, and after transgression into the sense of guilt."

And then, as if that were not enough, he goes on to unfold the idea in the few first verses that I read from the next chapter. He says that a high priest is one who is "ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins"; and then he delineates this, which is to be the subject and marrow of my sermon, "Who can have compassion on the ignorant"—the heathen, all in civilisation that are uninstructed, the half-sanctified, the wholly sinful, the harlot, the thief, the traitor, the man that wallows in corruption. As the high priest has compassion on the ignorant; as in the hospital not they that are almost well draw the surgeon first, but the men that are likely to die unless there is some styptic, unless there is something that can be done; as the true physician runs to the case that is unusual, and that has eluded the skill of other men; as the mortality and the danger draw the physician, so we have a High Priest that can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and He is "ordained that He may have compassion on the ignorant and them that are out of the way"—drawn away by temptation, out of the way of virtue, out of the way of integrity, out of the way of honesty, out of the way of spirituality, out of the way of everything that is Divine, aspiring, God-like. Christ represents God, and God is thus interpreted out of Christ Jesus to be in His own inward nature and purposes One who has the medication of the unwise as His concern continually.

At present we do not know half about God, nor one thousandth part, nor in all eternity shall we know the circumference of the Divine Being, or His wonder, or the variety of His attributes that have never been made known to mortal men. "For ever learning, and still with more to learn." The character of God has been made known to us very imperfectly, and it had to be. There is a view of God which is developed from the mere history of Divine revelation. The revelation has followed the evolution of the human race, and that which takes place in every intelligent household has taken place in the great household of this world. For no father or mother ever undertook to deal with a child five years old as it dealt with the child when he was twenty-one. The child of five years old is taught what is true by fiction, and there is a sense in which falsehood is nearer the truth than the truth itself would be, so children always learn by fables. And Christ taught by parables simply because a fable or a parable is something parallel to the thing to be taught ; but in a lower sphere, and, understanding which, he can begin to get a glimmer of the truth in a higher relation. In the earlier periods of the human family, the belluine element excelled. Man was an animal historically, and that is still the basis on which are built intelligence and moral excellence. In the earlier periods of the world's history God was revealed in those aspects that would be most powerful to restrain animalism. Men were falling on every side under the influence of their passions, and as the whip goads the ox, and yet is not a symbol of government or of industry, as the goad is used to keep the cattle in the path, so in the earlier conditions and infancy of the human race, when the passions were strongest, and the animal life was strongest, the revelation of God's motive power was toward the part that the man could understand ; it was a low and physical manifestation of God as a God that governs the material world, which has certain fixed laws that cannot be broken without penalty immediate or remote ; and so He was represented in the earlier periods of the world as the all-compelling Governor of the world. That was as much as they could understand ; it was a great deal more than they did understand. Just as we in the childhood of our families govern our children, not simply out of the open book, but often out of the open palm, judiciously applied, so it was necessary in regard to the whole universal family of men, that that part which was sentient, that part which could receive chastisement should be appealed to.

That was the aspect of God then developed to them. Not that there was not the other, for really in the Old Testament you have a perfectness of delineation of God that is not surpassed even in the New Testament. That seems to be the ideal hung high for men to see ; just as Sunday is the ideal day, and a man says on Sunday : "Honesty is beautiful. I am going to be honest all this week ; I have been quarrelling a long time back, but I see now how beautiful concord is, and harmony among brethren." But he does not get three steps into Monday before he breaks these ideals down ; he is neither benevolent nor patient—he is irritable, he is grasping ; he forgets his Sunday, yet there is Sunday hanging in the air ; there is the ideal of a right life for ever before him.

But there is to be something besides the ideal ; the real life is so different. So it seems to me that in the wonderful passage in the 34th chapter of Exodus—the marvel of ages, it appears to me—we have an ideal of a more perfect character than is given anywhere else. It is glanced at in the prophets, it is glanced at in some of the Psalms from the standpoint of experience ; but here it is enunciated, and in detail : "The Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty ; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and fourth generation." What is the interpretation of that ? "I am not a God that is careless of the moral character of mankind, I am not a mere sentimental God ; I believe that men are to live in great elemental lines of integrity. I shall never forget, under any circumstances, what I mean mankind to reach up unto. Obedience to God's laws is obedience to God Himself, and I will never give that up ; I will never lose my fidelity in making men that violate my law feel that they are out of the way ; I will punish them, they shall suffer." Pain in this world and suffering are God's merciful ministers to keep men in the road ; they are the thorns of the hedge that save a man from toppling over the precipice on the other side, and the scratch is salvation. "So," says God, "I will by no means count it a matter of indifference whether a man lives right or wrong. He shall live right or he shall suffer, because I am a God of mercy and

love." But before He says all that, in wonderful mercy He puts first the benign elements of character, and says, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth." There was the heathenism that was telling about demons damned or that wanted to damn men ; there were all forms of murky idolatry, of hideous and grotesque representations of the powers in the air, in the water under the earth and above the earth, the hideous conception of God as a maw that ate up everything to please Himself and cared to give nothing to anybody else but His leavings. That was the heathen conception of the Divine nature, and therefore God opens this solemn chant of the wilderness by saying, "I am merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin"—a threefold designation that there may be nothing outside of it. "I forgive everything, and yet will by no means clear the guilty. I do not forget it because I am indifferent to it ; I hold to the integrity of men but in administering this rigorous law, the requisition of God that man shall cease to be an animal, that he shall climb up into the social element, and that he shall reach higher into the moral element—yea, that he shall come out at the very top into the spiritual element that unites him to God and the great invisible host—in the administration of this justice I will be long-suffering, patient, and infinite in goodness."

So the Old Testament had a sublime conception of God ; but when you come down to the prophets, when they were denouncing men-stealers, murderers, thieves, robbers ; when lust immeasurable, the universal Slough of Despond in this world, threatened to overwhelm society, when religion itself dedicated harlotry in the temples, when the great curse of idolatry was licentiousness, then God says : "I will not relax one particle of my eternal law—not of the letter, but of the nature, and of the organised human body ; I will hold to that ; men shall become more than animals ; but I will administer that in patience and long-suffering and gentleness, and where infirmity and weakness turn men this way and that way I will wait for them, I will wait till the crooked grows straight, till the inferior is exalted, I will have compassion on men ; when they are transgressing their own nature and My moral law and all things pure and holy, I will still have patience, that I may bring them back again." There is the ideal of the Old Testament. But coming down to a later period, when men were

brutal they needed a little thunder, and the prophets gave it to them. They developed the regent character of God. "I abhor wickedness, and My fury shall burn to the lowest hell, I will not tolerate it ; I have not built the world for this : wicked men and devils shall not desecrate it ; I will put forth a hand of strength, and I will clothe Myself in garments of blood ! I will walk forth so that the land shall tremble in My indignation ; wickedness shall *not* prevail ; purity in manhood and Divine excellence *shall* prevail." And so the thunder of God's justice and the threatenings of God's law were sounded out continually because men were on so low a plane that they needed just that development of the Divine nature that should meet their conditions and circumstances.

In a rude way that is very much what you will see in our gaols and courts of justice. Here comes a man that has been a robber, a house-breaker, a sneak-thief full of all sorts of evasions and dissipations. See how the constable treats him. "Come here, you fellow ! Step in there ! Get out of the way !" And down he pushes him. He does not treat the man like a gentleman ; he is not a gentleman, he is no better than a brute beast ; he beats his wife at home, and he lies faster than a horse can trot ; he is a miserable wretch ; everything has been tried with him and it is no use. Then there comes in a woman who, in the poverty of the family and in the hopelessness of hunger, has stolen a loaf of bread and has been arraigned before the Courts. Tears are running down her cheeks, and you see the very constable himself pull out his cotton snub of a handkerchief and rub his cheeks down. "Sit down, ma'am, please," says he. She is the victim of law broken, to be sure ; but justice treats her much more delicately, much more kindly than it does the old arrant and oft-convicted criminal. So in the revelation of God's law and God's government to men : the men that need thunder get it.

But that has given a disproportionate idea of God's character. Men have been taught that He is the implacable thunderer. Another reason is that it is easier for us to thunder than it is to love. It is a great deal easier for a minister to preach hell-fire and damnation and a God implacable, and men elect, and all this, that, and the other. It runs with the animal nature exactly, and it has had a good time in this world or, rather, a bad time—but it was relative to the age and condition of the unfolding series of eternity. So, little by little, in flashes out of the great inspired heart of the loving David,

higher conceptions of God begin to be developed ; and the prophets that were the sublime statesmen of the wilderness when they were denouncing oppression and mis-government and the treading under foot of the poor, set over against the terrible denunciations and light up the sky with their descriptions of the beauty of holiness.

But it was not until the sun rose at the advent that there came a moaning outburst that gave us sight, not of the administration of God's government among men, but of the heart of God Himself in Jesus Christ. There we see the inside of God ; and what was that ? If Calvary does not teach it, if His walk among the poor and needy does not teach it, if all the acts of mercy do not inspire you with the knowledge, if you need it shaped into a doctrine, then hear it here. He represents that the inner nature of God, as represented by Jesus Christ, acting in place of the high priest, was one that could "have compassion on the ignorant and on those that are out of the way"—all error, all stumbling, all sin, all violation of the ideal of duty. We have in God One that has compassion, One that does not get up, and, contracting his savage brow, look out and say : "Where are you wretches ?" but One who looks upon the earth as a loving doctor looks at the households of the neighbouring families, and says : "Who is sick ? who needs medicine ? who needs nursing ? who needs helping ?" He has compassion on those that are out of the way. The infinite bounty of Divine love is not savage nor partial, it is universal, it is intense beyond description. What is infinite ? That beyond which the thought of man cannot go ; that that has to our thought no boundary, extent beyond ending. What is infinite compassion ? That that would wrap this globe round and round a thousand times, like the folds of a garment round the body, with Divine thoughtfulness, Divine mercy, Divine love. What is infinite love ? What is a mother's love ? The purest and sweetest and tenderest thing that is known on earth is the overhanging heart of a mother upon the cradle that has in it that little nothing which we call a babe, that can give nothing back, that receives everything and returns nothing. Yet the love of the mother is but one drop of the ocean as compared with the love of the great Father of mankind—infinite, infinite !

And if this is the open door by which Christ has made known to us the interior disposition of our God, well may it be said : "Come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy."

No suppliant at the foot of God's throne was ever rejected, no marking down of men's sins rises up before you. Who finds God finds the balmy air that is breaking down the winter, bringing back the bird, with the breaking forth of grain and herb and blossom and the whole smell of summer. God knows just how bad you are ; He knows what you meant to do and did not, He knows what you did and covered up with pretences. There is not a sore or a pimple or a blotch or a pain or a wound of the heart of man that he is not more familiar with than you are—a great deal more. He is never sorry that He took anybody that went to Him. Nobody can go in prayer and say : " Lord, when I gave myself to Thee, and believed that I received a token of forgiveness, I was not sincere, you did not know what you had taken." " Naked and open are all of us before Him with whom we have to do." And when He took a sinner He knew all the possibilities of the future, and He stands to the covenant of love and will never depart from it—never.

After this brief exposition let me make some special points. And first, I wish to say a word on the Divinity of Jesus Christ as the interpreter of God. People have asked me : " Do you believe in the divinity of Christ ?" I do not believe in anything else ; it is the sum of my belief, it is the whole orb of my life. Without it my anchor would part from the cable and go to the bottom of the sea, and I should be tossed on the restless waves of unbelief and uncertainty if you took away from me the faith that Christ interprets God, and is God, just as far as it is possible to clothe Divinity in mortal bodies, and to subject the Infinite to all the necessities of time and matter. But in regard to everything that is in character, quality, like God, of God. Christ was, I might say, in prison. When you go to a mission school or a ragged school, you leave the best part of yourself at home. They do not understand how you are obliged to go down to the limit of their understanding, and express the lower forms of your own knowledge and help them along by images and figures. And when you have had a child for a year he does not understand you yet ; you are a thousand times higher than he is ; it is because he is so low that he cannot creep up into the realms that you are in. And God is so infinite, and in quality so exquisite, that He could only be known by a representation of Himself, and He took out from the bosom of His love His Son Jesus. Here questions begin to arise, any number of them—doubts, difficulties. If you

undertake to solve the philosophy of Divine Government you have eternity before you to do it in, and even then you are a fool. Christ represents God and is Divine. He came forth into this world, not merely to make declarations of truth, but to live them; to put them into the form of conduct, so that wherever He went men looking on Him might say: "This is the interpretation." He is this and a great deal more. It is not that He is less. He is more—more tender to the fallen sinner that sheds tears upon His feet, more tender than any conception you can have. Ah, for a long time it was a puzzle to me what Christ would mean when Mary met Him in the Garden and thought that He was the gardener, and said: "They have taken away my Lord; tell me where they have laid Him and I will take Him away." What dramatic force there is in what follows: "Jesus said unto her: Mary." That word thrilled her soul. It was a word of love that she knew the meaning of, and she said: "My Lord and my God." "Touch me not," said He. Why should she not touch Him? "I am not yet ascended to My Father and yours. I am not God; I am a mere frame in which the Divine element is. You must not think that God is as small as I am and as imperfect. God is a Spirit—your thoughts must be larger than this. When you worship Me I shall have ascended, and there, in the full glory and full outflow of My nature no human arm can clasp Me. Do not worship Me, the man-frame, but Me, the Infinite, the Eternal Love." It was not rebuke, it was merely saying: "I am more than you think Me. Do not begin yet. By faith lift up your thought to the sphere of eternal being and life." And so, when a man comes to me and says: "Do you believe that Christ was a member of the Trinity?" I say: "I have no objection." "But what do you do with this text or that text if you do not believe it?" Then they have a sum in arithmetic for me. Well, I say: "I take it, and believe it—do not cipher for me." "Well, do you understand it?" "I do not understand it, and if I did not take anything that I did not understand, I should be very poor indeed." That is the face of Scripture, and I see no objection to it; it does not give me any trouble. But when you come round with your mechanical god and say: "There is this wheel, and that wheel, and that wheel, and those three are one, and this is the machine we are preaching about, God in three forms and Jesus Christ one of them. Do you believe in that?" I say you have there the bare bones

of theology ; that is not my idea either of the Father, or of the Son, or of the Holy Spirit. I do not measure my God, as you do, by outwardness, but by the substance of the inward life, by wisdom, by love, and all the fruit of love ; and if Jesus Christ is not of the nature of God, then I have lost all conception of what that can possibly be. He represents to me the very highest attribute of God. I do not count the stilling of the waves as being so very Divine, or if it is it is the little finger of God ; but when Jesus Christ can suffer that other men might not suffer ; when He developed the idea that God's nature was that of one who had rather that He should Himself take the bondage and burden, when He showed paternal feeling beyond father and mother, that had rather suffer in the family than that the child should suffer, then I begin to say : " Here is love ; here is light." If the questions that I would fain propose are not questions to be solved—namely, how He could be God and yet man—I remit those questions to theology ; and to a very large extent theology is the vast abyss into which men throw things that they cannot deal with in any other way. To me Jesus is the exposition outwardly of the inward life of God, and I follow Him everywhere on earth, and I say : " This is God, this is God, and this is God," and I free from my thoughts as one frees a weight from the soul, I free the earthly circumstances of Christ's life. And then I say : " This is the trait, this is the quality, this is the Divine nature " ; and then I enthrone it in the Father, I enthrone it in the Holy Ghost, and the whole earth doth show forth what the centre of the universe is. Yes ; I believe in the Divinity of Christ because I believe in God, and because in Him alone can I gain any adequate conception of what is the sum and centre of God Himself. One day a gipsy band wandering through England saw a little child that was a duke's. They stole him and carried him off to the Continent, where he was brought up amongst the original tribe as a gipsy. They taught him horsemanship, arrowship, and stealingship, and all sorts of wild things. But he had his mother's blood in him, and though he learned these things with facility, there was always something in him throbbing, throbbing, throbbing. A traveller in that region, at last, seeing him, and having commerce with some of the gipsy women, learned that the child was brought from England. " I knew it," he said ; " I know that family. They lost a child, and I see the lineaments of his father and his mother now. What will you take for the child ? " At last, after various

negotiations, he bought the child out of his bondage and disclosed to him his position. "You are the son of a duke ; your father has an estate—one of the most royal in all England. What do you think? I will show you what England is." He then took him with him, and he said : " When you get home you will be arrayed in royal garments—purple, and fine linen, and scarlet ; and you have such a father ! and, oh ! such a mother ! They have been longing to see you for years." He took the child to England, and in order to give him some idea of the country and its greatness he showed him a fleet of men-of-war lying in the harbour. The child said : " Oh my ! I now begin to understand what England must be. This, you say, is her fleet ? " " A portion of it. There is no harbour in the globe where the royal flag does not float." " Oh, I never saw so many ships as these, and what wonderful ships ! " Then the drum was heard rolling out from the fort. " What is that ? " said the child. " That is the band of the army." " Oh, an army ; " Then he stood on parade and saw the soldiers, and witnessed the wonderful mechanism of their drill, and he said : " Why, on land and water this is England, is it ? " " Yes, this is England's power on land and water, but it is not England ; England is something else." Then the child takes a journey ; he rides through the beautiful country with hedges and trees, and walled in gardens (Selfishness) ; he sees all the beautiful things of the landscape, and he says : " Now I begin to understand what it is." Yes ; he *begins*. Then after a day's travel he draws near to the park, and the old castle and mansion. Other thoughts then begin to develop in him, and he says : " Is this where my father and mother live ? " " Yes ; this is where they live." And he goes with a spirit of wonder, surprise, marvel, through the winding path, down through the glade, up over the turf of the swelling lawn, and at last he says : " Is this my home ? Am I going to have all this in such a beautiful country as this, such a wonderful nation ? " " Yes ; all that, all that." Let me not desecrate by any attempt to describe the outcoming of the mother, whose tears are only hers, and of the father, who, with almost a rigour of excitement, crushes him in his arms. The boy looks up and says : " Are you my father ? are you my mother ? Now," he says, " I do know what father and mother mean." No you don't, my boy ; no you don't. When you shall have lived there a month ; when you shall have lived there six months ; when the inward

love of your mother begins in ten thousand ways of sweetness by morning, noon, and night, to throw itself over you ; when you shall see the honour, the sensibility, the purity, the courage, and the grand noble manhood of your father ; when you have lived five years with them, then you will just *begin* to understand what it is to be a son, and to have such parents.

We go wandering through the world with the outward and the lowest elements, and we go to the civilised part of the globe and take the elements that build up exterior kingdoms and advance commerce and science ; we go on to the outskirts of the Church, and if we are fortunate enough not to get into one of those Babel churches, full of clamour and wrath, we begin to have the sweet story of Jesus told ; but not until Jesus Christ is revealed to us as the interior heart of God, and we can lift up our eyes, and out of our own experience begin to feel "the love of God which passeth understanding," can we have any adequate conception of what it is to have Jesus to introduce us to our home, and to our Father, and to our sonship. Do you ask me, on any mere mosaic of texts, or any miserable doubts of one-footed philosophy, to throw Him away and to say : "I do not believe in the Divinity of Christ ?" He is my all ; whom have I in heaven but Him ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Him.

I remark, secondly, that such a view of the central and dominant compassion of God to such a race as this is the only view that can be adapted to the history and condition of mankind. The old theories of the appearance of men upon earth, and the arbitrariness by which they had been neglected and doomed, seem to me to issue from the very pit of perdition. There is no account yet that can closely explain the facts of the appearance of mankind in this world, and of the slow development of the Divine economy amongst mankind. Why they should have been spread out through ages without light, without a sanctuary, without a Bible, without a ministry, without a Redeemer made known in Jesus Christ, who can tell ? God can by and by, and I wait for Him to tell me. All my philosophy falls short. How can you explain the providence of God in regard to nations as they stand ? There is that continent of Africa that is overflowing with children, her tens of millions, yet so dark that if Africa were sunk to day to the bottom of the sea, with the exception of a few that have been imported into it, the population might go down, and they would be no more loss to the world than the

bubbles that would come to the top afterwards—not a machine, not an invention, not a discovery, not a philosophy, not a work of any kind, not an institution of civil life. You might sink all Africa to the bottom of the sea, and the world would not lose as much as one mechanic hand in the city of London. How are you going to explain that in the Divine economy? Then look at Asia, hardly better; look at the isles of the sea. God's ways are strange and mysterious, I cannot explain them; but I believe they are explainable when we shall have come to a higher point of view. At present, I say this: I believe that God is a God of compassion; that He is working out a problem in which this world is not alone concerned; and that when we shall rise to the eternity in which His throne is and are eclaired, delivered from the bondage of the flesh and all the interpretations which it gives to our spiritual life, I believe the fair fabric of the universe will rise before us with wonder.

Come with me, if you please, to an organ factory. I will suppose that we are ignorant of it entirely, and we are told that this is where the grandest musical instrument in the world is manufactured. We go into the factory, and what do we see? Slabs of seasoned timber, all sorts of mechanical work going on, harsh sawing, sharp filing, pounding, hammering. I say: "Is this the place where they have found out music? Is this the place where they build organs, which you say are the very royal instruments of music?" Then we go in and see the metals being rolled out, and shaped, and hammered. The men are twisting them, as they always do, and one pipe represents, we will say, the wald flute, and another represents the ordinary fife, and so on. They put them in one by one, and all that you hear is—[Mr. Beecher imitated the tone of the organ pipe.] They then take the tuning-fork to see that it is of the right pitch and the right tone, and all day long you hear squawking and all sorts of sounds, and they tell you they are manufacturing music; and, heavens! what music! At last we go away, and I say what men say about the Church—it is a shame, it is a mere pretence. But one day as I stroll by a cathedral I step in; they have just had a new organ built, and some great interpreter of Beethoven is at the keyboard, and I hear that under-roll of thunder out of which rises up, all harmonious and all exquisite, tones that represent the birds of the air, and every other musical instrument in the world. The theme lifts me up, and as the sound rolls away through

the vast arches I am entranced. A man says to me : " That is the organ, now it is complete ; when you saw it building part by part, step by step, and pipe by pipe, it looked to you like anything on earth but a good musical instrument ; you were fooled, you judged on the whole by parts that were in process of development." When God shall have given tone to every stop of human nature, when the work of redemption shall have been completed, when all the outlying elements shall have been brought together into their relative positions, when God Himself shall sit at the keyboard and roll forth the song of redemption, then men will know that all their doubts and fears and disgust in this world were both unphilosophical and miserably mistaken. May we live to see that great redemption day when God harmonises all the scattered elements of the experimental life on this earth, and doubtless in other worlds.

I remark once more, if I am not tiring you, that science and true faith are, on the present plane, not to be reconciled. Science is knowledge gathered by the senses from matter, and it will not go any further than matter ; but faith is the conclusions that are come to by the inward man, through his emotions and moral intuitions. Science builds a man clear up to the body, then a man's own heart, experience, and his moral intuitions, go on and represent to him the troubles that are higher than anything belonging to the body, they do not disown them, they are true up to that point ; but there is something higher, more ineffable, invisible, eternal. When death has wrecked the body, it does not touch the soul ; that lives and goes on. So long as science insists upon it, that nothing is true except that which the senses interpret, the soul stands a protestant and says : " Science has only touched the bottom, not the top," and out of the revelations of a man's own experience, when he is stimulated by opening himself to the influence of God, and there is brought out of Him the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, the inspiration that calls upon God's people, and upon all of them without exception, so soon as they open themselves to the light of God and the presence of God ; then there is a kingdom that science has not yet meddled with. I believe in the progress of science, and in the elements that have been demonstrated. I am an evolutionist ; but I am an evolutionist who feels that up to the present point of time there have been evolved simply the lower factors of truth, and that the greater truths are yet to come. God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, redemption, revelation, sanctifi-

cation, final salvation as yet have not been touched—not by science ; and you know more about them, you that are sanctified, you that are called, having a life though in the flesh, yet a life, as it is, in Christ Jesus—you know more than the proudest *savant* in the world, not of the systematic whole, but of so much as has been struck like the melody of a harp in the chords of your heart.

Now this is to me an unspeakable comfort. I, that have wandered much in doubt and fears and strugglings against the old and seeking to find the new ; I, that have touched the depths of infidelity ; I, that have been cast away upon the barren land of Atheism ; I, that with the bats and owls have studied astronomy, and seen only what they see in Agnosticism—I have been emancipated and lifted out of all my troubles. I do know that whatever else changes and passes away, whatever phenomena there may be in life, whatever strange moral questions as to the way in which God has done what He has done, and neglected what He has neglected, this one truth stands like the sun in the heavens, and will have a thousand years without going down. When I have broken through the outwardness of the universe, and when I come to see Him as He is, I shall find that love and compassion are at the centre of wisdom, and one day I can join with that great throng that says : “Thou art worthy to receive power and honour and glory and dominion.” He is worthy, and when I shall see Him I shall be like Him, and be satisfied. O my soul ; thou hast never been satisfied yet. The hunger is greater than the food. I have not been able in any direction to feel that I was full. But there comes a day when I shall see my God, and He will not be untoward or dreadful ; I shall see Him as He is, and I shall be satisfied.

Dearly beloved, to whom I speak for the first time—and, probably, for the last, most of you—the words of God’s oracles, never be discouraged. Greater is He that is for you than they that are against you. Whether you love God or not, God loves you ; He does not love your sin, He is the physician of your soul. Physicians do not love ulcers nor excisions. God loves you ; if you have no other friend in the wilderness, nor in the city, nor anywhere else, you have one : God is your friend. You have done wrong, God knows it, and He forgives it. You know that you are not yet stable, you know that your promises made yesterday will be broken to-day, and that your promises made to-day will be broken to-morrow. God knew it before

you did, but He is still your friend. He will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in Him. Come light, come darkness, come weakness, come strength, come life, come death, ye are God's, and God will not forsake His own.

And need I call others? Ye that are not children of faith, ye that are without God and without hope in the world, I do not ask you to worship a grim demon ; I do not ask you to worship an impossible theological God ; I ask you to worship the Lord Jehovah, the God of love and mercy who, with patience and long-suffering, bears your infirmities and carries your sins. God is the all-helpful and the all-beautiful, the all-patient, better than father or mother. I ask you, ought you not to know such a friend, and ought not love in Him to beget love in you? It is not too late to begin if the grey hairs begin to look like gravestones on your head, it is not too late to begin though you are embosomed and embarrassed in the business of life ; it is not too soon to begin though you are young and fresh. God is joy ! God is brightness ! God is liberty ! God is love ! And you owe yourselves to God. I hear them calling from heaven that were like you, and saying "Come, and let him that heareth say Come, and let every one that is athirst come, and take of the water of life freely." Lord Jesus we come. Oh ! descend and look upon this congregation and open the understandings of Thy servants before Thee and fill them with admiration of the pitifulness of Thy love and the helpfulness of Thy counsel. Oh ! let no one seek in selfishness and in folly to cheat his God, and sow to the flesh that he may reap corruption, but rather may he sow to the spirit and reap life everlasting.

LIBERTY BY BONDAGE.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.”—MATT. xi. 28—30.

IT was in the midst of one of the most troublous periods of human history that Christ spake these words. The Jewish people, overrun by foreign despotism, all in a flutter of vain expectation at the coming of their earthly Messiah; many of them famishing with hunger, many of them trodden down by the iron heel of oppression—the whole people agitated, inflammable, restless, were around about Him. The cruel Herod, with his schemes of domination, was all abroad in the land, and everything conceivable was happening, except restfulness. There was no rest, except in the grave, for the people to whom He spake. Jerusalem was full of schemers; ambition was rioting; avarice burned night and day; all lusts and all passions were, as from a volcano, pouring out their lava; and in the presence of this universal agitation and disturbance the voice was heard: “Come to Me, and ye shall find rest.”

Who come? All. The crowned head, the courtier, the man of pleasure, the ambitious schemer for gain, the priest, the Pharisee, the Sadducee, the thief, the harlot, everybody—the bereaved, the mourners, the young, the old. “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.” This invitation, first sounded then, has never died out of the world. It is the

voice of God to-day, and to every human creature; to every one that is in trouble or in sorrow, in darkness or in disappointment: "Come unto Me, come unto Me."

Is there no deception in this? Has God a provision for everybody? Are there no degrees to bar up the way? Is there no impossible condition? Is it not rather a voice sweet to the ear, but in fulfilment utterly beyond the reach of man? Is there provision for rest in this restless world? We have known what scheming men have done to lure their fellow-men with fair pretence and false purpose; we have read in advertisements of quacks how that some remedy has at last been found out that may cure murderous diseases, and it is offered to all that want it freely upon application, and when application is made to them the answer comes back: "This remedy is a deadly poison unless administered as I prescribe; it cannot be obtained of the apothecary, it is dangerous even at the hands of ordinary physicians; but let any one enclose to me a pound note and I will send him the genuine article, and it shall answer the promise made in the advertisement." Alas for those that have not a shilling! And so it is quite possible that one might hold out promises to the ear that when you search into them will be false to expectation and to hope. Is this one of such? The Word of God is yea and amen; it was never broken. Whoever teaches that God makes a pretence of saving men while He knows that He will not save them is worse than dishonest—he is a blasphemer; for if we may not trust in simplicity the word of the Lord, where may we plant our trust and who may be believed?

Well, what is this promised rest then? What is rest as in the context? It is not simply sleep, it is not simply the cessation of pain; rest from struggle, from fear, from pain and disturbance of soul. The fruit of the spirit, we are told elsewhere, is love, joy, peace. Now, peace is not mere quiescence; it is that condition of mind in which all legitimate faculties are harmonious with each other, and are impleted and receiving their appropriate food and nourishment; it is the contentment of the whole soul, the peace of God. And the rest that it promises is the rest which comes to agitated human nature in fears, in trembling hopes, in all aspirations, in all desires lawful or unlawful, in that whole coming and going of

the tides of human passion ; for men are shivering like the leaves of trees in a storm, and when the storm is overpast they rest and are quiet. Men are cast about as the waves cast the ship about, and when the storm is over on the sea the ship is at rest again. And the soul of man is agitated with ten thousand emotions, few of which bring satisfaction, and when, at last, every part of the soul is filled with its appropriate nourishment and need there is no more murmur, there is no more complaint. When the little child is hungry, and the long day has tired it out, it cries and frets, and no chair is easy, and no place good but its mother's arms, and then resting on her bosom it draws supplies from her life, and little by little the thirst and the hunger are slaked, and it falls off, and in the sweetest tones that earth ever hears gurgles its little joy and is at rest. So when one comes to the Lord Jesus Christ, there in His arms He has the food of the soul, and whatever may have been the days of labour or the days of sorrow, there is with Jesus Christ rest, soul rest.

Now, what are the conditions of this rest ? There are no conditions for the season. Nobody need pray that January may come—January is coming anyhow ; nobody need in January pray for June—June is on the way ; nobody need pray for the sun—the sun is not blotted out ; it comes of itself ; no one need pray for the things that are established ; but there are some things that are conditioned, and man's instrumentality is indispensable to the procurement of them.

“Take My yoke upon you ; learn of Me.” Learn what ? What is this yoke and this burden ? It is an agricultural figure. All the qualities of the wild steed count for nothing until he has learned to bear harness ; he may have speed, but he has no application to the industries of life until he is broken in. The harness may seem to him to be an encumbrance at first ; afterwards it is the very means by which he applies his strength. His value lies in that as a draught animal. And the heifers upon the pasture may be good for the coming market, but to plough withal, and to haul the wain, they have got to learn to be yoked. When first the yoke comes on to their neck it galls them, it may be ; but, little by little, the neck becomes hard, and the yoke is easy, and the cattle are all the stronger for having it upon them. So it is that Christ says to us : “Take My yoke,

My burden," and later on : " My yoke is easy"—My conditions—" My burden is light." When once it has been taken up, and we have accustomed ourselves to it, both the yoke and the burden are easy and are light. Our strength, then, is not our natural wild strength ; it is not for a man, as an animal, to be at rest ; and yet we are born animals first. No man, when born, is himself any more than an egg is an eagle when it has been laid in the eagle's nest. We are being born for twenty or thirty years little by little. Nothing on earth is so far from itself as a man when he is born ; and he is after himself, hunting for himself, and too often never finds himself in all the length of his life, for he is hunting for the animal man, and that is not *the* man any more than a candlestick is a candle. The manhood lies higher up than the passions, the appetites that are the ministers of the body. The man lies in reason, in moral sense, in spiritual aspirations and qualities, and all that is under them are but the stock on which these higher qualities are grafted.

So, then, the promise here is not the promise of a gift outright ; it is not a gift in any ordinary sense. " Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." If He had said, " I will lead you into rest," that would have come more nearly to our apprehension. What Christ offers to us is a new way of living : " Come to Me, and learn of Me ; I will be your Teacher ; I will tell you how you shall have perfect rest." " Disciple " means, in the original, " scholar." " Come to My school ; let Me be your instructor. You are attempting to establish joy in this life by methods peculiar to your animal conditions ; let Me teach you how to find in true manhood that which you fail to find under any other condition ; I will tell you how. If you will make Me your Master, and become an obedient scholar, I will give you this rest." It is not, then, a certain something that is let down from heaven. Many a man's religion is like his Sunday clothes, which he takes out of the closet very carefully on Sunday morning, puts them on, brushes them all down, and looks at himself in the glass, and feels as though he was presentable ; and in his Sunday clothes he goes to church, and he sings—oh, how loud ! And he prays or he groans—oh, how audibly ! And he has a very pleasant ear for music, and the sermon pleases him, and he goes home, saying : " How beautiful is religion ! " And on

Monday he takes off the coat and hangs it up again, and all the other articles, and puts on his worldly clothes, and goes about his business. Now, religion is no garment to be changed ; it is a state of the soul. It may begin little, but it grows, and no man can lay it aside, no man can supersede it by anything else. It is education ; it is the reconstruction of a man's inward life and nature upon a nobler pattern than any that Nature can give us ; and there is no such thing as putting it on for this and taking it off for that. It is character. Reputation may change, character does not easily ; and the habits of the soul formed upon everlasting truth and Divine influence—that is religion, and it does not come in a day, it does not come in the flesh. " Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure." So, then, all ideas that a man may be a wicked man up to a precise moment, and then, when the clock strikes twelve, a flash comes out, and he is converted, and he is all made over—no, no, no, no ! I may say with perfect confidence that when the birds come from the South in early April, summer is coming—the precursors are here ; the air is balmy ; now then for the garden ; now then for the farm ; now then, go to work, husbandman ; gardener, go to work. But the summer has not come. But the grass is springing, the flowers are peeping out—yes, bright heralds of the coming day. Seeds are coming up ; truly all is right. But no man ever saw in the middle of March, rounded out and leaping forth, a whole summer with its grandeur and all its fruits. They come little by little. Religion may but have a beginning at any hour or under any condition. It is by a beginning ; it is the start ; for a true religion is one beginning as a grain of mustard-seed, the smallest of all seeds, yet grows and spreads itself. And to the dying day the man is not yet truly and perfectly religious ; there is more to come out—so much more that the world is not fit for him any longer, and God takes him into a higher climate and into a nobler garden. It is putting on the harness, then ; it is, in other words, developing in each man an educated and new life ; subduing the primary tendencies of human nature and obliging them to conform to higher and nobler purposes.

It is not peculiar to religion. Religion is the grandest

development of that principle that runs through human nature. How free the hand is of the lad that is to be a musician ! But when he goes to his master to be taught the violin all that freedom is gone ; he must hold his hand in a particular way ; his fingers get cramped ; and his arm, though it could be moved easily enough at bat and bail, yet must be drawn in a particular way, and the muscles ache while he works it in and out to become a musician ; and it is not until weeks and months have gone by him that he begins to find the new method is easier than the old liberty was.

It is the same with the hand at the piano at the beginning ; but by-and-by a few passages can be performed with some mechanical awkwardness, as everybody that lives in your neighbourhood knows ; but, little by little, this bondage of the hand, this attempt to carry the eye from the score to the keys, becomes easier : little by little the way becomes shorter, and after years of practice the man thinks with his hand and expresses his feelings with his hands and glides over it with a facility quicker than the bird's wing in the air ; but he went to this liberty through bondage. When a child is asked to enjoy the sweets of literature he has still to stumble through his alphabet, and then he learns to spell, and then he learns, with finger on the line, to read ; and little by little he learns so that he can read rapidly, and at last he forgets that there are any words ; he reads mainly as it were in the air. One of the most astonishing things is the development of that power by which a man carries thought and feeling in his mind as over against those blind signals and symbols of thought and of feeling without knowing that he is reading ; he is thinking ; but in the beginning how much it cost him to learn it ! So, too, men learn mathematics, arithmetic. At first it is hard ; little by little familiarity accustoms us to it. So, too, it is with the compositor at the type-fount. He stops and looks for each letter, and hardly knows how to read it bottom-side up ; but see him after he has been a year or two at it, if he be deft of hand and skilful of eye, how fast he makes the nicked type to fly from case to stick, and scarcely knows that he is setting up, so easy does it become. The way of liberty is through bondage. And it is more even than that. There is nothing that so much lifts a man up in the direction of light and knowledge and

facility in any of the sciences or any of the arts, as to compress him, to compel him to sacrifice himself in order to learn this new and higher way. But that is not all. A man is in and of himself very weak ; he perishes before the moth ; a mote may inflame the eye ; a dropping brick may end the whole tragedy of life ; a stumble may precipitate a man to his death. No man can command himself. We are on every side subject to great laws ; laws of nature, material laws. The earth, the stone, the clay, all the seasons, water, fire, are our masters ; we learn their nature and do obedience to them ; and so we have our liberty in their midst. A man is free just in proportion to the number of natural or social laws that he has learned to obey. For a man is of himself very little ; but he has learnt the courses of God in Nature and employs them, and he rides upon the sea or by steam upon land, and goes swifter than the bird ; but in every case it is because he has rendered himself subject to some or many natural laws. Instead of liberty consisting in an unharnessed freedom, liberty consists, in its largest estate and greatest variety, in obedience to the greatest number of social, moral, and civil laws. "Take My yoke upon you, that you may be free ; carry My burden, that you may be light."

It seemed like a mystery at the first, but when we begin to analyse the conditions of human life, and see how profound this philosophy is of our Saviour's utterance—obedience—then the law is the road to liberty. An orchestral band is gathered together : the flute, the hautboy, the trombone, the trumpet, the French horn, and the drum, that, like many people, makes more noise when it is empty than all the rest do when they are full. All these are gathered together, and each one is going to amuse itself ; and what a cacophony of sound ! Hair-splitting, heartrending. By-and-by the master comes in, and he stops the fife and the piccolo, and reduces them to certain rules and measures, and commands the trombone to accord itself, and the bassoon to accord itself ; and each instrument has to be tuned to concert pitch. And then they have to go into harmony with each other ; and only when they have been deprived of their individuality, and made to conform to the rules of music, there rises the overture or the stately march, and the old grandeur of music.

So it is in the soul of man, made up of a multitude of instruments or faculties, each one seeking to have its own full way; but there has to be that process by which they shall be brought into subordination to each other down to some settled concert pitch, and then there may come up from the soul the song of joy, and there may be expressed the depths and the sweetness of rest out of the soul of man.

Now, who was He that said these things? Some said He was a prophet. What audacious prophet ever dared stand before his own age and say, "Come unto me?" A philosopher? He would be the supremest egotist of time that dared to say, "Come unto me." He may have taught what faults there were, and what right ways or truths there were, but here is the Person, Jesus, who subordinates all things to His own personality, and He says, "Come to Me, and I will teach you; learn of Me"—not from Me—"I am meek and I am lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls if ye will learn of Me."

Is this a man? Is this anything else than a Divine Being? It would be the most impudent egotism in anything else. But it is sublime. If He came forth from the Father, and was co-equal with the Father, to teach man the new life and the right way, then He might properly stand and say, "Come to Me and I will give you rest; learn of Me; I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

And now, in view of this exposition, I remark that men are born with aptitudes, but no man with education. No man is born educated. It is true that the law of heredity makes it easier for the children and the children's children to learn. The children of musicians are more likely to be musicians than the children of those that are without musical talent. If the parents and ancestors are skilful, it will be likely to descend; but it is but an aptitude, it is a condition which renders education quicker and easier, and no man ever yet was born with education. That is an after-training. That our ancestors were moral men creates a probability that their posterity will be moral; that they were eminently spiritual creates a probability that their posterity will be religious; and so at the start there will be constitutional qualities in every one that will make it easier for him to progress, to go quicker, to go

more broadly into a true spiritual life. But the work has to be begun in every person. You cannot buy it, you cannot inherit it, the Church cannot give it to you; it comes not with the reading of the eye, nor is the man able to gain it by the stroke and force of his will all at once. A Christian life may be entered, must be entered, by every man of himself. Now, if we begin at the cradle, and rear our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, they may grow up substantially into the ways and commandments of God, and when they come to that period of discretion in which they can choose for themselves, it is easier for them to choose on the basis of moral instruction than it would be if they had wandered far from morality. I believe that a man may be a robber, and a pirate, and a drunkard, and a gambler, and a liar, and a politician, and yet be converted some day. All these things are possible with God; but no man can be born again from these extremes with the same facility with which he would have been born into the kingdom if from his cradle he had been trained to right knowledges, to right dispositions, to prayer and praise, to faith and to hope. It is an argument for fidelity among parents to bring up their children, so that when they come to years of discretion the exercise of their own will given them by belief in their parents shall create the starting-point of the new and higher life which, beginning feebly, burns brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. When a man defers becoming a Christian deliberately to the end of life, saying to himself, "I will get all the pleasure there is in life first, and then, at the end of life, I will take a turn and save myself"—such a man is a sneak; he is a cowardly fellow, a dishonourable man, and Satan outwits him nine times out of ten. The hour of weakness, when the eye is clouded and the world is reeling, is not the hour for one to make that great vow and dedication of himself and of his powers to God. "Ah, but the thief on the cross—he was converted, was he not?" I think he was saved, but I think he had a good many awkward years after he got in Paradise before he knew how to behave himself even decently, and a man must be low down on the scale when he takes a thief for his example. Well, in the morning of life Nature is facile; that is the furrow-time, the seed-time. He that would study good manners must not

wait till he is sixty years old ; he will be awkward to the end if he does. He that would be facile in any science or learning should be trained as early as possible to it. This is familiar, every-day, common-sense knowledge. Why do not men employ it for religion as well as for everything else? Begin early before habits are formed ; compel the animal that is in you to take the yoke and burden ; harness yourself to your moral duties ; learn at the time when a man can with most facility learn. Ah ! but youth is dedicated to pleasure. I do not blame youth ; the maiden and the young man, I do not blame them for loving pleasure. God is the fount of pleasure ; God meant the whole world to enjoy ; it is not His will that makes unhappiness, except as he is chastising men back to the abandoned paths of obedience. I blame men for eating carrion, thinking it is good meat ; I blame men for picking out pleasures that perish in the using, when they may have those that endure for evermore. If you can have genuine silk, do not wear calico ; if you can have a real daylight, do not have tallow candles. If a man wants to know pleasure, why, that is what God wants him to know ; and no man knows pleasure except that man that is established on the ground of truth, honour, love, patience, gentleness, meekness, fidelity, loyalty, patriotism. The whole round of manly qualities brought into contact with the basenesses of life—if that does not make a man happy he may despair of ever being made happy. How many men there are that go grazing like Nebuchadnezzar, go back to grass like an animal, thinking to find happiness there ! How many there are that try to find it in gambling, that try to find it in lusts that destroy the soul ! How many men are turning backwards and downwards to find joy, while the bright orb of joy is over their heads like stars by night and suns by day ! I do not object to men seeking happiness, but I declare that in fidelity, in faith, in trust, in hope there is a higher and more continuous happiness than there is in any of these by and forgotten ways. And yet there is prevalent among the young oftentimes the feeling that religion is a gloomy thing. Then it is not religion. It may be that it may lead to religion. Suppose, my friend, you were to go into a hospital and say, "Is this a place for bringing men to health?" "Yes ; health is the object that we have in this hospital."

“Very good. What is that man limping for on a crutch? If that is health, I do not want it.” “No, it may not be health; but it is on the way to health, and the abuse or injury that has been done to the man requires a remedy in order to get him to health.” Now, it may be that men shall pass through sorrows on the way to a true Christian experience; but it is because they were out of the way, they are sick, they are lame, they are broken, they are already diseased, and religion is the medicine to cure them. The young see the self-denials here and there that are leading on to a more glorious liberty, and they say, “I do not want religion if that is religion.” It is not religion; but it is the medicine that is necessary to bring you to the religious experience. I blame those men that teach the young that to be Christians means to be stern, unsmiling, except with an occasional intermission with your handkerchief to hide it from the world. I hold that a true religious life should be one that shines; and when a man has a dark lantern, and puts it in his pocket, and goes out shining, it does not help anybody. A true Christian man should be the freest, most joyous, upright, frank, most lovable man. I have seen young men genial, generous, with their hands open for their companions, and everybody loved them; but they were overtaken by a revival, and they have gone into the church, and now they are eternally proper; all liberty is gone and they walk straight, and they are awfully pious, and everybody says they are spoiled, and I say pretty nearly so, too. I say that cheerful, hopeful, true, generous, and noble Christian men and women are the most beautiful of all the works of the Gospel of Christ. They are the commentary on the New Testament. But the shut-up men—I don’t blame them, they are all born so—but I blame them for setting up their way as the model for others’ happiness. If a man is born a crow, let him crow; but if he is born a nightingale, let him sing and not crow.

Now, it is not because religion sets us free from law, it is because it brings us under the law, and lifts our thoughts up to a higher ideal of life, a nobler conception of duty, and breaks us in. Breaks us in! Yes; just as we have to be broken in to everything else, for no man knows anything until he knows it so that he forgets it. When I am sick, and venture out as a convalescent, and am very feeble, and watch just where I am

going to step, I avoid the little hummock and that sloppy place, and I measure my steps according to my strength ; but as day in and day out I get well, very soon I do not think where I put my steps—I go on and let my feet take care of themselves. Now, when a man has every single morning to think, “I must be humble to-day,” and he is watching out to see where he can be humble, he is like the tottering steps of an invalid. When a man says, “I suppose I ought to be generous on this occasion, but it is hard work ; however, I will be a little,” that man is not generous. No man has possession of any quality until it is spontaneous in him, until it is automatic, until it acts in him and of itself. Now, how many Christians are there in the Christian Church that have put on the fruits of the Spirit ?—love, until it is no longer a volition, it is an outspring, it comes from the man as light from the stars or warmth from the sun, and to-day and to-morrow and in the morning and at noon, it is himself and he cannot help it, and he does not think about it. It is the proper outshining of the man’s nature. Love ; joy. Now and then men have a little vacation in order to have joy ; but the Gospel means that a man shall be joyful in the Lord all the time—that is, when under the inspiration of the Spirit of God he ought to sing, and the soul should be full of joy. Paul had two things he wanted to say to his disciples, and so he says : “Rejoice, and again I say”—well ?—“rejoice.” He does not want anything better than to repeat that word. Oh, you drudging Christians, you men that go bent over with burdens on your back, that once in a great while, in a great revival day, get up a little bit of joy ; oh, you men that make the children think you are sour and acerb ; oh, ye that have not learned the alphabet yet of Christianity—joy, peace, not turbulence and passion, not yearning even and penitential tears, but a settled state of mind in God such that your peace flows as a river !

There are some persons who, when they come into the room where I am, make me feel as if I was on a bed of nettles—they worry me and hurt me ; they do not say anything—I wish they did—nor do anything—I wish they would go out. They are anything on earth but peace-bearers. But I have seen the gracious face of holy women so full of life, so full of

rest, and so full of peace that I think I begin to know what God's angels are. I have seen them beside the cradle with the dying child ; I have heard them say, as the child took its flight, "Farewell, my darling, God shall have thee." I have seen them in embarrassments and poverty to shine still ; I have seen them in all the hardest ways of life like their Master, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." And these are Gospel sermons, these are walking sermons, these are household sermons, these tell children what it is to be Christians ; and when away from their Father's house, and scattered over the world, and subject to various temptations, and seeing false religions, and hearing all sorts of philosophy, they wander from the faith of their childhood, there is one thread that never breaks—"My mother was a Christian ;" and by that golden thread, oh ! how many very far wandering have been brought back again to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls ! Free, loving, living, shining life is God's benediction to any household, and if you could only get a church full of them you would have what has never happened since Pentecost. It is your bad-living Christians that make men doubt whether there is any religion ; for a flaming, joyous, modest sweet soul not only no man ever does doubt, but no man ever wants to doubt such a soul as that. And if we could have any eloquent ministers there, like everybody else subject to passions and infirmities, and if we could have a whole congregation, and could stand and look at them in our higher and rapturous moods, and say, as the apostle said, "Ye are our epistle ; known and read of all men," half the work of evangelising the globe would be done. It is the poverty of Christian experience that makes infidelity ; it is the bad lives of Christians that make men doubt whether there are any real lives of Christians.

I remark once more what may be gathered easily from the tenor of our foregoing remarks, that a little education in religion may be better than nothing ; but a little education does not bring forth the full fruit of the Spirit. There are many persons that have just enough religion to trouble them ; they have a conscience that will not be quiet and is continually condemning them. Now, a true religion is like fruit ; when the sun has turned the acid juices of it to sweetness the fruit is delicious :

but in the early season it is not—it is sour and bitter. There are thousands of Christian men and women that are perpetually eating green fruit. A little religion is hardly worth your while, because you must not depend upon it as a kind of premium paid in. Many persons have an idea that religion is a policy of insurance against future fire, and if once they have paid in, why, that has settled it, and it will stand. All these illustrations and figures are misleading in every way. Religion is character, it is permanence in a man's own nature, it is a new life, it is being born again and built up on a higher plane ; and when a man has just enough education to be fretting because he has no more, just enough to keep awake in him his conscience, his fears, his dreads, I will not say he had better have none, but I will say that he does not know nor can he know what the full fruition of God's Spirit in the human soul is, for if religion is worth anything it is worth everything. What would you say if a man who had been a thief all his life wished to know how it would feel to be honest? There be many thieves, no doubt, that watch everybody they meet for fear it is a sheriff or a constable. There are many men who fear every time there is a knock at the door that it is some one after them. But we will suppose him converted, or that he thinks he has been converted, and he says, "I have determined to be an honest man after this, and I think I see the signs of grace increasing in me. Last week I stole a pound, but this week only a shilling." That kind of reform in religion is very suspicious. A man that used to get drunk four times a week and is reformed so that he only gets drunk once a month is not reformed ; he does not know what temperance means. He may be on the way to knowing it, but not yet.

Now, in regard to the true experience of Christian light and joy, go for the whole of it. It is worth everything. It makes life easy ; it makes experience radiant ; it is the purpose of God, and the promises of God cover the whole ground, and "whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." "I will give him rest unto his soul," says Jesus.

Let me, in closing, only say one word more. Christ's way of happiness is not man's way of happiness. You are not happy in proportion as you are rich ; you are not happy in proportion as you are high in station, nor as you are in influence ;

indeed, I often think that the more a man has of this world's goods and honours the less happy he is. I am happier than if I was rich—I am far from it; but I know the lives of rich men, and I would not be a rich man such as I have seen—no, not for all the globe if it were one solid mass of gold. For how do men get riches but by sacrificing too often humanity, knowledge, taste, refinement, conscience? They win their souls to bribe Mammon withal. I have seen ships in the old days that lay off a port, blown off the shore by adverse winds, steamers that could not make the harbour, fuel giving out, bulkheads torn asunder, the inflammable cargo used to raise steam, beating against the wind and waves until they came into port at last all dismantled, and I have seen a great many rich men that came into the port of old age with everything torn out and burned up that should make them happy in their old age—empty, stripped, almost valueless. A man may seek in this world riches, and honour, and station, and all the pleasures that come from the appetites, the lusts, or the passions, and he sows to the wind and reaps the whirlwind, and life goes out with him at last, dark, and a clouded sun—no hope, no joy. And I have seen women from whose hand had been snatched everything that was dear in life except hope, and love, and trust; impoverished, abused by drunken husbands, sometimes—I have seen them when it seemed to me that they had nothing on earth to make them happy, while they said, “I have everything on earth to make me happy; I am a child of the King, and He never leaves me nor forsakes me; I am happy because I am the Lord’s.” I tell you that the pomp and service of great funerals has oftentimes very few angels hovering in the air; I tell you there be many and many poor pauper funerals where the air is thick with the angels that are conveying that happy and blessed soul to the kingdom of God’s grace. Seek not the world; seek not its honours nor its treasures, nor its fallacious joys; build yourself into manhood on the pattern of Jesus Christ, and the things that you do not seek will come flocking to you of their own accord, and you shall have joy by day and by night, and hope that never fails; and oh, when the earth recedes you will have nothing to regret; you will leave nothing behind you that is worth taking; you will take the soul that is re-fashioned in the

image of Jesus Christ; and as you draw nearer to the end you will draw nearer to the beginning; and who can tell the first outburst of rapture and joy as one springing from the prison of this clay body beholds Him "as He is"? "As He is!" And here is His voice, sweeter than all music, saying with smiles, "Come; welcome." Let us all accept, then, Christ for our schoolmaster, and let Him educate us into Christian life, and then live to honour Him and die to enjoy Him for ever.

WAR AGAINST GOD AND HIS KINGDOM.

“And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed : The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty ; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children’s children, unto the third and to the fourth generation.”
—EXODUS xxxiv. 5—7.

HERE you have the charter of God’s moral government of this world. We know what God’s government is over insensate matter, the law of force, the law of necessity. God never appeals to the mountains except in poetic form. He never says to a rock, “Descend.” When it is let go, it goes down with its own impetuosity. We know what the law of matter is, its necessity, and government. But here we have another kind of government—over mind, and it is very important to know what is that constitution or charter by which God raises, punishes, approves, or dislikes human conduct—how He means to deal with it. In these words that I have read, you may, I think, see that we have the moral constitution of God expressed by which the human race, emerging into life, is to be governed.

We have had a great many things said about God ; no being in the universe has ever been so maltreated and misrepresented, made so dreadful and so hateful as God, and that work of slander still goes on through misconceptions and through the imperfect ideas that have drifted down from ages of barbarism. The character of God is still maligned. Where a pulpit is so forlorn and barren and barbarous as still to be presenting a

hateful, demoniacal view of God, it is itself a father of infidelity in every respect. The God of the Old Testament and of the New as manifest in Jesus Christ must both of them come within the Divine circle of love. "Love God with all your heart, and men as your own selves," said Christ. Everything was built on that, therefore, any other foundation than that of love which is laid for the spiritual government of God in this world is a false foundation. Men may be saved, but it will be so as by fire, that do not build on that, and they ought to be a little scorched, for if there is anything that should be dear to a man it is the character of the loving God in whom we live and move and have our being. It is our heritage, it is our hope, it is to be our salvation.

Now, I have read to you in the preliminary service, the request of Moses, who was entering on the greatest task that any man can undertake—to bring up and govern a slave—held people that had just emerged from their bondage, and who, like all enslaved people, were full of all weakness and meanness. He asked God to give him a conception of Himself, so that he could see how to steer, and in His great graciousness, God says by implication "Yea," almost literally, "I will not show you My glory"—no man can look in the face of the sun and retain his sight, it will blind him—"but I will show you My goodness." Yet, elsewhere in the Bible, God says His goodness is His glory. God is a great deal more than we can understand. We can understand a great deal of the Divine character; but when we have carried it to the utmost limit of comprehension, God goes on above and below, and incomparably greater than the greatest thought of Him by human consciousness or reason, for we understand of God only so much as we have the germs of in ourselves. I have in my hand a sprinkling of the ocean, that is enough to tell me what water is, one drop will do that; but one drop won't tell me how much water there is on the globe all round and round. Human experiences will give some insight into what love means, into what justice means, into what patience means, into what long-suffering means; but how can they interpret the God of all the ages, that has been unfolding the human family through all its stages of savage life, barbaric life, semi-civilised life, and every conceivable combination of human experience? Who among us is big enough to take in the infinitude of the Eternal? The agnostic says God cannot be known. If you mean the whole

of Him, He cannot; but that is no argument against the knowledge of a part. Job says: "These are parts of His ways," and Dr. Chalmers interprets that and says God's works are a chain; we look up through the lowest links, but who can see right up to the throne itself?

The proclamation on Sinai is a brief outline of the Divine nature and the method which God pursues, in dealing with mankind. Sublime it is in scope and substance, but it is more remarkable that it should have been developed in that age. We look away, back through the thousands of years, and we see Sinai, we hear the voice, and the most perfect delineation of God's character and moral government comes down sounding to us through the ages. There is not a word too much or a single sentence to be added. How did it come in that remote period? Then, when we think of the other mountain, Sinai speaks of Calvary because they are both the same; it is the answer of the more modern age to the declaration of the extreme old periods of the history of the world, and Sinai and Jesus are speaking in the same language; only Jesus is interpreting Jehovah, and making known by his conduct and suffering what was declared to be the long-suffering and kindness of the God of the Old Testament.

Now, compare this character and delineation of Jehovah, if you have the requisite knowledge, with the pregnant ideas of the gods of the heathen nations around about. The gods of heathendom were not condemned because they were not orthodox; it was not on account of their heresies that the old prophets condemned the idols, it was because they were miserable, wretched, dirty passions made to be gods. The reason why the Israelites destroyed the heathen nations about them was not because they differed in their religious worship, it was that Venus and Bacchus, and bloody Mammon—lust, cruelty, and every animal quality—were enthroned in their idols, and to worship them they had to worship the very worst qualities of humanity. And if you look to the mythology of the Roman and the Greek there is not a Greek god made known in the whole length of their literature that a decent man could afford to live with in modern times—not one—and in regard to the most of them, if they had lived in our day they would be in a penitentiary. That out of such beliefs, and misapprehensions, and gross slanders of Divinity there should have arisen this stately description of Jehovah is one of the wonders of evolving

history. After thousands of years we come down to a more perfect conception of it, because we have seen the unfolding of it in the course of God's dealings with nations and with mankind.

There are three aspects that well deserve a moment's attention separately. First, there is in this description the introduction of the fact of heredity ; there is a declaration that morality is the end sought by creation ; that nature, properly directed, works towards the higher, and not towards the lower qualities of mankind, and tends toward intelligence, obedience, prosperity—that that is the direction in which the natural world was intended to work out itself—towards morality ; and, thirdly, the moral character that is given of God in conducting His government over mind and matter.

Now, what is heredity ? We all know in a general way that the progeny follows the parents. Lions' whelps are all lions' cubs ; the bear brings forth no sheep—only a bear ; the horse brings forth colts that are in their turn horses ; eagles breed eagles, doves breed doves ; and in the offspring of the lower kingdom the margin is very strait in which they change. You never knew a depraved dove. You never heard of a civilised shark, nor of any shark that was other than a shark. He follows the line of his endowments. Some things are produced from seed, and never from anything else, and all that is created below man has, comparatively speaking, so low a range, that there is not much space between the top and the bottom, and therefore there is not much room for fermentation and for development. The first creature that can sin is man, and the reason is that there is so much of him ; he has the whole animal in him, bone, muscle, heart, blood, passions ; but man has something beyond all that. He has a social nature with the animals ; then he has above that the moral nature, which discriminates between right and wrong ; and then he has the spiritual nature, which goes out beyond the mere animal, and reaches up to the spiritual realm. Sinning is the result of the conflict between the higher elements of man and his lower tendencies. You will find him described in Romans vii. The flesh man is the animal ; the spiritual man is the man of thought, the man of feeling, the man of inspiration, and, as Paul says, they quarrel all the time. The natural, which is the animal man, cannot be reconciled to the law of God, and won't be ; he won't have the harness on him, and he says : " We cannot please God." Old

interpreters said that man was so depraved by reason of Adam's fall that he could not please God. Nonsense ! Stuff ! A man cannot please God by his appetites and passions—and that is the sort of man that populates the globe mostly—man through his passions cannot offer anything that is worthy of the Divine regard, but when he mortifies, that is, subdues himself, then he is lifting up the social and moral affections to God. Now he is reconciled. That is God's law, that a man should live by the top of his brain, and not by the bottom of it.

Now in the case of heredity, this variation which we see in the animal kingdom is very slight ; but when we come to human nature, the possibility of variation is immense. A man can come down or go up. The household springs from two, and they represent different lines of descent, bringing down from the ancestral stock different qualities, and the combination in the children is different, some following the line of the father, some the line of the mother, and so there is an endless variation in children. And it works both ways. It may work towards degeneration or towards a higher moral elevation ; but it is there, and the conduct of the parents is such as to make all the difference in the world in the nature that they should give to their children. God says, if you live in obedience to the great laws of His kingdom you will transmit that to your children. I do not mean that a child is born in righteousness, but a child whose parents have lived in obedience to God's law starts with a better chance for righteousness than any other. A parent says, with the most cursed selfishness known to humanity : " If I indulge in drinking or in lusts I am my own worst enemy." I beg your pardon ; you are the worst enemy to your children. They inherit your indulgences ; they are cursed when they start on the stream of life, whose width and length no man can compute, for God says : " I will punish," that is the vote of nature, " and visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The children of thieves are born with an impulse to steal ; the children of drunkards are born with a shattered nervous system, and with an appetite that is as hot as hell. God says to parents. " If you want your children to do well, by all the love that nature and grace give to a man for his offspring, take care of yourself"—for God's sake, and your own sake, and above all for the sake of your children.

Here is, then, the declaration of that which is, comparatively speaking, in philosophy a modern doctrine, but it was uttered far back in the ages before ever philosophy found it out—"visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Then here is the clasp, the the clamp, that virtue has upon mankind, holding man to right ways through the family and for the family.

Then, next, there is annunciation that morality or moral excellence is the aim of the Divine government. The end of the passage, because it was at the end, to a very large extent has been understood as a threat—namely, that He will by no means clear the guilty. Men say, men are great sinners in this world, and sin must somehow or other be atoned for, and God is not going to clear men, unless there is some process by which He can do it justly; and if men sin, it is only by the sin being transferred to another, who shall bear the penalty, that God can clear the guilty. But that is not taught here: I do not believe it is taught anywhere. I believe in an atonement; I believe God's nature is an atonement; it is an absolute necessity of love, and all that man wanted to know was, that that was perfected in the testimony of Jesus, the Lamb that was slain, from the foundation of the world. It was then disclosed more carefully than at any other time, but it had existed from all eternity. As long as God lived there was that in Him which would forgive iniquity, transgression and sin.

But the declaration here is this: "My government is not indifferent which way the human race goes. If the human race are under animal passions and are determined to go down, I will not bless them; they shall reap the fruit of their own doing and be filled with their own devices; I will hold steadfastly to this, and it is my purpose that they shall work upward, and I will never forget it; I will never through indolence, I will never through weak sentimentality, I will never, for any purpose whatever, consent that this great human race, on the revolving ball, shall go trudging down, back, back to the primal existence of the animal world; that is not the economy I am exercising in the world; I will not clear the guilty in that sense. Obedience to law shall for ever and for ever be the condition of satisfaction; I will make it clear in every family; I will make it clear in every neighbourhood; I will make it clear in every nation, in every age," and from the

beginning down to this day strength, prosperity, health, long life, and everything that blesses this world in the human economy have come from obeying the laws of God. And all the groaning and trouble, and woe, that creation has seen down to this day, the whole of it, has come from the failure of men to obey those laws of God that should lift them from the animal and carry them up to the intelligent and virtuous. The sun rises and sets to carry out the purposes of God ; seasons come and go for the sake of promoting the development of men upward and upward. The history of the world is read backwards if you do not see that tendency ; and when you follow that tendency to the root, you hear God say : "This is what I mean ; I will make a difference between goodness and selfishness, between mercy and cruelty. I will make the whole of history to declare this one thing, that God is a Father who seeks man's spiritual elevation ; no man can cheat Me ; what a man sows that shall he reap—he that sows to the flesh shall reap corruption, and out of corruption comes the tormenting worm ; and he that sows to the spirit shall reap life, and life everlasting." So that we have here, not a declaration of God's vengefulness, not what some not well-taught men have declared, that God has such love of good folks, that He sits above and says : "No matter what happens, I will take care of you ;" and to the wicked, "Ye cursed creatures, you are damnable, and I will damn you ; I will do it for the sake of My law, for the sake of My justice ; I will do it because I promised to do it." There is such a heathen view of God, that Watts spoke of sprinkling the burning throne with blood, as if baptizing a bloody, demoniac Deity. No, no ; the decree that runs through all human unfolding is this, to lift men higher and higher, and He uses pain and penalty as the parent does, not because he hates the child, but because he loves him, and oftentimes the want of pain causes a child to slide down to worse and worse.

Now, in the conduct of such a government as this we have, in the third place, the declaration of the administration which God will pursue. Here is the description of Him : "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgressions and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Put these two qualities together if you can. Take these qualities of God's administration—mercifulness,

graciousness, longsuffering, patience, abundant goodness. When a poor man has a little treasure, abundance means something to him; but over against his house is a neighbour with a larger farm, with more herds and cattle, and abundance means a good deal more than. And in a neighbouring town there is a millionaire who has endless resources, and abundance means a great deal more than. And when you go to the monarchy and the national treasury, royal abundance stretches itself out almost beyond imagination. What, then, is abundance with God, infinite, unspeakable in height and depth, and length and breadth! And when that abundance is abundant in goodness! There are a good many just men in the neighbourhood—very nice sort of folks—but they are cool, right straight up and down, not much elasticity in them, hard when it is necessary, tolerably good-natured; but there is in the neighbourhood some kindly woman. I remember my old nurse; I remember what goodness was when I think of her. When I was hurt, she was hurt; when I was sad, she was sad; when I was afraid to go to my mother, I could go to my nurse. My mother was too pious for me; my mother that brought me up—my second mother—as good a woman as ever lived—was without any demonstrativeness of sympathy. And I never once in all my childhood, when I was hurt, ran and put my head in her lap—never. I used to go to the door and hear her praying, and I knew she was praying for me; but old Anne Chandler—how she, in her gracious lap, squeezed me! When I was in trouble I ran to her—from her came the cake, from her came the candy, from her came the sweet promises to go out—and if I was sent to the cold room and the cheerless bed, she ministered to me in the morning, and made my slices of hunger-bread proportionately thick, and put enough molasses on it. Goodness! Oh, what a word that is! There are no latitudes, no longitudes to goodness. And “abundant goodness,” and “Divine,” what must they be? The sun is not bright enough to tell the brightness of God’s sweet face, nor yet the tranquil moon to tell of His mercy, nor the summer, with all its treasures, can tell the trembling soul of all God’s goodness—His fulness always changing, never ending. Jesus Christ taught the world that Divine love suffered, that Divine love was of a nature that suffered for another rather than that other should suffer for himself—He gave His life once by laying it down, and afterwards by taking it up, and

wearing it for ever and ever, that He might bring many sons and daughters home to glory. If there be any thought of God that is other than that, if He is not the most beautiful, the most loving, the sweetest tempered, the most gentle and patient; if God is not of all you ever knew the most blessed in disposition, then the Bible lies. Go and see what mothers are, and you gather the sweetest conception of human life at the side of the cradle; but that is only a spark out of the soul of God. Go and see how a man will toil for his children; how he will live low for the sake of their living high, and how must the eternal God for countless thousands of years have been suffering with this world that He may raise it up little by little, and be the salvation of the race. All the terror which is spoken of in God is that terror that works out through you. Is God terrible when He stands behind a sinner, and won't let him go down—when He stands like a sharp-pointed hedge near him? A hedge is a good thing if there is a precipice on the other side. If you know there is a hedge you go along knowing you cannot tumble over. The thorns may scratch a man, and he does not like them, but he likes them better than he likes death. A man's sufferings are God's voice, by which God determines they should not go down; and pain and penalty are parts of God's mercy towards the race, that otherwise, in uncontrolled animalism, would wreck itself and be destroyed.

And, more than that, in God there is all that is esteemed among men. Are the lines of beauty beautiful? God is the artist. Are colours exquisite? They would not have been here if God had not been delighted with colour. The voice of poetry, is that sweet in your ear? Who gave birth to the poet? Is oratory and commanding eloquence entrancing? God is the most eloquent preacher that ever was. When you come to see Him as He is He will not seat you on a bench and put you through the catechism; He will not talk theology to you. Most gentle and winsome is the God of all long-suffering and patience and goodness, and He wants the same in us, for He says the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, patience, gentleness, goodness, self-government. These are the fruits of going to school to God in the human soul, so that when He shall appear, and we shall be like Him and see Him as He is, we shall be perfectly satisfied. You never are satisfied—I never have been. I have had hours that seemed full, but they quivered and disappeared. Neither by

my reason have I ever been filled with knowledge as I would ; nor has my moral sense ever discerned the different shades between right and wrong as I would. I see what I want to do and mean to do, but am for ever falling short of it, and my whole conscience condemns me and I am not satisfied. For even love itself is shallow, and he that invests in love invests in trouble, and the family is broken up, and ambitions are broken up, even when honourable and worthy, and in this life we are strangers and pilgrims, and are seeking ourselves and seeking our Father's house ; but when you have broken through, and see Him as He is, and see yourselves according to the perfectness of the eternal world, every quality will be harmonious to the whole soul, and that soul, looking through the endless ages of the eternity, will be full of God, reconciled to God, to itself, and absolutely in concord with the whole realm of Divine thought, meaning, and purpose.

I remark, in view of these explanations, first, that this is the only view of God that fits the condition of the creation and the unfolding of mankind. I cannot conceive of anything more insane, or that would so soon make me insane, as just to see the way in which mankind were thrust out in this world, and through how many ages men have struggled without instruction, without knowledge, with perpetuating and accumulating miseries, without altar, without church, without a Bible, without any thought of the future. To-day the continent of Africa might be sunk to the bottom of the sea, and the world would not lose anything with the exception of the emigrants that have gone into it—not a machine, not a conception, not a law, not one single philosophy—nothing ! The bubbles from the bottom of the sea would be worth as much as the men that live there to-day. That has been going on for thousands of years. Then take Asia and the islands of the sea, and when you come to consider that over against that we have been taught that God sits in the heavens and dooms every creature that does not come up to the fantastic idea of regeneration to eternal damnation ; that there is a pit of darkness underneath the world big enough to hold the millions and millions of creatures that God has been manufacturing through the ages and left them alone, left them merely to the light of nature—why, if I believed that I would forswear all religion ; if I believed that, though the voice of Sinai were to thunder in my ear : “ Bow down and worship such a God,” every instinct of Christ that has been bred in me would say :

"I won't. I won't worship demoniacal cruelty; I won't worship a God that creates millions of men and lets them alone to the dim light of nature, and then subjects them to an eternity of torture—I won't do it." If a man bred serpents and sent them out into the streets, you would stop that very quickly, you would not let him carry on such a trade as that; but the old barbaric theology has taught us that God has been manufacturing creatures by millions for countless ages, and sent them out into the world without caring where they have gone. I believe we have immortality by faith in Jesus Christ; I believe that men are animals, are born animals, and perish with the animals, and it is not until faith comes that we have life and immortality in Jesus Christ. That disposes of the hideous mass of cruelty that has been taught us from ages past.

God is not in a hurry; He dwelleth in eternity, and can take a thousand years as if they were one day, and carry on the great scheme of creation, with all its wonderful developments. There is no cruelty in the fact that all the way through the world God has been longsuffering, and gentle, and merciful, and patient, and has dealt with the race as they needed to be dealt with. No mother that ever carried a sick child in her bosom, no nurse that every passed night and day in an unwholesome room, can compare with the unparalleled patience of God to such a world as this. He knew what He was doing when He undertook such a vast task, and He has carried it out through the ages in such a way that we can rejoice and glorify God for the grandeur of His love, His mercy, and His longsuffering. With such a God over you, you come to understand what Christ said to Mary: "I ascend up to My God and to your God." You are the children of such a God as this.

Now, I ask every one here that pretends to be governed by good sense and reason: Have you conducted yourself towards such a God in a manner that is sensible, that is reasonable? I ask every man if you have been an obedient child even in the measure of your own knowledge. Has not your dominant state of mind been this—that you are afraid of God, and that you have juggled yourself with the thought that you would get out of this world as much pleasure as you can, and somehow or other would make a turn and a jerk at the end and get on the right side, and not be lost for ever? Have you treated God as He has treated you, and are you living toward

Him dutifully, affectionately, and honourably? Are you not mean? If anybody should treat you in such a way as that, are there words in the English language that could depict your indignation at such meanness as to live to pervert the gifts, and to study disobedience, and to thwart affection, and to do all in your power to alienate and separate you from God?

When, therefore, we call men to repentance, to accept a more blessed view of God in Jesus Christ, and to live by faith in that view, are we fanatics? Are we crazy? The man that is living without believing in such a religion as is set forth here—he is the fanatic, the lunatic run mad. In wilfulness, in selfishness, in passion, and in vice men think they have liberty in them and pleasure; but, in point of fact, under the administration and government of the God of whom I have been speaking, selfishness is found to contract a man. If a belt be buttoned up just enough to hold the clothes together, very good; but suppose every day you put the buckle higher, and the next day higher still, and go on pulling it in, by-and-by you make yourself as small as a wasp. Selfishness is different from selfness. Selfness is that care which every man must have to maintain existence; selfishness is such a consideration of self as to deprive others of sympathy. Pleasure was not meant to run with transgression; God has not made this world so that disobedience to His fundamental laws is going to produce quietness and satisfaction. A man may swallow the whole capital of life in a few minutes or a few days, but life has to run on, and pleasure is very soon exhausted except in those that employ moderation and obedience in religious life. Then there is pleasure for evermore, both on earth and at the right hand of God.

So that a man is free not because he has his own way. A man wants all forms of stimulating wine and luxury and pleasures, and by-and-by he says: "There are those miserable hypocrites going in and pretending they are having a good time, but I am the boy that knows how to take comfort as I go along in this world." Yes, and by-and-by he takes hold of his foot—he has had his good time, and it has run off; he is rich, he has more money than he knows what to do with; but his bandaged foot is lying in the chair beside him, his brow is wrinkled, and he curses the doctor and curses himself. He has splendid pictures hanging about; but do you suppose he

ever looks at them? He never cares for anything; he only wishes to get rid of the pain and die as quick as possible. That is the end of self-indulgence. If a man thinks that by stimulating pleasures is the way to liberty and to pleasure and power, he is a fool. The gallows ought to teach better than that; the poorhouse ought to teach better than that; the hospital ought to tell you better than that. The way to liberty is obedience to the laws of God. I cannot run, but I can make a locomotive and study God's mechanical laws, and that will carry me much faster than my own feet; I cannot drive a ship, but I understand what the wind is meant for, and I hoist the sails, and the wind does my work for me; I cannot see what is going on in every season, but if I study mathematics, by-and-by I can become a sort of prophet, and understand what is going on in the physical and material universe.

The man that knows God's laws in the world and conforms to them has God in him, working for him. I cannot grind as the old mill did, but I can make a river do it for me; I cannot control the elements, but electricity can fix them so that they run across the ocean, and can make them light cities. If anybody who understands God's law obeys it, that law turns round and says: "Well, stranger, what do you want? I will do it for you." Obedience to Divine law is liberty, power, satisfaction.

Every man, then, that sins against his own body, sins against the social laws of the community in which he lives, against the civil laws necessary for the integrity of the State, and every man that sins against these is committing suicide: he is sinning against himself. It is said he sins against public sentiment and public law. Yes, in one sense; but it all culminates in this—that he sins against himself, that he is his worst enemy. See what is said in a word or two by the Apostle in Romans ii. 6 and onwards: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life; but unto them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of Jew first and also of the Gentile; but glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile." There is the whole sentence made up.

Now, perhaps to weary you with further discoursing, let me

ask you, Is not this a God that every one should desire you to have, and is not Jesus Christ carrying out this whole view? I wish I could make men see as I see, and feel the beauty and the glory of love. That is God. That is the declaration of the Apostle John: "God is love"; and when you see, however imperfectly, the branches of thought that have been developed to you this morning, what it is to have such a God of longsuffering, mercy, generous patience, forgiving, and yet, at the same time, holding you up to the development of a nobler nature, could you not join in that rapturous song of creation, which I will read to you? "They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousands, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Prepare, then, yourselves; prepare to take part in that choral drama of the universe. God is worthy; make yourselves worthy.

TRUE PREACHING.

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”—MATT. v. 16.

THE light is evidently the conduct and disposition, for it is interpreted by “good works.” “Let your light”—not your mistakes, not your doubt, not your unbeliefs, not your anger and temper, not anything but that which is light. The light is the revealer of beauty. All colour disappears when light goes; all forms cease. Whatever there is in art in all its ways is the child of light; it sinks back into nothing the moment that light is withdrawn. And the light that is here spoken of—the light of God that shines through mankind—is to reveal such a character as shall make men wish that they were just like him. Nay, a right Christian life ought to be such a one as shall make men want to be religious; as shall never repel them, but shall lead them to God. A pretty hard saying for any of us. How many men have we ever drawn? How many men, studying our dispositions and our whole warfare of life, have said: “Let us be Christians, too”?

Now, by the Gospel is meant, I take it, the whole system of truth and influence which God employs in developing human nature and building it up into perfect manhood in Christ Jesus. All that is Gospel which is employed in producing men in Christ Jesus; not the manhood which Nature inspires, but the manhood that springs from Grace—perfect men in Christ Jesus. And, as I understand the teaching here and the corroboration of it in every part of the New Testament, I infer that a living presentation of the Gospel, not in letter, history, philosophy, but in life, in the character and conduct of Christian men and women—that is the Gospel which has the most effect in this world, and on which we have to rely for the conversion of the world, for the advancement of Christian civilization. “Let your life so shine”—you might so change the word without

changing but only intensifying the sense—so shine, and be so beautiful, so admirable, that men will be won by what you are to a Christian life and to true holiness. Let your life attract men to religion, in short. Not your belief, but the fruit of belief in you ; not the doctrine of the letter, however much importance there may be in that, whatever functions it may serve. The power of the Gospel is in the living of it, and not in the proclaiming of it. There is a gospel of the letter—a good letter too, a good gospel. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are the recorders and interpreters of it, in its application to all the phases of human life, and it is to be found in the letters of the Apostles sequent upon the Gospel. There is a gospel of the letter, and it is not to be despised or trodden underfoot in argument or illustration ; but that is not the Gospel that is going to convert the world. That Gospel itself has got to be translated, and that translation is not going to be by words and philosophies, but by the turning of the Gospel into men, and making them what its spirit determines them to be.

The gospel of philosophy is very much preached. It is generally called theology. There is a great difference between theology and religion. A man may have ever so much theology and no religion, and a man may have ever so much religion and very little theology. And yet we are not to despise theology. We want both—personal religion and intellectual perception of the connection between fact and fact, dogma and dogma. Theology may be said to be the bones of the system of religion. Well, if a man was courting he would not like to court a set of bones ; he would like to have some flesh on them, some bloom. And men, when they are drawn to life, are not drawn by the bones, but by that which clothes them, by that which is supported by them. I find no fault with theology except that it is made up of abstractions. I find no fault with dogmas except that there are so many of them that are lies. I find no fault with difficult systems except that they seem to have been the means of provocation and quarrelsomeness and divisions and all sorts of contests in this world. I find no fault with these things, because they have been wrongly used. There is a right way of using things and there is a wrong way, and in the history of the Church the gospel of theology has been the occasion of endless divisions, and separations, and quarrels, and warfare, and cruelty, and every work of the devil. It ought not to have been. It does not argue that a better use of theology would not have been subject to such a miscarriage

and such mischief in consequence. But so it is. No man in this world was ever misled by the sweet example of a soul that was living in Jesus Christ. No man ever was led into sect and controversy and quarrel by the light of His love, the outshining of the qualities that love begets. That has always brought men together. That which has brought men together is sympathy with each other by faith and love; it is mere intellectual statements that have split men up and divided them, and given rise to pride, vanity, ambition, to all secularity. And then, when to theology are added the vast cumbrous institutions of historical churches, their lands and houses and honours, and the vast sectarianism that spreads itself with national magnitude abroad—why, then the matter grows worse and worse.

There is a gospel also of fear. There is a gospel that is preached in such a way as to inspire in men salutary fear. There is nothing in the world that feels fear so much as love—an affectionate fear; the fear that you have hurt the feelings of the one you love most; the fear that you are not adequate to the needs of one who leans upon you or upon whom you lean; the mother's fear that what she has done for the babe in the sick hour should be injurious; the parent's fear that his example has not taught his children that honesty and integrity which will make them prosper in the world. Love has its fear, hope has its fear—fear lest the hope being set before us we should come short by our unbelief.

But there is a fear of another kind—it is the fear that the slave has towards his master, it is the fear that men have that some will overtake them, the fear of the miser that somebody will find out his chest and his abundance there—it is a drastic, animal, low-toned fear; and any time that the Gospel is preached to mankind in such a way as to arouse a fear of damnation, it is not the Gospel any more. There is a danger on that side; there is a perishing life on the other side: character, conduct, and responsibility go beyond the grave. But that is not what the New Testament was written for, nor what Christ came to make known to mankind. There may be a salutary and remote use of the great dangers beyond; yet if a man preaches the Gospel so that the main influence of his appeal to men is "Save yourselves from damnation," and drives them like a flock of sheep into the right way, it is not likely that they will be much better after they are driven in than they were before. I do not think that servile fear ever enriches

anybody ; and Christ, in the moment of His profoundest confidence in His disciples, sought even to disarm the little that they had : " I call you not henceforth My servants [or slaves], but friends." When a man is a friend all the motives that act upon him—love, and gentleness, and honour, and sweet persuasion, and example—lift him up. When a man is a servant or a slave sordid motives are apt to come in—the man acts from his animal temperament, not from his moral and spiritual.

Then there is also a gospel of justice, and I quarrel—well, I quarrel a good deal with everything in this world, most of all with myself, but with a good many things besides—and I quarrel with the way in which men have put this question of justice and of love. The philosophies do it ; they say that justice would set everything right in this world, and men are preaching a gospel of Divine justice that must be satisfied first. I affirm that there is no justice in this world except the first born of love, that love is itself the parent, and that any justice that does not spring from a warm, sympathetic, self-sacrificing love toward the object of justice is animal, cruel, heterodox. On the other hand, I hold that the gospel of Jesus Christ was meant to institute, first, the inspiration of a true and noble love as the mainspring of the preaching and living of men, and, secondly, to institute such a belief in him personally as that the motive should spring up in the human consciousness, not from the coercion of a system, not from symbols, or rituals, or sacrifices, or observances, not from outward persuasions, but that there should be such a living consciousness of Christ ever present with you as that your motive should spring from love to Him and from the consciousness of His love to you. That is my conception of the Gospel—it is a system to supplant Nature by overgrowing it. For Nature is like a trellis—in itself nothing but hard and seasoned wood, and grace is the vine that overgrows it and covers it, and is full both of beauty of leaf and lusciousness of fruit.

That is the true Gospel. Then how do you teach it ? Well, in a manner by the way Christ lived, in a manner by words which carry in themselves a certain efflorescence, but chiefly " Let your light so shine." Be that which the Gospel came to make men ; be it yourself so largely, so forcibly, so continuously, so automatically and habitually, unconsciously as well as consciously, be so changed and charged with the spirit of Jesus Christ in your own life, that whenever men look at you, whatever they doubt—they may doubt doctrine or clergy, they

may doubt orthodoxy, they may doubt the Church or the inspiration of the Bible—they will not doubt that you are Christ-like, and that to be Christ-like is to be beautiful, attractive, and has in it “the promise of the life that now is as well as the life that is to come.” That is the preaching that does not need a pulpit, does not need ordination, except that which the Holy Ghost gives when it produces the fruits of the Spirit, and when man is reconciled through love to Jesus Christ.

Now, while physical truth and abstract philosophy need not depend on the character of the teacher, yet all social and all moral truth depend largely upon the living exemplification of them. A man’s calculations in astronomy have nothing to do with whether he is a curmudgeon or a gentleman; a man’s deductions in geology, a man’s teaching in botany have nothing to do with his personal character. The meanest man in the university may, after all, be one of the clearest men in the production of truth. All that class of truth that belongs to the senses and, as we may say, to the outside of a man does not depend upon the character of the man that teaches it; but all that truth that is social, that has relation to the affections and sympathies of mankind, and all that truth that is spiritual, that lifts a man up into the ideal, into a higher conception of right and duty, and the beauty of love and the service of God and the hope of immortality—all those truths do largely depend upon the man that teaches them. For if a man be himself known to be morose, fault-finding, and if he growls out: “You ought to love God,” there is no man in creation who would be led in that way to try and love God; the influence of such a man would batter the whole thing to pieces. But if a man is known to be himself just and generous, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, full of gentleness, and if he should say: “I beseech you by the mercies of God that ye be reconciled through Jesus Christ,” every one will say: “That is persuasion, that is what he lives—it is beautiful; there is reason in his statement, there is reason in his life.”

It is the power of life in its threefold development that is the power of the Gospel itself. When I say this, of course I do not think it necessary to defend myself against any ultra-theological imputation that I set aside the direct power of God. For the power of God is life itself. I am alive because God’s power is with me and in me, and everything that is in the whole realm of conscious or unconscious life indicates the immediate presence, the all-pervasive persuasion of the Divine

mind which fills the universe, and overflows it to all eternity. But, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, I speak of the threefold development of man—first, as animal in his dispositions, depending upon which part of the brain he uses, the top or the bottom, the animal part or the angel part, with its fluctuations, coming and going, the nascent and incessant action of a man's social faculties, his disposition, his conduct, secondly, the outworking of what is inward in him, showing itself in words, in actions, in both the negative and affirmative forms; and, thirdly, character, and the rendering of both these first two items so permanent that they assume to themselves the inevitableness of habit. When a man learns the violin, everybody within half a mile knows how hard it is. When he has gone for his summer vacation and has come back, people say: "He has improved very much"; it is much easier to him, and he goes smoothly through all the intricacies of sound. When he has gone away for five years, and comes back master of the violin, men say: "The thing seems to play itself; I don't believe he thinks at all where to put his fingers; the music rolls out like water from a fountain." It is with everything in life; we have to begin our training, and, finally, we become relatively perfect, everything becoming automatic, so that we do it without thinking. How much is two and two? You don't stop to think, and say: "Two and two are—four." There was a time when you did. Ten from forty, how much? You know at once—it comes like a flash of lightning. When a man begins to walk he makes tottering work of it; when he has grown up he never thinks where to put his feet. The untrained man, when he goes into good company, does not know what to do with his hands; but after he has mixed with good society, and has some self-respect, he has no trouble, he never thinks where he stands or how he gestures. When a man learns a language—I pity those who hear him talk! But after he is perfected he goes on easily, and everybody sees it. That is how human life goes on. First, there is the exercise of will power, of endeavours; gradually we progress, and get nearer and nearer to the automatic state, and, by-and-by, when we come to anything near perfection, we do things without knowing it. The musician does not stop and think where he is to put his fingers on the piano. You do not think anything about the words when you read them. Once you were puzzled to read a book; but now you read without spelling. Once you had to put your hand on the lines to know where you were;

now you do not even think anything about the words. One of the most extraordinary phenomena of human education is the fact that in reading we do not even see the words or think anything about them ; but we think in the air, as it were ; we think of the qualities, or the descriptions, or the persons, or the truths that are encased in these black letters before us ; the mind is perfectly free from servility to them, although they are necessary. So in every stage of the Christian character. There is first the beginning—the disposition, the working of it out in conduct, and then carrying it along so far as that both disposition and conduct are automatic. You are established in that way of thinking, feeling, acting, living ; and it is in that stage that a man is most powerful in regard to the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now, if I wanted to teach my child to love botany, one way would be not to let him go out till he had heard a lecture on botany from me. Every day when the boys were at play out-of-doors he would have to sit still and listen to me, and be “educated.” I should tell him of the systems of Linnæus and the rest, and talk of the “germ” and the “petal,” and he would sit and gape and wish the hours over. But there is another way. I take my boy with me to the horticulturist to see his garden ; I open the gate and walk in, and there is a blaze of light. Here are the magnificent vines, here are beds of colour, here are all the sweet things that can be imagined, whether of fragrance, or colour, or form. He is perfectly enraptured, and by-and-by he says : “Now, father, I should like to hear something about these things.” Botany did not interpret beauty ; the book did not make known anything about the reality of Nature. The moment he sees it is the reality of Nature he wants to know the fundamental cause or the philosophy of it—the underground statement in regard to the whole thing. It is the *thing* itself that wakes up men, not the philosophy ; that comes at a much later stage, and the most imperfect one, too. We know how it is that a living emotion works upon men when a description of that emotion does not. I bring before you, say, the scene that we read of this morning ; I never could read it without the deepest feeling—Christ healing the blind man, and the man waxing courageous by opposition, and refusing to deny his benefactor though he did not know Him. He was ignominiously expelled from the church, and seems to have had to leave home and the city and wander out forlorn and alone ; and the moment Jesus heard of

it He went after him, hunted for him, and when He found him He said: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" And the restored blind man said: "Who is He that I might believe?" "It is He that healed thee; it is He that is before thee." "Lord, I believe!" I cannot read the story without tears, and you cannot hear me read it, and see that my eyes are suffused, and not feel it yourself. You know the old Latin proverb that says:

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

"If you want to make men cry you must cry first." Whenever you see any one in tears you instantly feel a pathetic mood come on you. Or if you go into a house of merriment, and brilliant jests are flying through the air like a rocket, you begin to laugh even before you know what the jest is. The feeling of mirth in another begets the same in you at once. Or if you get into a crowd and see men with scowling brows and doubled fists—not a theological crowd, but some other sort—you at once begin to say: "What is this?" and you feel excited. One man's feelings beget the same in another man. Every man of a strong nature finds an echo in others who come round about him, in the distinctively common feelings of mankind. So it is all the way through. I have known parents who, because their children have been angry, have got angry too. "You little rascal!" they say. "What do you mean by losing your temper? Take that!" When the child is angry, that is the time for the parent to be gentle; when the child is selfish, that is the time for the parent to subdue him by pouring generous treatment over him. If you want anybody to be anything, be that yourself in their presence, and they will incline to it.

Now, as laughter and sorrow and courage and enthusiasm and love reproduce themselves in those that are round about, so we are right in extending this more largely, and saying that the way to persuade men to Christ is to be like Christ yourselves in their presence. There is no such persuasion as that. What is the best teaching in this world—the teaching that lasts the longest? Not in the church, but in the church before the church—the household. The child grows up, the mother has the instruction of it; she sings him her song, she meets all his sorrows with sweet gentleness and persuasion, she teaches him the truth of God and immortality, and he grows up six years, seven, eight, ten, fifteen, with the recollection of all her lenity,

her forgiveness, and the magnanimous faith that she shows to him, and the hopes that she kindles in him. He does not know his catechism, but he understands his mother; he does not know much about the confession of faith, but he knows a great deal about the confession of his mother; and when he leaves the house and goes into the world, bandied about by adversity, swept away by unbeliefs, here, there, and everywhere, there is always one cord that holds him; the cord that held him to the altar and the church may have snapped, but there is one silver cord that never breaks, and he says: "If ever there was a Christian in this world, it was my mother." That still holds him, and, in the providence of God, the memory of the mother's sanctity and sweetness and beauty brings back the unbeliever in old age to the faith with which his mother began his early life. There is no instruction like the loving heart of our loving mothers in this whole world.

Then we see another illustration of the power of living truth, as distinguished from textual and philosophic, in the revivals of religion. These have been supposed, in ages past, to be mere enthusiasm—a blessed enthusiasm!—to be anything but what they are explained to be, and very likely they are; the explanation is not always adequate to the phenomena. I hold that a revival of religion is the exaltation of the common feeling in a Christian community, so that the whole community are lifted up into emotions, and they form a stream of influence. In religious revivals men are convicted of sin; before they have always defended themselves. But when they come into the presence of men broken down in the consciousness of their own sin, when the conscience bears witness, when unreconciled men come together in the presence of God, and in the sanctuary each confesses that he is guilty, and the whole audience is moved to tears—then it is that men are convicted of sin, and they feel that there is a difference between morality and true spiritual religion; then it is that men believe that there is such a thing as the down-shining of the Holy Ghost in the affairs of men. It is the living power that produces conviction, the most powerful conviction. You may say that it produces feeling, but not the accurate philosophy of feeling. Well, that may come afterwards. If I had been in the desert, parched unto death, when Moses smote the rock, I should have drunk first, and then asked him to explain how it was that the fountain ran when he struck the rock. First the thing, then the philosophy of the thing to those that need the philosophy.

So it is with the enthusiasm of patriotism. Ordinarily men are so concerned—and, as far as I know, with no very great blameworthiness—about their own affairs that they are not able to pay any attention to the State and the Commonwealth. But by-and-by there come rumours of attack and of deadly struggle, and men leave their shops and their ploughs and their tools, and they flock together, and are animated by a true heroism. "Take my property," they say. Yes, I went through it twenty years ago, when the flag of the Union was fired at by rebellion and slavery. Such a shock I never knew. Men gathered together; the animosities of party and sect were swept away, the differences of political parties were extinguished, and men close-handed said: "Anything that I have, take it for the Commonwealth." Thus the feeling becomes infectious; men see it in each other, and all around patriotism flames.

Now, these are but illustrations of what I understand to be in the text: "Let your light so shine," individually, "that men, seeing your good conduct [or good works], may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

What, then, is the character that preaches the Gospel? What is the preaching of the Gospel in the light of these disclosures? If love and loveliness in all its variations and developments inspired admiration, the enthusiasm of love, the courage of love, the liberty and manliness of love—why, then, love is the main thing. That is what Paul taught in the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Passing before the tribunal of the judgment seat one quality after another he says that though he spoke with the tongue of men and angels, though he were eloquent, poetic, enthusiastic in all the utterances that make men wish they had genius—Paul says if he has not love he is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. In our day, when there is not so much of that, Paul would say that a man may be a perfect orator, an exquisite poet and lyrist, and yet be like a drum that makes the loudest sound and is the emptiest instrument in all the band; so is the man that has not love, no matter what else he has got. Then he brings before us all the qualities that men do most aspire after—zeal, ostentatious charity, everything that is popular, and that leads men through ambition or popularity along the way of search and research—Paul brings them altogether into one great bunch, and he says that unless these spring from the root of love they are just good for nothing. Nothing is good

for anything that does not spring from the root of love—nothing in men, nothing in households, nothing in States, nothing among archangels, nothing in God Himself; for God is love; He is the Fountain of all the universe, because He is the God of love.

But men put justice over against love, and say: "Ah! this preaching of love is all moonshine; it is the mere mush of sentimentality; men never can learn anything till they get to the sound doctrines; men may have a good deal of feeling, but feeling is fugitive—knowledge is the real thing—knowledge." If there are any infidels in the world they are the men who put knowledge before love. If there is any orthodoxy in the world that is valid to the judgment-day, and beyond it, it is the orthodoxy of right loving. On these two—love to God and love to man—hang all the law and the prophets, said the Lord Himself. Love is the end of the law for righteousness; love doeth no injury to any one; love is the Gospel.

Who, then, are the men that are the unconscious enemies of the Gospel? First, the men that are fighting for the letter of the Bible while they are destroying the spirit of it. I do verily believe that there are some infidels that will enter the kingdom of God before some theologians. The way in which men fight for the outside of the Bible is not a good way; it is a very ignorant way. For the Bible does not consist in so many pages, so much printer's ink, so many words, and so much history. It is the spirit of the Bible that is the true Bible; and as the apple has a stem to hold by, but men do not eat the stem, and skin to protect the pulp, but men do not eat the skin, and seeds which propagate, but men do not eat the seeds nor the core, so it is with the Bible. It is the fruit of God grown through long periods of time, and it had to have an external and a physical existence. There are men who are so in favour of the Bible that they will not give up the least thing, the least date, the least bit of skin or core or stem. They are ready to damn the man who is scientific on these subjects; they are so much in favour of the Bible that they tread down every instinct of it in order to defend it. It is as if a man should awake in the night and find his household attacked, and should rush with fury through the house, and perhaps slay his wife and daughters and upset everything in the house in order to defend his family. There is a great deal of such orthodox defence of the Bible in our day. The real inspiration of the Bible is that it inspires love in you and in

all that read it. There never was, and I suppose there never will be, a book so directly inspired of God from beginning to end. There is no single precept in it that is wrong. Everywhere it is against animalism, everywhere it is against vengeance, against cruelty, against selfishness, against using your powers of intelligence to oppress the weak and ignorant—everywhere for righteousness, righteousness the largest and the noblest. What do I care whether Moses wrote Genesis or not? What do I care whether the history of the old books in the Testament were thus and so? I live in the atmosphere of the Bible, and see what it is to human nature, what its conception of manhood is, what the ideal man is in the Bible, and how it is a voice coming down bearing witness for thousands of years all in one way, all attuned to that Divine current of love, all that it teaches of God. It is the poor man's book, it is the sorrowful man's book, it is the book of the man that is weak, a book for the man that is ignorant, and it has in it everywhere the sign and testimony of the God that inspired it; as to the kind of way in which He inspired, I don't care a pin. When I smell a rose I am not anxious to have a chemist by to tell me exactly what it is that makes it smell like a rose; it would not be superfluous, but the rose is good enough in itself; I smell it, and I have it. Yet there are many men who make the strength of the Bible lie in its outside, in its arithmetic, in its dates, in its various statements on behalf of particular men in particular ages, which modern philosophy or science confutes; forgetting all the while the grandeur of the interior, the whole force and power of the book as a medicine for the wants of men, as a guide to men, thoroughly furnishing the man of God to every good word and work.

Now, I hold that such men, while they think they are the bulwarks of the Church, are bulls of Bashan. They open gaps, they disgust men, they mislead men. Christ was never, as it seems to me, so near denunciation, cruelty, as when He was talking about the Pharisees and Sadducees. Who were these men? They were largely men of culture, men of philosophy; they were largely men that were bulwarks of the old Hebrew Church; they believed in it, and although there were corrupt men among them, there were many, like Nathanael and others, who were "without guile." Yet listen: "Woe unto you; woe unto you; woe unto you! The harlot shall enter into the kingdom before you." The dissipation of the top of the brain is worse than the dissipation of the bottom of the

brain. A man who uses his knowledge and his moral training to increase his selfishness and his contempt of his fellow-men is worse than the man who abuses his natural passions and corrupts them. That is the awful testimony of Christ Jesus, and it ought to make a great many men tremble in their shoes.

Then I hold that they are enemies of the Gospel who turn it into a system of ideas, and work the ideas together as the old mail was worked, steel link into steel link, till the whole body was covered with steel, and it required a very strong man to wear it. Well, men teach us systems of theology as if they were indispensable requisites for salvation and for the work of God in this world; they have got every dogma and every persuasion, and they have worked them up together into a suit of mail that encumbers the man that wears it, that most men are not able to put on anyhow. I tell you I would rather have David with his five stones from the brook than I would have these men that have a very perfect theology, though a worthless one, and an imperfect life. The men that have tangled up the whole in such a way that the poor and simple and ignorant do not know exactly what to do or what to understand as to the way of salvation through Jesus Christ—these are the men that must be set down as the enemies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Everybody knows what love means. Love God—everybody knows what that means. Love your fellow-men as you love yourselves—everybody knows what that means. Why don't you preach that? I have sat at many examinations for church membership. I have heard men examined as to the Trinity, as to the theory of Atonement, as to the theory of the Church on earth; but I do not ever remember in any ministerial council, or any other where I have been, though the candidate has been called upon to give the reason of his desire to preach, of his assurance with God, the cause of his being led to Jesus Christ, yet the essential points have always been as to his intellectual orthodoxy, and that which is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto the salvation of men, a heart rooted and grounded in all the grandeur of a true love—I have never heard a question on that at all.

Then I am bound to say that the men who put justice first and mercy afterwards are also misinterpreters of the Gospel. Mercy is first. There is no justice except that which is in the hands of love. It is the doing that which love inspires in God that is justice, and that is His mercy. I have had the bringing

up of children. They were not angels either ; they followed the natural line, and had a good deal of me in them ; and I never saw a child that did wrong but that my love of that child made me hate the wrong that was in him. But I approached him with gentleness and persuasion ; and if that was not enough I added a little something. Animals have to be treated as animals ; and a little rubefacience on the skin is sometimes a great help to a child. But when I smote my child, or shut him off from the enjoyment of the street or of company, did I do it because I consulted the universal spirit of justice ? I consulted my love for the child. I said : " I cannot afford to have my child spoiled ; I won't stand by patiently and see him an animal merely, greedy and selfish and lying ; I love him too well ; I am going to bring him up until he is a *man*." " And if ye, being evil, know how to give good treatment unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven." My God sends tears to me and many sorrows ; I have not altogether a sunlit way, but I look back to Him of old and say : " It is good for me that I have been afflicted," and I enter into a larger understanding of that other saying : " No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous ; yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." God's justice is God's love, and " whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." There is the philosophy of Providence ; that is the philosophy of suffering, penalty, and pain in the world, and not the less so if men are not recovered by it.

And now who are they that preach the Gospel right ? They who create it in the life, disposition, conduct ; all who, by reason of their love to God and their faith in Christ, are brave and bold for rectitude—they are preachers. All who have compassion on the ignorant and on those that are out of the way, as our great High Priest is said to have—all those are preachers of the Gospel. Who are the men that go against the true preaching of the Gospel ? Hard-handed men, selfish men, ambitious men that would clothe themselves with honour, come what may to every one else ; men who do the works of the flesh—they are the infidels. And the men, women, and children that learn the balmy ways of sweet and heavenly affection—they are the true preachers. Look at the life of the mother. I never stand in the presence of my own congregation and look over it without saying : " Would to God that the life of such a one were only here that I might step behind it and shield myself by it ! " I have seen among the houses of

the poor such courage, such simplicity, such unwavering trust in the Divine Providence, that I, who went to comfort and strengthen, have come away comforted and strengthened myself. It is in the families of the church, it is in the poor of the church, the widow, the orphan, the labouring hands, the corrugated face that yet bears all these things so sweetly and trustfully, and goes on singing on the way—it is there that you see the preaching of the Gospel. I would to God that I were as eloquent as their life is ! How I would go on preaching ! But I have been too prosperous. I have had some share of the bitterness of life ; but, after all, my cup runneth over ; I have been led beside the still waters. Go, look for your church in the ways of trouble ; go, look for men that have lost all their property, and have stood up and said : “ Thank God I have not lost my manhood.” Go and see where the household has been desolated, and the mother could say : “ Yes, I shall see them again.” Go and look where men are hated and persecuted and spitefully used, and yet do not lose their cheerfulness, their sympathy for their fellow-men. There is the Gospel for you. The Trinity is a good doctrine, the Atonement is a good doctrine ; decrees are good—if you happen to have got hold of a right one ; all these things are very good in their way of usage ; so is a whetstone, but nobody ever ate a whetstone. When you want food you cannot feed on doctrine. But a good many men say : “ Ah ! give us a good substantial food ; give us great standard doctrines of the Church.” I do not object to their being given in due place ; but when do these men ever preach the Gospel of the heart—preach that love which brought Jesus into the world, preach that sympathy of God with sinners ? That is the true Gospel. And without discrowning the fruit of reflection and the organisation of ideas, only subjecting them to the search that every system should invite for itself, I do say that the intellectual propositions of theology are not religion, and that all that is religion is of the heart, and of the life, and of the conduct.

And, now, as preacher and people, probably we shall never meet again. My years admonish me that my time is short. I flit in and out in the communion of this great mother-land, and meet every Sunday with multitudes whom I shall never meet again till I see them in the presence of our Judge. I beseech you, therefore, in the fidelity of affection, see to it that when you go up to knock the Voice does not come from behind the door : “ I know you not,” and you shall begin to say : “ Lord,

Thou hast taught in our streets, we have eaten and drunk with Thee; Lord, I defended Thee in that controversy, in that lapsing heresy; Lord, I built up a church here and a church there"; and yet He shall reply: "I know you not." That was the outside of your life; what was the inside? Whatever you know not, whatever you lack in any direction, see to it that you do not lack that which is declared by the Master Himself to be the whole law of life—love to God and to the neighbour. And do not wait for your minister to do your preaching for you. Preach, mother; preach father. Ye that have no voice, and wonder whether it is permitted to you to do anything, *be*—that is, to do. Be humble, be gentle, be courteous, be hopeful, be forgiving, be lenient in judgment. Words that do not reverberate in the air are oftentimes the best sermons ever given to men. *Live* religion; and, then, when you shall go up, instead of hearing: "I never knew you," there shall be the cry of joy: "Enter, and welcome!" And then the clouds shall all fly away, all the bewilderments of men, all the strangeness of philosophies, when you shall see Him as He is, and be like Him, and all doubt and all fear shall be effaced, and you shall enter into perfect rest and everlasting gladness.

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

I PROPOSE to say some words this morning on the general subject of the genius of Christianity, and for that purpose I shall make a running commentary on the 13th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

When Moses was about to enter into the Promised Land he was forbidden, but he was permitted to stand upon the mount and across the Jordan to see what might be gathered by the eye. No matter how much men long to know the ultimate condition of the human family and the mystery of creation, they cannot do so until the days of disclosure in remote ages shall come. But we are permitted of God to stand at least on two mountain tops, and if we have eyes to discern and a heart to interpret, we can understand something of the coming day. This chapter is one of the mountain tops in which the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, is interpreted largely, as it may be called subjectively, or as regards the individual disposition. The 8th of Romans is the other mountain top, and there, though by mere flashes and hints, we have a foresight, if we were but wise enough to interpret it, of what is to be the future condition of mankind.

In regard to this chapter in the Corinthians, let me say that the first three verses may be considered as the judgment-seat of love. She sits with Divine authority there, and summons into her presence the things which men most esteem, and passes judgment upon them all. And, first, we find that which men covet, or, seeing it in others, envy and desire above all things—the power and genius of literature, whether written or spoken, of eloquence, of poetry; and surely these things are regarded as the most eminent and worthful in civilised society. And here is the judgment: “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal”—the noisiest, emptiest of all musical instruments that begin in noise and die when the noise ends.

A trumpet that bears a tune in it leaves a memory behind it, and we go singing snatches of song from the full orchestra ; but who ever remembered a cymbal or a drum ? Noise ! noise ! noise ! And so with this contemptuous fidelity the Apostle says : " Though you have the gifts of inspiration in the direction of literature, speech, poetry, if they are not set in love and inspired by love, they are noise." Men feel very proud when they have made an oration in Parliament, and angels turn away in disgust, because it was anger, because it was partisanship, because it had not the inspiration of a true love in it or a kind purpose. It was the wrangling of debate, and sprang from envy or anger. Men write poetry that draws the attention of the world—lecherous, villainous, or sublime, the poetry of war, of battle, the epic, whatever it may be—and their praise goes sounding down through the aisles of time ; but if it did not spring from true love, one little hymn that broke forth out of a heart enchanted with Jesus is sweeter and nobler in the heavens than all that was ever written by human genius.

Then having dispatched literature, the Apostle calls before the throne the elements that are supposed to have a moral inspiration : " Though I have the gift of prophecy." Now, prophecy has a double meaning, one that of foreseeing knowledge ; and the other and derivative one, that of having knowledge by which one becomes a teacher of knowledge. In the earlier times prophecy meant foretelling ; in the later times it meant declaring, whether known or first revealed ; and in either way it was regarded as one of the highest types of genius for a man to be under such inspiration, that he becomes a teacher of men in moral things whether of the future, or of the past or of the present—moral inspiration.

" Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries"—all that comes under the designation of moral teaching, all that must be under the inspiration of love, " and all knowledge," of every kind whatsoever ; if I ransack the world, and turn over every leaf from the morning sun to the evening setting sun, and have " all knowledge," moral, intellectual, or whatever it may be ; " and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains ;" the power of inspiration not only to instruct, but to lift up and energise other men ; the power of conviction that strikes conviction ; the power of will that commands not one's self but one's fellows as well ; though I have all these added, so that I could remove mountains, or, what is a great deal harder, men, and

have not love—what am I? Less than a bladder that a boy kicks, less than a bubble that a breath dissolves—I am nothing. Yet, if you should take that away from folks, they would think you had taken all creation away from them; you have taken nothing. So these go condemned from the throne of love.

Then comes the philanthropist, who would be the most surprised of all. “Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor.” Ah! if he give all his goods to feed the poor from sympathy with them, and in the spirit of the Saviour’s declaration: “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” then he passes out from under condemnation; but if he give his goods to feed the poor because *noblesse obligé*, because his kind do that, and he must keep up with them, because his reputation depends upon it, and he must save his reputation, because it is the custom and the fashion, because of selfishness in some shape or other; though he strip himself bare, if men only stand by and say: “Oh, what a heroic champion of benevolence! Oh, what philanthropy;” Love says it is nothing—nothing.

“And though I give my body to be burned.” Ah! zeal for the truth—this is the heroism of conscience; men think: “This is my belief; God inspired me with it; I will stand up for it, no matter what it cost me; I will die for it; I do not care if I die by the stake or the flame; I will fight for it.” That is the easiest grace ever vouchsafed to humanity—to fight for what you believe; and to stand up for “the faith once delivered to the saints” has been the cause of more rending, more divisions, more separations than anything else. Men are chuckling with themselves and saying, “Have not I sealed for orthodoxy? Do I not believe in the truth? Do I not know the truth better than any variation? And am not I pledged to stand up for the truth?” And so they stand up for the devil—in its moral results, in its separations, in the inspiration of malignant passion, in the pride of sect, in the pride, it may be, of a peculiarity, in individual pride. This is the very severe judgment-seat of love. Can you conceive anything so beautiful, any character in drama or history that is sufficiently resplendent to picture in your minds the image of a transcendent love—more beautiful than if the head were gold and the hair were as the beams of the sun? And she sits in the chair of state, and calls before her those things which men aspire to, and which are really the secret of the best activity of human life. These are fruits of civilisation, these are really the green fruits of religion itself. But a green fruit is not fit

to eat. While ripeness gives pleasure and health, greenness gives something else. And so love, sitting in the judgment throne, pronounces the malediction upon all these great qualities that civilisation has ever developed, and says that if they are not bottomed upon love and inspired by love, they are absolutely worthless. It is an awful scythe that cuts close to the ground, this sentence.

Then next comes, from v. 4 to 7, a chant that I wonder has never been set to music. Mozart could create the music of the flowing stream, the murmur of the leaves, the song of the birds; Mozart could never rise into the very highest realms of human feeling; it was not in him. Beethoven, one would think, the grandest of all the old prophets of music, should some time or other, have been able to sound the heights and depths of transcendent love, and might have given us a symphony, or an oratorio in which were the words: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself uncivilly (unseemly); seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity (or the hearing of it, the morbid anatomy of evil), but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things," with the sweet credulity of a child to a mother; "hopeth all things;" if the facts are dark, or if the past has been gloomy, or if the present is clouded, yet hopeth; "endureth all things. Love never faileth." That is where the verse ought to stop. This is the chant, and the fulfilling in a man's life of that which is signified in these four short verses; the whole of the transcendent and ideal life is comprised within the compass of that.

Now comes, as it were, a recurrence to the opening judgment: "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part." This is comprehensive of the whole sphere of human life. All those things which without love are condemned he summons again to say of them, even where they are good they are partial in such a sense as that they do not lay a foundation for the philosophy of the whole of the universe, or the philosophy of time or of mankind; they are all of them fragmentary.

Biologists, with a certain knowledge of life, or physicists of some of the multitudinous schools, if they find the tooth of an animal, know how to construct from it the jaw and the head, and the whole body. One member by the analogies that are

known, can re-supply to the imagination and the draughtsman the whole animal. But the universe is so large, that the worlds themselves doubtless, here, there, or elsewhere, are so populous, and, above all, the Divine decree of creation is so beyond the limits and horizons of our present knowledge that no bone, no part, can ever interpret to us what the whole of the Divine plan and purpose is in the universe. Happy for us it would be if we knew how much there was of it even for time, but the world itself is only one letter in God's alphabet, and the whole literature of God, with the infinite combinations of all the letters a universal alphabet, so extends that scarcely less than God Himself can understand the grandeur of the whole. Yet we, with our little commas, and prepositions, and bits here and there, think we can undertake from our twilight knowledge to build for God the whole of this magnificent conception of the universe. Paul had come to that state of mind in which he said, speaking of it, as it were, with contempt, "Why, we only know a little bit here and there, a mere fragment : we know in part, we teach in part." That shows that Paul was never a theologian. If he had been he would have stuck to it that he knew everything, and taught everything. This modesty of the Apostle is not fashionable in our day.

"But when that which is perfect"—and methinks Paul dropped his pen and looked up in silent awe—"when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." And to make this more apparent to them he takes the illustration from his own childhood, declaring that the best knowledge of the best men in time as compared with that same knowledge in eternity, and in the heavenly estate, is really foreshadowed and partly illustrated by that experience. "When I was a child," he says, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man I put away childish things." How ? Some of them were fables ; he still held on to them from association. Some of them were deceptions, because children come to knowledge through lies generally, and he put them away ; he reached a higher stage by which, looking even at the same things they assumed to him a totally different aspect and had in them a totally different meaning. "When I became a man I put away childish things." "Now"—in the childhood of this world—"we see in a glass darkly ;" we see things in mass, not in definite outline ; we see things in the general substance, not in speciality and species ; "but then," being a

man, and looking up into the other great manhood of eternity, "face to face."

And it is Paul that says this. Astounding modesty! The man that had been caught into the third heaven, and saw things that human language could not express, that it was not lawful, that is possible, to utter; the man who communed almost face to face with his Maker; the man who stands head high above all teachers of theology, and is considered the father of theology in all the Churches; this man says: "Now we know in part, there is a great deal that we do not know; there is a great deal that if I were to build systems, would make them imperfect, and they would pass away like prophecies and mysteries and general knowledge; my conception of the grandeur of the whole truth when its separate links are brought together—swings a chain about the universe holding it together—my thought of the truth as it will appear to me when God should have builded the eternal city. Now I know almost nothing; I know in part; then I shall know even as I am known before God." There was hunger for full knowledge. There was humility in the Apostle's mind, a belief that the little he could know here was merely fragmentary, that if he were to undertake to build the temple of God, and make it out of the fragments he had in his hands, he would misbuild.

And now, in contrast with all this fading and failing, and passing fragmentary knowledge in this life, and especially in contrast with the great knowledge of the life to come, is the closing sentence of the chapter. Whatever may be the transientness of human knowledge, all things are not transient here; there are some things that no chemistry will dissolve. Men's philosophy will make but a slender appearance on the other side; men's eloquence will be like the rattle of a dead leaf in the November forest, and men's fancied systems, and the grandeur of a consicous power of interpretation—all these things are illustrative of the partial, evanescent, relative knowledge belonging to this state of being, not void of importance, because it is building knowledge, steps by which men are going up on to higher stages and higher knowledge, yet all passing. For when one ascends from a lower to a higher storey he leaves every stair below him after it has helped him up. So in ascending in earth, God employs a great many things in the material world, a great many things in governments and in social relationships by which to help men above them. But if men will sit down on a pair of stairs they will never see

the crystal chamber or dome. And that is our perpetual tendency to call our knowledge foreknowledge, permanent knowledge, perfect knowledge, and to *sit down on it*. Paul says that almost the whole scope of that which men call admirable, knowledgable, philosophical, and theological, is merely relative—relative to ignorance, relative to transiency, relative to growth—changing growth—bark, bark that every other year ought to be thrown off to let new bark form under it.

All these things change ; but, he says, there are some things that do not change. What are these? Theology? God's nature? God's decrees? Man's origin? His disobedience and fall? The plan of salvation? The doctrine of atonement? The doctrine of the Trinity? The inspiration of the Bible? There is something in all these with which we have to do, but there is not one of them that is thought worth mentioning—not one of them—for he says that they, too, go on changing, and are relative ; when we come to see the whole truth, we come back and laugh at catechism, and creed, and confession. But there are some things that do not seem strange. What are they? Emotions, dispositions. The whole universe, from the seed form through every stage of unfolding, is to bear the precious blossom and fruit of what? Faith, hope, love. That is the consummation. Everything before that, partial or impartial, perfect or relatively imperfect, all these things are to take their value from the fact that they are mere stages of growth, by which, when we come through death and find ourselves in the other life, we shall know our identity by the existence in us of faith, hope, love. And a good many of you won't know your own identity. These are not things that men put as the foundation for character ; these are not the foundations on which men build orthodoxy ; these are not the foundations on which men build churches, sects, and denominations, and quarrel and make every wicked work and way in life for the sake of defending the name of the Prince of Peace.

What, then, are these qualities? I cannot stop to go into all the detail. But faith is only another word for imagination applied. It is that part of the man by which men reconstruct and see and discern the things that the senses cannot interpret to them. And as applied to being and to character, and to condition, and to truths whose nature is essentially invisible, faith is the perception or the power of perceiving the things that do not report themselves to the senses. Therefore faith

is something higher than science. Science to-day is confessedly the knowledge that can be established at the courts of the eye, the ear, the tongue, and the hand; it is that which may be true before a man's physical organisation, and faith is that which is true before a man's imagination, it is the constitution of the mind that interprets things higher than matter. Hope is the sweet eye that never looks backward, the disposition which eternally lives on, which cures present evil, remedies every mistake, by an eternal sunrise. Hope doesn't believe in sunset, nor in the rolling hours that bring round again the sunrise; it is forever facing towards the east and waiting for the sun to rise. It is the power to live without bodily organisation; it is that element of the spirit that sees all that is unrevealed by matter; it is that temper that lives in the glowing future and in the possibilities of blossom and fruit, of an eternal summer that lies before every man, that does not live in yesterday, that refuses to live in to-day, but that takes the eternal round of the future for its habitation. That is hope, or a poor description of it. And love, that flashes glimpses even in the animal economy, that swells into some notes and articulations in the very lowest of the uncivilised human races, that begins to know how to go alone in the household, that waxes larger and larger as the objects loved are put in our mind against the background of immortality, and that swallows up in itself every other evil passion or good passion, and *is* the man. There are three things that even the grave cannot extinguish; three things that no chemistry in death can change; three things for which we are to wait till the glory comes beyond the horizon of time—faith, hope, love. And blessed be God for the last utterance: "The greatest of these is love." That is the mental constitution through which we shall think, that is the mental constitution through which conscience will act in the life to come. That is the bond of connection among those that in the spirit land have by the growth of time and by the sunshine of eternity become ripened; so that we shall then be in our manhood and know as we are known. And without following out the suggestion that it throws some light on the intercourse which we have with each other in the other life, personal identity will be preserved through the medium of these untarnished qualities. The intercourse of the other life will not be of matter, nor of sordid business, nor of latitudes and longitudes, nor of rising or setting suns, but in the unfolding moral consciousness of every man in himself and

in those harmless friendships and those loves that insphere each other with light and life. Our identity will lie in these qualities. And there are many of you that had better begin to establish identity before you go.

In view of this brief and running exposition, allow me to make one or two applications.

And first, there are two great elements in Paul as a theologian, and it is of transcendent importance that we should analyse and distinguish between the two—Paul is said to be the father of theology, and by perversion of Paul, he is the father of modern and scholastic theology. The task that he had before him was not simply to make known his emotions in respect to the Lord Jesus Christ. His soul was as burning as the Equator; and he declared that for his brethren and his kindred's sake, if he could but bring them on to the ground of love and faith in Jesus Christ, he could wish himself accursed. It was only an audacious parabling of his experience with that of Christ, who laid down His life that the world might be redeemed. Now consider. Here was a long line of Jewish institutions, Jewish theology, Jewish liturgies, and ceremonies and services, and when Paul preached Christ to them, they said: "Would you have us abandon Moses and the prophets?" "No," he says, "I would not; I present to you another, and a better way; all the things for which Moses and the prophets are of any value—namely, the inspiration and ideal of the higher manhood, the motive power by which men can develop that higher manhood—all these you can do better by Jesus Christ than you can by the Old Testament ritualistic services." Now a man cannot instruct a French audience by talking English; and if a man has to teach children, he must talk so that children will understand him. So when Paul was speaking to the Jews he was not talking to civilised Christians who had forgotten all about Jews—except, perhaps, to curse them; his business was to take the ideas, the services, the ceremonies of the Jewish nation, and to say: "Jesus Christ Himself will do for you all that the lamb slain would do, all that the services of the sanctuary would do; He is the living power and inspiration. Organised matter, with whatever moral intent or purpose, cannot stir a man's soul as a living being can, and Jesus Christ is that living being—the Son of God, heir of eternity, with a power that is let down on every soul that believes in Him, or will open itself to Him; Jesus Christ will take the place of services, sacrifices, all forms and emblems, and devices of an

external educatory system ; He will take their place." Now comes the theologian, and undertakes to make us Jews again ; carries us back into that condition of things and says : " Christ came to make that law honourable ; this is the law of the universe—man sinned, and God cannot forgive him, till he has done something to fix up that law that has been broken." Paul was preaching to the Jews that their law and their services—not had not been good, but had been insufficient, and that Jesus Christ, a living Divine force, now let forth directly upon the conscience and conscientiousness of mankind, would take the place of the old. That was *his* way. Our way has produced that whole system of scholastic philosophy in which men's consciences are floundering to-day, and their liberty is circumscribed ; they are birds in a cage ; they may sing, but not fly. Now, Paul was a theologian in another direction ; he was a theologian for the ages rather than for the Jews. The grand element of Paul's theology was the nature of sole facts, the relation of heart-life to the formation of a man's outward life individually, the relation of Divine love to the production of the same in the human bosom, and then the relation of love developed in the minds of men by the Spirit of God to the whole evolution of Christian character and Christian institutions. Theologians had not taken that post ; they had recognised it, but it bore about the same relation as a man's vest pocket does to a whole suit of clothes. They say : " Here is the teaching of the Apostle, as the grand outlines and foundations : but a man should also have graces, he should have love, something besides mere knowledge," where as Paul thunders through the heavens saying : " Without love as a foundation in the teaching and in the practice of life, everything else is smoke and ashes." Modern theology, so far as it is based on the ancient—thank God it is struggling for a new birth, and is coming to the new birth of love—the old scholastic theology has been teaching after Paul's interpreted method to his Jewish countrymen, and that not understood by them. But the new theology is to be—as it respects the nature, supremacy, and results in the individual, and then in the whole human family, and then interpreted in the state, and then among nations—the prevalence of the power of love.

I protest against any that shall say that I undervalue reason or conscience. I do not. But for eighteen hundred years since the revelation of Jesus Christ as the love of God—showing itself to be love in that it could suffer—we have been

preaching conscience and knowledge, and what has been the result? Where is Africa to-day? Where is Asia to-day? Where are North and South America to-day? Eighteen hundred years, and war thunders at the gate of every city on the continent. Eighteen hundred years, and yet the Church itself is marked with blood, for it has been the cause through its bad philosophies of more murders, more inquisitorial cruelties, and more separations than even civil governments themselves. Eighteen hundred years, and we have had conscience preached, and truth! truth! truth! Eighteen hundred years, and the world has dragged like Pharoah's chariot in the Red Sea, and it would look sometimes as if the sea would overwhelm the Church under. Now when we begin to say: "Is it not worth our while to lay the foundations over again?" and is it not safe to put the foundations where Christ Himself put them, "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself?"—this is the Bible; it was all the Bible that existed then. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "God is love." Who so loveth not shall not understand. No man can understand God by the intellect; no man can understand God by any ratiocinative process. But He that is filled with the afflatus of love knows and feels God, just as a man knows when it is summer without looking in his almanac; God, is in him, round about him, above him, below him. Talk of orthodoxy! What has orthodoxy done? In nearly two thousand years it has done a good deal. Paul says on one occasion that some through Christ had contention, hoping to add to His bonds. What then? "Nevertheless I rejoice, because Christ is preached," that is, the poorest preaching of Christ is worth something to mankind. So I say in regard to the whole sum and substance of truth, even the poorest rendering for the most part has some direct or indirect influence; but here is the grand foundation which no man ever laid, but God Himself lays, and would it not be worth while to see whether or not, in the ages that are to come, with love, joy, meekness, gentleness, faith, hope, as the strenuous, stringent, and all-abiding soul of theology, the world would not fare as well as it has done by conscience and persecution? I say it would do better. You say it would not. Well, go your way and I will go mine.

That leads me to say next that, while the true preacher will not leave out any element of reason, of history; any element of interpretation, that which distinguishes him is the building

up of men in qualities. "Well," you say, "the only way to build a man up in quality is to preach the right kind of truth." You have been preaching "the right kind of truth" from generation to generation, and do not build at all. And more than that, the sweetest characters that live are oftentimes outside your own church and orthodoxy. You are obliged to confess, you Calvinist, that a man may be just as good a Christian as you are, and be an Arminian. You are obliged to confess that here and there you find a man who disdains all church economy and ordinances, and yet is as sweet a pattern of a Christian man as ever was born in the Quaker household. You are obliged to confess sometimes: "That man is a Christian if ever there was one;" "My mother was a Universalist, yet there never was a Christian like her." You bring it to your minister, and he says; "Yes, that may be a single instance." Single instances are like single wedges that split knotty logs. If it were so, that all the pugnacious theology of the ages gone by had resulted even in a small band of exquisitely white flowers and beautiful fruit, there would be something more to be said; but when you are obliged to say that God in His sovereignty converts men outside churches, outside theologies, that in the great illustrious cycle of love men are growing up into Christ Jesus, though they are rejected in the church and rejected from the pulpit, yet they are among those that really teach mankind what Christian life is—so long as you are obliged to make such a confession as that how can any man say that the development of Christian character is dependent upon the theological lore and literature of the world. I do not disdain it; I say, in regard to different ages, it was the best exposition they could give; in a ruder day, with more barbarous manners and customs, it led on and helped on, first as the old chain armour in days gone by was serviceable enough, but would be miserable to wear nowadays; so I hold that operose and hard and barbaric explanations of the mediæval ages might do some good in that time; but they should long ago have fallen away from men advanced, as we are advanced, in Christian temper and disposition. The business of the Church is not to use the Church as an insurance office by which a man seeks to protect himself against future fire. The business of the minister is to build up men in the qualities of Jesus Christ; for that he is to preach. All the tests, both for receiving men and advancing men in Church life, are of the

disposition. As the disposition goes unharmed through death to its glorious crown, so in Church life it should be the business of every man to build men up to the perfect man in Christ Jesus. There are a great many administrations, a great many economies, says Paul; they are all of God, and if you will let them alone, they will work out safely and be beneficial in the long run. Liberty is good in the Church and in theology, as everywhere else; but it is the only place where there is no liberty of thinking. There is liberty in politics, in science, in philosophy; it is only in theology that men are kicked out of livelihood and out of position if they think freely. The day is coming when we will better all that. I am the son of a theologian. I was baptized into theology. I believe some of it; and some I do not, blessed be God! The days are coming when belief will have to take a seat below love, when the head will have to do honour to the heart. Then we can say, as the Apostle said of the Church: "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men." It is not, therefore, so much as an iconoclast that I say these things; it is not that I scorn theology and all the steps of knowledge. No man believes in knowledge more than I do; but I would assign it to its proper place, its subordinate rank; I deny that it has a right to wear the crown; I say that the heart is to wear the crown.

One thing more. When I look sometimes at the condition in which the world is left; when I am obliged to say that all Ethiopians are my brothers; when I look upon the Asiatics and see how they are all left by Providence, I am thrown into deep dejection. It is not men that are so valuable in my sight, but my God. When I come to look for the eternal Father, the God of all compassion, of all love, and I find that the doctrines of the Church have spread such a veil over Him and I cannot find Him, I am like Mary in tears, and I say: "They have taken away my Lord, I know not where they have laid Him." And any seeming assault upon theology is not because I hate schools, not because I hate thinking, or systematic thinking, but it is because I love my God and my fellow-men, and I would tear away every veil and blow away every cloud that should prevent the full shining of the love of God for mankind. When I look at this condition of the nations I must find some other reason than that given in the creeds why God has suffered the world to go on as He has. For if He has doomed mankind to eternal destruction, except

upon certain conditions, and then left them without Sabbaths, without Bibles, without priest, without altar, and if He continues to do it from generation to generation, oh ! I cannot worship that organised and perpetual cruelty ; I cannot worship that ; and I take refuge in this thought of Paul : we see only a fragment here ; we do not know what the remote future is ; but this is disclosed to us—that future is to be the grand development of the sweetest and noblest days that have dawned upon the conscience of mankind in this world. And I take courage, and I say, there is a grand march in the universe. I perceive that there has been in time a gradual unfolding of higher and higher qualities, and I believe that may be carried forward, and is carried forward, not here alone, not alone at death, but on the other side, and that as when we plant the corn (according to Paul's elsewhere figure), then up comes the blade, and then the stem, and then the head and the grain in the head, or ear, so I feel that in some great field such as I cannot comprehend, God has planted a future that shall bear a harvest of shouts of glory and honour and salvation to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb. All the steps, all the interpretations I do not know ; but the whole universe is moving up, yea, and without knowing it. And, methinks, that in those innumerable multitudes of stellar hosts there are some populated worlds, and that there are some great moral truths that are being developed there as here ; and as we hear oftentimes in strains of music exquisite stanzas and cadences, but by-and-by are permitted to come to a concert-room, where Beethoven swells in all the grandeur of his symphonies ; so there are, I believe, elements in the universe, here some, and there some, and by-and-by, when the great oratorio is chanted round the throne of God we shall see what the meaning of these movements is. "Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face ; and we shall know as we are known. And in that great day, O, my soul, be not thou laggard nor broken-winged ; let thy head be love and thy wings be faith and hope ; and foremost to where my mother stands, my father, my children, and whom I love best on earth, let me wing my way ; only amidst them all, and before greeting, I may cast myself at the feet of Him who loved me and died for me and washed me in His own blood. To Him, Jesus, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, to Him be the praise !

THE ATMOSPHERE OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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“For we are saved by hope.”—ROMANS viii. 24.

ONCE it would have been said : “We are saved by repentance.” Again, in other places it is said that we are saved by faith, and again, we are taught that we are saved, not by anything that is in ourselves, but by the grace and mercy of God. When a man takes a potion of medicine that is made up of half a dozen different elements, he is not stumbled at all by being told that each of them ministered to health, and that all of them put together saved him. A man is saved by love ; he is saved in some respects by fear ; he is saved by Divine grace ; he is saved by faith ; he is saved by any or all of them put together. They are all true. Now, you shall find, I think, that in the New Testament, the elements of salvation are all of them of a joyous, elevating, inspiring character ; for though suffering is recognised, it is low in its place, and it belongs to the lower experiences of human life and human nature ; and the higher developments of God’s grace come to us almost always in the form of light, and warmth, and beauty, and gladness. Right in the face and teeth of the old ascetic doctrine of religion, it is the most beautiful thing that ever blossomed on the earth. The old-fashioned way was to teach us that here men grow in rocks, but that there they will blossom out ; that here they are in their lower stages, but they will be beautiful when they get to Heaven. I hope they will. I hope they will be a good deal more beautiful than they have been made to be on earth. But I hold that religion is beautiful to begin with, and at every stage and step : not that it is perfected, not that the harmony of the soul has yet been clearly developed, but in so far as

salvation has taken effect and is taking effect, the experiences of it are those of joy and not those of sorrow. But that will come more plainly a little further on.

Salvation includes rescue from evil here and hereafter. The main business of salvation is reconstruction. That is better than nothing—to be saved from hell—but it is rather a mean idea. And to be saved into joy—that is a great deal better than nothing, but it is relatively low. But to be transformed into the image of God through Jesus Christ, and to have been lifted up into a state that is salvable, is a much nobler conception of religion ; and that, as I understand the teaching of the New Testament, is the work of grace that God is carrying on—the work of transformation towards a higher condition of mind and emotion and conduct and character that shall consummate itself in the other and higher climate.

So you shall find that this idea of a higher and a nobler manhood, everywhere intimated, is nowhere else more admirably expressed than in Paul's writings, as, for instance, in Ephesians, where it is said : "And He gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers." What were they given for ? For wrangling, one would think, if you look back on history. But no. "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the body of Christ ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." That is what all ministrations on earth are made for ; that should be their drive and their direction ; to reproduce in men substantially the character, nature, and genius that were in Jesus Christ Himself, and manhood ; not salvation—that comes also, that is derivative—but the business is to be built into the image and stature—not like a little dwarf, not a little lean resemblance to Christ ; but into the fulness of Christ. Here is the end and aim.

Now, manhood, in our modern phrase, is what was meant anciently, and in the New Testament, by righteousness. Rightness, in the Old and New Testaments, is declared to have been the aim of God in the working upon the human soul. The ideal differs, and the means differ ; but the aim of Christianity is the production of a manhood which fits one for this life, and which then fits him for a higher spiritual life. It is Christ-building, soul-building ; it is the production in a man of those conditions which reflect, only with lesser light and smaller in

compass, the Divine nature itself. And everything is good or bad just in the proportion in which it contributes to this end. Now, in school a dullard has to be whipped; that is a means of education to him. Yet whipping is not a part of education. Better be whipped than be for ever a fool. If a boy has intelligence, quickness, and application, he won't want the whip; he will do better without it; but it is better that he should be chastised than that he should remain in the bondage of ignorance.

And there are a great many things in God's discipline with men in this world that are not themselves of the nature of grace, and are only relatively good, and only relatively good to certain persons or certain stages of human experience and development. Rather than that men should go to the worst, many things, like medicine, are better, but they are not good for daily bread. Men desire that work upon the human soul should be with as little human agency as possible, and I am afraid that I shall offend the prejudices of a great many men who have been educated in the old-fashioned theology, as if I had underrated the agency of the spirit of God in the work of human salvation. I do not. I differ from you if you have been brought up so, not so much by giving up my faith in the efficient activity of the mind of God upon the human soul, as enlarging it. It is the *more*, not the *less*, if I am heterodox; for I believe that the Divine mind is out and at work upon everything in creation, and all the time without cessation upon low and upon high, and that the unfolding gradually going on in creation is an unfolding like the advance of Spring from the growing heat of the sun which brings in Summer; so every step of unfolding in human history has been through the attraction and ripening of the Sun of Righteousness among the affairs of men. When, therefore, I shall seem to speak of the work of edification and sanctification as if it were from human causes—as it is, all human causes have their spring in the Divine soul which is the source of power, and without it they are nothing—it is not to set aside the idea that the Holy Spirit is the efficient agency in a man's calling and in his conversion and in his final salvation, but to show that the action of the Divine mind is so large and so continuous that we need not look after that, but only after those subordinate instrumentalities which He works in us, for He teaches us to work with Him—to work out our own salvation. To speak of a man's own will, of the instrument and of the character, the drift and the nature of



these things which result in true conscience and edification, is not to set aside God's efficient influence ; it simply indicates the method of God's work upon the human soul.

Now, in looking over the organisation of the human soul, there are different classes of faculties, and each of them, I suppose, in the sight of God is treated differently according to its own nature. God's natural world treats stone as it does not treat plants ; God's providential administration deals with plants by laws that do not pertain to animal life ; and in the providence of God He deals with the lower animals as He does not with human life ; and in regard to the human life He deals with the lower, savage, brutal, barbaric forms, as He does not with the higher, unfolded and Christian forms. That is to say, the mind of God works upon the highest qualities that have been evolved in His providence in all the outward world. The lower and yet indispensable appetites and passions of mankind produce and sustain life in this earthly stage ; upon them no moral character can be built. That is what Paul means in the eighth of Romans—much misinterpreted, much misunderstood, I think. There have been, during long periods in history, and there are still, widely prevalent ideas in regard to what is manly and heroic. It used to be thought that power, strength, muscle, courage—yea, deceit, craft, cunning—were the elements of manhood ; that was before any high moral conception existed in the world. Little by little these things have taken a lower rank ; these have seen growing up round about them qualities that were superior to them ; and yet these basilar faculties in man existed and are necessary to our earthly condition ; but they are not moral qualities, and out of them you cannot frame a character which shall please God. The operation of appetites and passions in so far as they minister to the earthly existence of this body are all very well ; but in so far as constituting morality and virtue and the higher forms of inspiration—they are nothing. They produce and sustain life in this earthly stage, but no moral character can be built upon them. Thus we read explicitly : " Because the carnal mind "—oh, you think the carnal mind means the mind before conversion. No such thing. It is the mind, or that part of the mind that belongs to man as an animal ; it is the appetites and the passions that belong to the lower nature of man as an animal, and out of which higher faculties have been developed. And in that state and by these qualities " the carnal mind is enmity against



God : it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Go out into a pasture where there are roaring bulls and read the ten commandments to them ; how much do you suppose they will care for it ? Go and read the ten commandments to rocks, to vegetables, to lions, to tigers, or to that in man that has any analogy to the animal life. They are subject, these lower elements of human nature, to the moral law. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." The moral law cannot touch appetites and passions. "So, then, they that are in the flesh," that is to say, living in their animal instincts and passions, "cannot please God." Those lower faculties have nothing in them that either worships, or recognises or feels inspiration or unfolds in the direction of heavenly-mindedness. The qualities that do this are much higher up. The social affections come next, and they have a sphere, and they have functions in society, in this life, and also the beginnings of higher spiritual qualities foreshadowed in them. The passions are the things that help a man to live in his body and in the material world ; the social qualities are those that help him to live in society, among his fellow-men, and they have in them also the elements of self-sacrifice, the elements of kindness and gentleness ; but in their lower forms they are not to be compared for a moment with those higher, silent, heroic qualities that Christ produces in the soul. Then at last come moral and spiritual qualities in the unfolded man ; conscience by which, when properly trained, we desire and appreciate right and wrong ; and then in their blessed order, faith, hope, love. These are the inspirations by which we are spiritually at length enfranchised ; and when a man has come to a life of love, hope, faith, conscious rectitude, that very moment he has escaped the bondage of the flesh and is Christ's free man. These qualities constitute the working forces of the soul in fashioning the Christian character ; or in other words let me say, the qualities that are employable and are regarded in the New Testament as peculiarly Christian are all of them of the higher order, hope, joy, faith, and other co-ordinate qualities of which I shall speak in the sequel.

Christianity is luminous. The life of the Christian is a life ; not a drudgery, not of the lower, not of the changeable and intermediate motives and qualities ; but that is the Christian element in education and experience which springs from rectitude—the rectitude of love, that carries with it the light of

hope, that carries with it the foresight and intuition of faith itself. And these qualities are not only the fruit of the spirit of God in men; not only are they the efficient native forces in the regeneration of men and in their redemption from the flesh and in their perfection in the spirit life through Jesus Christ, but they are, all of them, I had almost said, gay, sparkling with peace and rest and joy; and true Christianity, instead of groaning, triumphs; instead of being gloomy, it is radiant; instead of fearing, it hopes all things, and endures all things; and to be a Christian is the happiest conceivable form of existence in this mortal life. These qualities are all joy-inspiring. They are not simply promises of joy to come, though they are that, but by their actual experience they give the highest joys that are known to mankind. The lower qualities in men may suffer in the experience of time, but the others, joy in the Holy Ghost, in our affinities with God by the Holy Spirit, such as that we live by faith, live above the flesh, live by moral intuition, live by love, these are constantly fountains of joy in this life.

The Christian idea has been adulterated and poisoned by passing through the ascetic atmosphere. Well, and what is the ascetic? It might almost be said that asceticism is the atmosphere of vinegar, it is an atmosphere of sharpness and sourness, it is an atmosphere the opposite to saccharine. The saccharine is the sugar atmosphere, and asceticism is the vinegar atmosphere. The true Christian looks at everything through the hopeful, the joyful, the radiant; and the ascetic looks at everything through the murky, the muddy, the sour, and the hard. The true Christian thinks that the experience of religion is an experience radiant of victory; the ascetic thinks that to be a Christian you must be dragged at the heels of all the texts in the Bible that speak of the experience of men in this world in a kind of bondage and mournful captivity; that tears are better than smiles, and pain is better than health, and that everything in this world that tends to make men happier is to be suspected.

And this does not simply belong to the school of the ascetic; it has drifted and suffered itself to become a kind of atmosphere; and the average Christian experience has in it a large shading of asceticism borrowed from the old ascetics. Who were they? and where did they get their impulse? They got their impulse from a false interpretation of Scripture. That Scripture teaches that our first parents fell there can be no doubt. After that it is man's work. Then they go on to say

that the whole human race fell too? Where is the text? Where is the teaching? What prophet, what evangelist, what Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ever taught that? But it has come down in the catechisms and in the creeds of Christianity not only that our first parents fell by their transgression, but that in consequence of their fall the curse passed upon the whole human family, and that there has not been a man made right from that day to this. What sort of a god do you present, then? If in the fall of the family the consequences rested upon them that transgressed, we should have no legal objection to such a sentence; but to say that the unborn millions that had no part nor lot in the transgression of our first parents were to suffer degradation and annihilation, as it were, in consequence of a sin that they never committed nor gave any consent to is to establish an idea of justice that would turn heaven into tyranny and God into a malefactor.

But that is not the worst of it. That after such an imputation of sin that men knew nothing about, God should have gone on and turned the crank of creation, and multiplied them, and multiplied them, and multiplied them, swarming the earth with them in every generation—why, what would you think of a doctor who should go about inoculating men with mad-dogism, in this world? How long would you let him stay? How long would you let a man with small-pox wander up and down? But suppose a man were to create it, and should be suffered to go into society! All the instincts of justice, all the humanities, rise up against the continued creation of inevitable and unbounded evil. Yet men have been taught by the ascetic mediæval and scholastic theology that God has done it, and on the pattern of infinity.

But then it would not have been so bad if there had followed at once remedial influences. But for ten thousand years the great bulk of the human family have been without a Sabbath or a Bible, or a missionary, or a prophet, or a teacher, or a minister. How is Africa to-day? What care is taken of its population? And so look upon the monstrous and infernal doctrine that has been foisted into Christian beliefs, that our God that bowed His head rather than that men should die is Himself the author of death and the propagation of it, and has made it part and parcel of Nature, changed the whole organisation of Nature, created men, ranks and degrees beyond the power of arithmetic, and for what? Because their forefather sinned!

Well, now, from this begging of facts, from this unluminous and murky statement of facts that never happened, but which were adopted by the school of ascetic theologians, have come the derivative inference—namely, that if man, by reason of Adam's transgression, had become thoroughly corrupted in every part of his own nature, then the natural action of reason, the natural action of the affections, the natural action of the moral qualities themselves, is all impure and sinful. That is the inference that must be drawn ; and, if so, then there comes the practical form of it, that every man in this world is bound to resist these malign tendencies of Nature, and that conscience is a perverter, that joy is a perversion, and that the sweet affinities of life are all of them to be given up in the hope that by-and-by we can find them in heaven at compound interest ; but here they are bad. There is a natural love of neatness, I hope, among most people in civilised lands ; the ascetic went nasty because he thought he must resist those tendencies of taste ; they were of Nature, of spoilt humanity, and he would have grace in heaven in proportion as he had filth on earth. And so men have gone on one after the other, putting out the bright stars through which God has sought to lead the race onward and upward. This view of the ascetic, that the world fell by its own transgression—I believe in that—was not enough ; but it was corrupted by the idea that God Himself continued to propagate a race that had gone down and that had not been extinguished ; that He went on producing animalism, and animalism, and animalism. If, then, all the natural and ennobling tendencies of the human mind were, according to the ascetic theology, merely “ of the earth, earthy ” ; if there is nothing in this world that is not to be suspected and put down ; if we are to have our whole indulgences of joy and pleasure after we get out of this hospital world, you will see why it is that, to a very large extent, modifications of asceticism prevail in the popular ideas with respect to religion.

The world lieth in corruption and wickedness, not by man's actual transgression and perversion of self—that is the ascetic teaching. We believe that men have perverted their way, individually voluntarily, and that men follow the flesh rather than the spirit ; we believe they do it of their full, free choice, that they do it when the motives to the other thing are multitudinous, recognised, pressing. There is no difference of opinion as to the sinfulness of man. In the carrying of this amazingly complex nature of ours, we constantly mistake ; and

there are infinite infirmities which are violations of law, but not culpable ; and we have a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. All the violations of law that were not intentional disobediences, that came from weakness, from bias, from example, from ignorance—those are infirmities, though they are violations of law. All sin is violation of law, but all violation of law is not sin. When a man walking in the street meets a neighbour, and smites him in the face, and lands him in the gutter, that is a violation of law both civil and Divine ; but when a three-year-old child, being disappointed, slaps its nurse, that is a violation of law, but you do not knock the child into the gutter—you treat him very differently from that. He did not know, he merely acted on an impulse, not on an experience. So there are multitudes of things of the same kind. The race is learning its trade, and all apprentices have to make mistakes on the way to learning. So in this world, with such wonderful instruments in the minds of men as we have, the knowledge of how to use them is very little ; and those that are neglected, not educated, that have nobody to take care of them, learn almost not at all, very slowly, anyhow, and only outwardly. But Christian nature teaches the child how to use his temper, how to use his likes and dislikes, how to use the whole economy that is inside him, and so, little by little, he overcomes the lower and grosser forms of Nature, and brings conscience and the higher spiritual traits into the ascendancy. There is no difference, therefore, between one and another school as to the reality of sinfulness, and that it is universal, and that every man from the cradle up sins, partly by his own fault, largely by his ignorance, largely by infirmities, by want of knowledge.

Now, as to the restorative process, we hold that sorrow and pain are better than the fruits of sin which are produced if these are not applied as medicine. Sorrow and suffering may be made instruments of reformation—nay, of manhood. We find in the experience of life that not they that are freest from all embarrassments make the best men. The child brought up to hardship, without effort, with a strong will discerning here and there slowly the right way, but by indomitable patience hews out his prosperity, and at last comes, through wealth and good citizenship, to stand on his feet—we say that is a man self-made, educated by adversity. He is strong, and the winds cannot overthrow him, and the floods cannot sweep out the foundations from under him. There is the ministration of



sorrow that is to advantage ; but, on the other hand, sorrow is not the type of Christianity. When a man has wrenched a bone asunder and goes to the hospital, and the surgeon brings back the crackling bones and bandages them, and the man lies upon his back for a time, and at last upon crutches is permitted to go about his daily business, little by little restoring the limb that was smashed, we perfectly understand that the painful treatment is simply relative to the recovering from an accident. No man ever says that crutches are better for a healthy man than nothing ; nobody ever says that, in order to restore a leg, pain that is necessary is a great evil ; it is a great benefit. But broken legs and broken bones and crutches are not the type of healthy manhood. So, when a man is sick by disturbance of interior arrangements, he loathes food, his head swims, fever beats in every vein, and he takes nauseous medicine, a good deal of it usually. Yet nobody wants to have medicine about his table as a dish, as if it were the best thing a man could eat every day. It is good relative to recovery from a worse state, but not to set forth a type. In the ministration of God's Providence in this world, tears and heartbreak, and all forms of moral or social suffering are good for what they do to a man who is sick or out of the way, but when he is brought by suffering into some affinity with the right way, suffering is not the type of the right way, but joy, peace, hope. We are saved by hope ; we are saved by the finer instincts and finer influences of the human soul ; not by the dread, the captivity, the bondage, the crutch, the odious medicines.

The ascetic view has not merely confined itself to a theoretical statement, it has affected the experience of the Church. Partly it has been rejected, partly it has been retained, and I affirm that true religion, as over against the ascetic, is not a thing either of tears, or of sorrow, or of suffering, or of deprivation, but that no man comes up into the fullest position and freedom of his own mind until he has submitted the animal life to the government of his higher moral nature, and that higher moral nature lives in a perpetual inspiration and direct personal contact with the mind and will of God, and then the atmosphere of a man's soul is not that of clouds and storms ; but religion truly attained brings a man into the largest liberty and into the sweetest light, both in regard to daily experience and yet more in regard to that unfolding experience that lies beyond vision and beyond knowledge.



So far from it being true that a man is called by religion into bondage, it is the reverse. No man is so much in bondage as the man without religion. No man is so far from the highest quality of himself as the man who is living on the pleasures of the day as they go by. There is no liberty like that of obedience to God's laws.

That is true of the law of gravitation. A man builds a mill on the falls, and the falling torrent turns his wheel, and the law of gravitation is that which he employs. He has found out what it is; he puts it to work and makes a slave of it; instead of grinding his corn in the old-fashioned way, by his muscles, the law of gravitation does it for him. He has submitted himself to the natural force, and what does he get? Service. Once, when the electric currents were flashed in the North, they were dreaded in the storm; they were phenomena of beauty or terror; but we have found out a good deal about electricity, we have found out its nature, much of it, and what do we do now? We say, "Serve us," and it gives light to our dwellings and casts its beam down upon our streets. We say to it, "Go under the sea," and away it goes. We have made a postboy of that which savage men yet dread and did not know what to do with. The moment men know what it is, and submit themselves to its necessary conditions, it turns right round and serves them, and they are as much stronger as the whole strength of the natural law. When a man stands at defiance with natural law of any kind, higher or lower, to that degree he weakens himself; but when he throws his life along the plane of any known law, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, or any other, he takes to himself the energy of the law which he obeys, and obedience, instead of being circumscription, is enlargement—it is power, it is the energy that the other life pours on the wheels of this life.

Therefore discard the idea that to become a Christian is to diminish a man's pleasures. It changes them, it does not diminish them, except where the man undertakes to do both things. A man that sneers out of doors and holds his tongue indoors has not a very good time. A man that is vulgar with the vulgar and seeks to be refined with the refined has a hard time of it. A man that is honest among honest folks and a cheat among all the rest has a very divided experience, I take it. You can be one thing or the other; it is very hard to mix them. When a man undertakes to be religious in his creed, and goes through a certain sort of awakening, conviction, and conversion,

and when taken into the church says : "There, I have got my insurance fixed all up, I have got my charter ; no matter what happens, I shall be saved hereafter, I am elected, I have the evidences." God be gracious ! Well, if that is salvation ; if it is a mere mechanical exterior thing, so that a man can go on and be no better than he was before—why should he be ? He is saved, he has got all fixed ; but if his salvation is by the power of God's Spirit, the transformation of a man's nature from a lower plane to a higher plane—if it is the unfolding of the man himself into the image of God, into His love and His power, that is a very different thing. A man can have stages of attainment, but a man cannot serve God and Mammon both with heart and will at the same time. You have got to be good or you have got to be bad voluntarily. Choose ye whom ye will serve—if the Lord be God, serve Him ; if Baal, serve him, and take the consequences of the allegiance on the one side or on the other. But if a man means to take the allegiance of God, the Holy Ghost, the power of the world to come, all the effluence of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men, and if his life is one of faith and love and joy and patience, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness—if that is his choice, then I declare that the pleasures of men in this world are just in the proportion in which they live denying their lower nature and living primarily in their higher nature.

There is no manhood like that of a true Christian man. A woman in poverty, in pain of body, and in bitterness of soul, sitting in an unlighted hovel singing to her babe, while her drunken husband, riotous, rude, and cruel, holds over her the perpetual fear of her very life or of her child's life—can there be any spectacle more sad than this ? Yet up through the night air go her songs ; she knows in whom she has trusted ; she casts her burden on the Lord ; she lives in the darkness illumined only by faith ; she hopes and lives on, and hopes and loves, and loves the unlovely, and when this beast that has wallowed by her side in all his filthiness at last dies, and all men say, "Thank God he is gone," she sheds tears and is the only one creature this side of angels that mourns over the miserable, the fallen, and the dead ; and as God looks down on that spectacle and sees the bravery, and the purity, and the faith, and the love, and the fidelity and patience, is there out of heaven another spectacle that is more heroic and more beautiful than the enduring love of the wife and mother ? The exaltations of men lie not in their outward conditions, not in

the praises of men, but in the qualities of their own nature, in the lines of light and knowledge by which they live; and he that becomes a Christian and lives in the heroic mood of Christianity stands highest, is best prepared to meet the buffetings of misfortune, can live in cheer and patience and hope; and dying, angels flock in blessed multitudes to see who shall bear the ransomed spirit up. Angel processions largely lie at the door of the chastened poor, and few and far between, I fear, are those that are in competition for the souls of rich men, whose riches have dragged them down, through all their self-indulgences, like lead to the bottom.

This subject throws light on the matter of care. We are commanded to cast our burdens on the Lord; we are commanded to be without care. We go through the experience of care at the beginning, but we overcome it and subdue it by the power of our faith. Have we not One that knows all things? Have we not One that tenderly loves us? If we have put ourselves into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ, why should we carry our own burdens? And yet how many persons there are that hardly think it necessary to make this a part of their religion! They are burdened with care in its frets, its attritions, its anxieties, its subjugations—care and fret, care and fret! And when the minister says, “It is your privilege as a Christian to live above that sordid care,” they say, “Oh yes, it is very well for you to stand in the pulpit and tell us about care, but if you were in our place and had to work for your daily bread under our sharp adversities perhaps you would preach another song.” Well, very likely I should be as bad and foolish as you, but that would not make you right, and it would not make me right. There is a provision in God’s promises and providence to lift men above care. You are not living for yourself, you are not living in your own house. The world is God’s house, and He has promised to sustain you.

I never knew a man that was not sustained in life as long as he lived. He may sustain himself and do it in a beggarly way. But you are to say day by day: “This is the revelation of God’s will respecting me. He wants me to have this trouble, and therefore I want it; He wants me to have this burden, and therefore I will carry it; I am doing it for Him.” My children, as I stand by them and watch their athletic games, put themselves to stress—they run, they cast heavy weights, they develop their power—and I glory in it, and they

glory to see me glory in it. But we are all Christ's soldiers under drill, and some men learn by suffering, some by the absence of suffering, and God knows what each man needs in order to bring out the subtle, divine, and eternal element of his nature. Therefore men that are Christians and ought to be luminous, why should they sink back and give the world the impression that a Christian has just as much care, and sometimes more care, than anybody else? Ah! all that is well so far as the wear and tear of domestic and common life is concerned; but when the staff and the stay is removed, when the heart that flows and flows has no object to fill, when that cradle is empty and the little feet no longer echo on the stairs, how awful the silence of the house that once was populous, and how men that fretted because the children in their romping games filled the house with confusion, when they are gone, say, amid fast-dropping tears: "I would the children were back again; how desolate the house is without them!" How many are there in this life who have found all their joy gone out? If I had taken my children and thrown them into the gulf of forgetfulness, I should myself feel the weights of sorrow. Once and again and again and again I have stood by the open grave and heard the angels saying: "I know whom ye seek; they are not here, they are risen," and I have learned, trained by the Spirit of God, to look upon sorrow and trouble as so much scouring for brightness, so much polishing that I may be made beautiful in the sight of God; that my life is not here, that it is "hid with Christ in God," and when He shall appear my life shall appear with Him. And as to the care and bruises and maltreatment of life, its ups and its downs, only once feel that the hand of the Lord is dealing with and fashioning you, how blessed all these things become! When the sculptor stands before a block of marble, I can imagine that the unlucent and unintelligent stone might say: "I was promised to be made a godlike figure and put into a public niche to be admired, yet here, day by day, there is a rude, brutal fellow with his sharp chisel and heavy mallet knocking off pieces from me, and when he has got down so that even my form appears, still he is knocking my face and cutting me here and there." That is the way that works of art are made. It is by things that they lose that the features come out and their proportions are made to appear. God is a great artist. And if there are any of you that are to be statues in the niches of heaven, God, probably, is chiselling you, and

you ought, at least, by this time, to understand something about God's dealings with you; that by your care, by your burdens, by your sorrows, and by your losses, He is teaching you that this world is not your home, and that the other life is; that you are not fit for it yet, and He is, as it were, like a sculptor, unburdening you of the superfluous stone that is in you, and letting out the lineaments and beauty of your hidden life.

Christian friends, oh! preach the gospel of joy, preach the gospel of fortitude, preach the gospel of hope, preach the gospel of victory. Day by day let men hear the language of joy from your lips. As it is, how many are led to be Christians because they see how cheerfully and happily you live? It is getting to be almost a matter of bargain and sale: "I am going to heaven because I have got the promises, I am going to heaven because I have closed in with the terms of salvation"—so you have learned from your theology. You are in the church, and living about as well as other folks live, and that is the ground of your hope in heaven—that you are going through the hopper somehow or other, and coming out in the bag as flour on the other side. Let not such be your ambition, for He whom you follow is worthy of better service. He who loves and lives for me watches over all the events of my life, and my history deserves something better at my hands than this mechanical conformity to an exterior condition of salvation. My heart, my life, my hope, my purpose, all that I am and all that I have—He is worthy of them all. And the atmosphere of my life ought to be an atmosphere, luminous, beautiful, triumphant. Your time is short. A few more weary months, and you that are most distressed will be free. You that are youngest, it is but a few years that you will have to bear the pitiless storm of time and its temptation. Or ever we imagine the voice will come, and you will be called home; and in that day, when you stand before Him—Him of the cross—the cross that taught you that love suffers, and suffers for the unworthy—when you stand in the forefront of heaven, and with illumined eye discern the meaning of the universe and your life in it, of all the sadness that will for the moment come across you will be the sadness in looking back upon the poor, miserable, poverty-stricken life that you have lived upon earth; and if, then, lifted above it and the memory of it, you enter into the royal presence, of all the glory that ever entered into the mind to conceive the glory of disinterested living and service will



seem the most radiant, as it will be the most endless. God grant, then, that the atmosphere of Christ in you may be an atmosphere of hope, of cheer, of joy and rejoicing; and "let your light so shine that men shall see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."



## PAUL'S IDEA OF THE CROSS.

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“And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.”—I CORINTHIANS ii. 1—5.

PAUL'S writings are full of egotism. When it used to be thought that Paul was the author of Hebrews I am sure that critics had never counted “I”—the “I's” that were in the other known epistles of Paul; they never counted “me,” “mine”; they never had counted how many times the personal pronoun is to be found in all his known and acknowledged letters. It is impossible for Paul to dissociate his own personality from the things he is speaking of; and it is a characteristic such that the moment you once notice it you never can escape from the sense of it again. In Hebrews there is but one personal pronoun, and that is towards the close, and it might have been uttered by anybody. It is as impossible that the Apostle Paul could have written Hebrews as it is that I could talk in Hebrew. And if there is anything offensive among men it is egotism. A man that is always talking about himself is a nuisance; it takes a great amount of simplicity and child-likeness for a man to talk much about himself without being disagreeable to the whole company. Now and then there is a luminous, simple-hearted man that can do it, but as a general thing egotism is a discord everywhere. Yet

I would not have had one single "I," "me," "mine" taken out of Paul's letters—no, not for all the world. It is one of the most admirable features of his writings—the simplicity of his egotism. For note, if you please, that Paul was not Paul. There was not much left of Paul; Paul was made over. You will find in that wonderful passage in Galatians, in the second chapter and the 20th verse, Paul says: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." "All my personality, all that I think of or that exists consciously in me is that which is the product and representative of the work of God in my soul." The philosophy of his teaching, the richest and deepest, was this: he saw the truth on every side as it was in Christ Jesus; and he took it into himself so that when he says "I" he does not mean Paul—the old Paul, but the transfigured Paul, the Paul that has come into such sympathy with Jesus Christ that what he is saying is the echo of the Holy Ghost in him and the voice of God in him. There is a great meaning, which I am not going to follow up now, in the personality of a man that preaches—there is great meaning in that, which I mention and pass by. It is that of God which is in us and is our actual dispositional life that has in it the power for our preaching. A man that is a hard, proud man may preach the Gospel of love technically, but he does not preach it; and a good deal of the preaching to-day is like a score of music which a man cannot play, but he can call off the letters on the scale as if he were playing it; but that is not the music. And the truth of the Bible must be interpreted into a living consciousness in our own souls; the deepest and sweetest truth must become personal to us and then take on the form of our disposition, in some the philosophic form, in some the dramatic form, in some the æsthetic form, and in some various domestic relations: all these elements are the living preaching, not the text, not the deduction of the truth from it, not the systematisation of the truth, not the organisation of doctrine and the clear statement of it, the pedantic external piety, that is not preaching. That may be theologising and there may be a place for that, but the pulpit is not the place, preaching means one's own self. There is a sense in which a man ought not to preach himself but Jesus Christ, and there is another sense in which he cannot

preach Jesus Christ unless he preaches himself. "Christ in me the hope of glory" is the subject matter of true preaching.

Now, the biographical feature of the apostle is not simply a matter of literary interest, it is matter of profound importance. When St. Paul says: "I am not ashamed to preach the Gospel to you also," Romans, why need he be ashamed? And that passage is in close affinity with this, why need he be ashamed? Are you ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? Oh no. What is it to-day? A Gospel that has triumphed over barbarism, that has gone far to extinguish slavery, that has turned the old civilisation bottom side up, whose churches now stand where old temples stood, which has become even fashionable, where all society and those that would have its favour do congregate. Who would be ashamed of the Gospel in a cathedral or in ornate churches with an organ behind the minister and sweet singers round about the choir leader? Who would be ashamed of that? But in the old day when it was merely the off-scouring of the world that was preaching it, a miserable Jew, and every temple in every city was against it, and every Government, imperial, world-controlling, was against it, when all literature and all philosophy, and everything were against it, it was a very different thing to preach the Gospel and say: "I am not ashamed of it." Now it is a harvest-field, then it was ploughing and seed-sowing.

The senses were absolutely, all of them, in favour of old heathenism; all architecture spoke of it, the temples were symbols of it, the power of organisation was on the side of heathenism, the sway of the world was in the hands of men that were pagan. From the equator to the pole, there was no Gospel or any symbolisation of it, everything visible and sensuous, which is the accustomed method of producing ideas and feelings among mankind, was on the side of Rome and of Athens; and yet with all its beautifulness, the hectic of prosperity was on the cheek of consumptive Empires; both Rome and Greece were perishing when they seemed most powerful and most beautiful.

Now Paul came at this time with everything in the world against him, and I want you to take notice, if you follow me through this biography that he gives of himself, of how he strips himself of all the forces ordinarily relied upon for success in this life. "I come to you not with excellency of speech"—yet that is the road to conviction. That is what is studied

in courts, colleges, in the forum ; everywhere excellency of speech combining, in the mere putting forth of ideas, the beauty and the logical connection of ideas. There is very much that depends upon wisdom of utterances, and there never was a time when speech was so much in fashion, and when the want of it was almost a degradation, as in the very day and nation where Paul was ; and yet Paul says deliberately : "When I undertook the work of the Gospel I laid aside all that—I would not have anything to do with it. I came not to you with excellency of speech, rhetoric, poetry, eloquence, the art of the forum—I turn that aside." "Nor of wisdom," which is philosophy. The whole world was then resounding with Plato, with Aristotle, with Socrates, and with their minimised disciples, the Sophists ; and there were sects almost as many amongst the philosophers as there have since been among the churches ; everything was split up into innumerable sects. Paul looked upon all the methods by which men drew disciples to themselves ; he looked upon both the philosopher and the rhetorician and said : "I would have none of them, I would not try either of those methods to bring disciples to the cause of Christ, I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ." Not that we mean by that that Paul himself talked only on that one topic ; he is not speaking of the topics of discourse ; he is upon the force that lay behind the topic. The force by which he expected to drive home conviction was in Jesus Christ. "I determined to rely on no other fountain ; all the stream of my exertion should flow out of the teaching of the nature and the power and the beauty, and the glory of Jesus Christ—that is the fountain from which I expected the power to turn the whole machinery of the Church, I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus ; I did not determine to know the power of rhetoric, I did not determine to know the power of ratiocination ; I did not depend upon learning, I depended upon the subtle spirit which is in Jesus Christ," of which he goes on to speak. "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and *Him crucified*." "I determined not to know even Jesus Christ except as He is presented in His suffering and in His death." Now, when you come to analyse these things in connection with the reigning public sentiment, that is an extraordinary avowal, and he follows it up by saying : "I was, I know, poor, feeble, and helpless myself ; I was in weakness

and much trembling among you ; I was not arrogant ; I had not any great expectations of myself"—and certainly he had no need to, for he was a poor thing himself. But there is that in his thought about Christ, not as poetry has since made Him out ; not as He has now been expounded to us ; not as He has come from fathers' and mothers' lips ; not as sung in hymns ; not from the crystallised experience of ages ; but Jesus Christ as He stood confronted over against those reigning ideas of paganism—"I desire to know nothing but Him ; and when I come to speak of Jesus Christ I desire to know nothing but this fact—that He suffered and died."

Well, what had Paul with which to meet, then, the organised civilisation? The poetised deities, gorgeous temples on every side, robed priests and educational associations of youth and manhood were all round about him, and what had he to present, and who was he that was going to present? Look what Paul was himself. A Jew—a detested nation, as they have been since, hated, probably, above all men that ever lived upon the earth. The hereditary Jew has come down like a scapegoat of the ages, bearing the sins on his head—enough of his own—but bearing a good many race sins, too. And as to Paul, we have his own testimony, given in the second of Corinthians and the tenth chapter, of his own personal appearance. He was evidently a man of very small stature, and, as the legend is, of weak and watery eyes, and of a very faltering and imperfect utterance—whether it was stuttering or not authorities differ. But here was a vagabond Jew, mean, shrunk, peering out of watery eyes, and stammering. That is all that there was of him, and he came to revolutionise the whole world.

Bad enough to have sent a Jew to do it ; but he speaks of himself—there is no getting round it—as having a most insignificant appearance. He says of himself (2 Corinthians x. 10): "His letters, say they, are weighty and powerful ; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." No Demosthenian here ; no Ciceronian here ; no great, glorious, developed man that looks like a god walking on earth, but a little, wrinkled, shrunk, black-haired, weak-eyed, stammering Jew, and he comes down to convert the world. And with all these disqualifications this specimen of feebleness was an exile. He was not a voluntary exile, as many of his countrymen were, seeking wealth all over the world and



employment ; but this man had gone out of the world with the heels of his countrymen as the force. He ran for life ; he was vomited out of Judæa, and was a Jew of the meanest appearance, springing from a nation the most detested of all nations on the earth, and himself expatriated, and expatriated by his own countrymen, and refused to be received by exiled Jews because he was not even fit for a foreign Jew's company. Can you get any lower than that ? Is not there a grim humour in hearing such a one talking about what he did or did not rely on when he undertook to revolutionise the world to Christ ?

Then, as to the Christ. Here were Grecian philosophers, æsthetics, worshippers of beauty, great philosophers that had the theory of the universe, and had their ideas of the true God, of power and symmetry, and eternal youth unvanquished by time and unwasted by thought and endeavour, who sat supreme in the centre of the universe, and brought all things round about Him with royal submission and obeisance. All Nature had not symbols enough to represent the grandeur of their idea of divinity. And what is Paul ? What did he bring them and ask them to take in the place of this God ? A convict Jew—that was his theme—a Jew who had been arrested by his own countrymen, born at the bottom of life ; born not only at the bottom of life among the poor and uninstructed, but born lower than that putatively ; for, while we are better instructed, they at that time and age could not hide from themselves that he was born without a father, and that the fault of his mother was covered up by the benignity and the kindness of Joseph—born below respectability. Is there anything to go lower than that ? And if he was to touch human nature from the foundation to its very altitude, could he have been born otherwise than at the bottom of life and at the bottom of virtue, that is to say, in the impressions produced upon society ? We glorify Mary, and we have thrown overabout a fact of history such an aureole, such an interpretation spiritually, that we revere that which, to the unilluminated eyes of the age in which Christ lived, seemed to be that he was born a bastard. That was the literal interpretation of it at that time. Here was a bastard Jew, not in reality, but as it was understood at that time ; born in a carpenter's family, born in that very part of the nation where it was thought the lowest and most degraded Jews lived, working all his life long at menial occupations, not



having had any education, so that when they heard him they marvelled, saying : "Where hath this man letters? We know His brothers and sisters, they are with us, where did He get His wisdom?" Could you pick out anything lower than that? And yet that Jew, born under such doubtful circumstances, brought up in penury and poverty, without any salient influence during his lifetime, after twenty or thirty years became a self-inspired teacher, but was arrested by the hand of the authorities of His own country, and for the charge of treason, misleading the people, for a joint heresy against the state and against the Jewish church was crucified. He was appointed not only to be cut off from the people, but, studying the ways of death, they picked out the most odious and most detestable way, the one which civilised nations had agreed to be the very death of death, the ignominy of extinction, and He was crucified.

Now, what a topic that was for such a man, for such a Divinity! Was there ever such a text, and was there ever such a preacher as the vagabond Paul and the crucified Jesus? And how well we might have supposed that he would have hid that, and that he would have given the very best and most luminous and winning explanation of the parentage of Jesus; that he would have represented the cruelty of the accusations against Him, and that he would have smoothed it over and made Him at any rate a martyr to noble sentiments among the Jews; and that in every way he could he would have pushed aside those peculiar exhibitions of Christ's life. But what do we hear? The voice of the sweet trumpet declaring : "I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus, and Him I determined not to know except in the very act, and article, and ignominy, and wonder of crucifixion." "I would not hide that, nor glose it, nor explain it; I gloried in it." And all the way through Paul's writings you will see that the cross was not synonymous, as it is in our modern phraseology, with deity. We talk yet about worshipping the cross, meaning Him that hung upon it. But the cross and Christ were two very different articles at that time. The cross meant shame, suffering, degradation, odiousness; it was the symbol of that which was the meanest, wickedest, slimiest, most detestable. There the enemies of mankind, dug out from the lower pools of society, expiated their hideous crimes and cruelties, and on that cross, with all the odium of it, Christ

hung, and Paul says : "I take Him there ; I take Him on the cross."

Is there not some meaning in this ? Compare it, for example, with their ideas of Divinity ; and take this picture as a Jew would represent it to his countrymen ; take this picture of a discarded Jew who had died as a miserable criminal, an odious death after a parentage of more than doubtfulness, and undertook to put that in the niche of the gods, and to preach that, and carry it out in all the civilisation of the Greek nation. Was there ever so hopeless a task as that ? Yet here is the enthusiasm, here is the glorying, here is the choral triumph of the Apostle, "I determined to know nothing but Him, and I determined not to know Him except in His degradation and suffering. I kissed the cross ; all the world reviled it ; I saw in it something that made it the dearest thing to me in human life."

What was that something ? What was this to Paul ? Paul presented the sufferer as God to the Grecian world. Now the Greeks believed that their gods were never suffering. They lived in immortal youth ; and to be a god was to have power over circumstances, to drive away care, anxiety, and fear, and weakness ; to create, because they were gods, an endless circuit of enjoyment, of honour, and of privilege, and to live in a triumphant immortality. That was the Grecian idea of God ; and to present to them a god of humiliation, why the idea stumbled on the very threshold of reason. Yet Paul says : "This is the Divinity I wish to preach to you. Tumble your Jupiter out of your temple ; take away Minerva, take away Apollo, take away all the gods of finer feelings, as well as the whole ruck of penitentiary gods that exist in your mythology ; take them all away, and put up a vagabond Jew that was put to death for treason by his own countrymen, treason that was expiated on the cross ; I want you to enshrine that and call it God." Was there ever such an astounding proposition ? If you look on it from the outside it is "foolishness" yet ; for the preaching of the cross is foolishness, Paul says. To them that understand it it is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. Not the cross, but that which the cross expresses, the interior sentiment. What a rebuke is this to-day ! to all those ideas of God which have come down to us from antiquity, unpurged, Pagan, that God is a Being who cannot suffer. Suffering runs through a

long scale in its possibility. There is the suffering which springs from the violation of natural and material law—sicknesses, diseases ; suffering that violates also the laws of human society—crimes, misdemeanours ; sufferings which come from the violation of the economy of our own body and from the subtler laws that reign in human society among the refined and the civilised and the excellent. These are all sufferings ; but the suffering of God certainly cannot be found in any of these departments. Find a being among men that cannot suffer. You cannot. A mother, for instance, that loves her babe and sees it suffering : does she not suffer ? Not because she has violated any law, or done anything disgraceful. Love suffers, must suffer. It is the nature of love to suffer, that is, by sympathy ; it takes upon itself the burdens of those that are round about it ; it sees their misfortune, it suffers with their transgression even, though not itself partaking of the sinning element. In the higher realm of manhood no man is fit to live in decent society that does not know how to suffer ; not because he is a sinner, but because he is a saint. The higher up you go the broader becomes your sympathy in universal human life, and the more your sympathy of love extends itself the more it seeks to lift those who are round about you to the level of your ideals. The love is very vulgar that only thinks and traffics. “ You love me and I love you.” What is that better than “ Here is gold, give me some lace ; here is money, give me that picture ” ? It is mere trafficking. “ You don’t love me, you don’t care anything about me, and I am not going to care anything about you.” Here are quarrels of love, here are the dramas written and unwritten, and there millions more unwritten than ever were written. Here is the scale. Is there not a love that is expressed by the Apostle, “ Though the more I love the less am I loved, I glory in that ; I know I love more than you do ; I know that I am not much loved, that makes no difference ; you may not love me nor care for me, nor sympathise with me ; but I love you.” It is the power of love without reciprocation. And the greatest natures have that power. They do not love faults or failings, but the people that bear them they love. And love takes its measure out of the soul from which it comes ; its magnitude, its purity, and its beauty are determined by the lover, not by the recipient. I may, of course, love lovely things, but that would sift the world and leave most of it

chaff and bran, and very little plump grain fit to love. If we are going to love we must learn to love things that are not lovely, yea, that are unamiable.

Where is the motive for that? In the divinity of love. There can be no true love such as ought to brood in the breast of God except that love that loves according to the measure of the lover, and not according to the qualities of the recipient. And if there is a God sitting in the heavens that cannot suffer, I am an infidel, an atheist. My bowing down of the head to the Almighty is that, having created a world where the steps of unfolding carry with them imperfection and suffering and mistake, God sits elate in the centre of the heavens and keeps company with the universe which He creates; and as mankind suffer God suffers for them and with them, as it has been expressed in Scripture: "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." My thought of God is not that of a rigorous magistrate bound by law and by precept to execute punishment on the undeserving, and favour on all them that have merited it. I have a God that is the God of the infirm, of the contemptible, of those that are biassed. I have a High Priest that can be selected according to the old Jewish idea, that was selected that He might have compassion upon the ignorant and those that are out of the way, out of law, out of public sentiment. That, as the letters of the Apostle show, was the idea as to Jesus Christ, who was a sufferer for love's sake, who stood in His own simple person as One let down from heavenly intelligences, who came from the bosom of the Father.

I do not use the arguments to prove the Divinity of Christ that have been so favoured. I believe that Christ was God. I do not understand the Trinity, although I accept it as one of the great mysteries insoluble in this state of being; I accept it very heartily. When I am asked, "Do you believe that Christ was God?" I reply, I do certainly; I could not get along without it; I could not live without that thought. If He was a messenger of God that would be a great deal to me; but a messenger is not enough. But if Christ came into the world and said "I am the Son of the Father," if He taught me that He was for all substantial purposes Divine, so that I might love Him supremely, worship Him, give my whole life to Him, why, that is Divinity enough for me. I cannot pierce the veil and analyse the Infinite; I cannot bring things to an arith-

metical basis, nor anything of that kind ; but this I can do—I can say I believe that Jesus Christ was God in such a sense as that He brought within the bounds of finity the Infinite as far as it could be incorporated in matter, and that He did come to make a literal representation of the Divine disposition, and that above every other thing He came down to say : “What you see Me to be, meek, gentle, humble, merciful, long-suffering, patient, self-sacrificing, loving My enemies and My destroyers—I am that because that is God ; He does the same ; He does so because it is the nature of God, and I came on earth to represent these things, not as a perfect man, but as the representation of the disposition of the Divine, eternal God.” Now when I look upon Christ in that light, oh ! how the flight of thoughts, like dove-flights, go up, and I see how patient He was to the sick, how patient He was to the sinful, how the harlot herself found mercy at His feet, how wicked men flocked round Him, and I hear Him saying : “They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick ;” He represents that to be the staple of His character, and then He says : “I am the representative ; I and My Father are one.” Now I have got a conception of the regent-God of the universe that not only lifts my ideas above the horizons of time, but throws a light upon the mystery of the unfolding of the human family upon this earth, and of the suffering going on on every hand that otherwise no philosophy can solve. Tell me not that I can learn the ways of God to man—I shall not learn them till I am with Him—but only tell me that in this march of time “the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until to-day” ; tell me not that my God is a statue of Justice, a marble-hearted God, sitting in His temple, and not caring what the weepers did below because they deserved to weep. I am banished, I am killed, I am dead, I cannot bear the thought of such a God as that. But tell me that in the mystery of creation and in all the great throes of time God is with us all, and always has been with the poor and needy and wicked in all creation, that He has loved them, and is by the mighty power of His love lifting them up—now I begin to have a conception of a crowned God that puts to shame the Pagan notions of God and the Pagan-Christian notion. God *can* suffer. I cannot worship a God that cannot suffer. It is not the suffering of ignominy nor of physical pain, nor of the violation of law, but of sympathy. Love in its nature suffers.



If I want a gauge of friendship it is how much some one will suffer for me that measures the strength of his love ; it is not how much a lover will give me, but how much he will bear for me, how much he will suffer for me—the mother everything, the father much, friends a little, neighbours none.

What, then, is the meaning of this great act of Christ coming on earth and suffering? He passed through in the career of His earthly existence almost every avenue of humble origin, of neglect, of hard-bearing industries, of all forms of supercilious contempt on the part of the educated of His own people. He came into the ministry by the back door ; He never had the favour of the synagogue or of the officials ; He was never regularly ordained into the priesthood or ministry at all. In everything He took the under side ; He was everywhere weak and in want, and He went through life a Man of Grief, acquainted with it in all its phases. He was seized unjustly, ignominiously executed, held up to the scorn of the ages, and returned into heaven, suffering, suffering, suffering, to tell mankind that God had cared for men, that God was willing to share the burdens that had been imposed upon mankind, and that we have a Redeemer whose sufferings and death were a revelation of the eternal nature of our God.

Oh ! for such a thought as that I would fain die if it were for the first time born within me. And this is the God that I love to preach ; this is the God the preaching of whom in the fullness and glory of this power of suffering will make revolutionary work among the dry bones of the old mediæval philosophies. It is a living God, a loving God ; and the love of God is a love that knows how to suffer. The idea is not that of a God who sits complacently to hear Himself praised, praised, praised. It is more like the idea of the father and mother when grey hairs have streaked their brow, and their children come home at Thanksgiving or at Christmas, and in the merry happy light of heaven there sit six or eight children frolicking about, and loving and kissing each other, mingling their senses of gratitude and love for the fidelity of their parents to them. There is no flattery, there is nothing demoralising in that ; it is glorious. My God is not one that looks out upon the universe with the short, hasty eye of time ; he dwells in eternity. God has time enough for anything and everything. The revolving ages that seem to us endless in the past and



endless in the future are as yesterday to God. He is a fast workman ; and I believe that when we shall come and appear in Zion the whole mighty problem of time will roll out, and, in a perfect diapason of grandeur and love and joy, mankind will sing : " God is love, and time benevolence." We are walking through dark ways ; we are in the age of suffering ; we are protected by what we suffer ; but suffering is not necessarily a badge of degradation. Sympathetic suffering marks a high degree of love, and God is high over all others.

This is the Jesus I present to you. He has been everything to me. I have no hope outside of Him. I have no thought for life sweeter than that He loves me and is with me. I have gone through many troublous times, I have borne many hard burdens, I have known both poverty and abundance ; but whether in good or evil, in darkness or in light, the consciousness that Christ was with me, that He loved me more than I loved myself, that whatever was laid upon me was with His knowledge and permission, has given me strength in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren and perils of every kind. In sickness and health, in reproach and in approbation, Christ loves me, has been the one inspiration of hope and of joy. It is the hope I have for men, for the crooked, for those that are out of the way, for the ignorant. " We have a High Priest that can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities," that has been " tempted in all points " as we are, only He has not sinned. And here is what He says : " Naked and open are we before Him with whom we have to do." He " discerns between the spirit, joint, and marrow " ; He is " sharper than a two-edged sword " ; we are like an open book before Him. He knows us altogether. The natural inference of fear would be : " Oh, hide me from His face, if He knows everything—all my secret thoughts ! " No, no ! With the sweet smile and all the blandishments of love He says : " Open are you ; come *boldly* to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in time of need." Jesus sits like the open summer to those that are in the Arctic regions and says : " Come down into the beauty and plenitude of My nature." This is the Saviour that I preach for sinners ; this is the hope of salvation. You can repent, Christ helping you ; you can give up your old sins, Christ inspiring you. You say the law is against you, that classes are against you. God is for you ; and if God be with us, who can be against us ? Our help is in the heavens. The sovereign

Source of all power in the universe is your personal Friend. It is He that calls this morning: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In Jesus there is rest; in the world none. And as Paul gloried in the revelation to him of the power of God to suffer by sympathy with mankind, and as Jesus Christ represents to us that all those beautiful scenes which we hang over in His history on earth are but mere specimens of the grander scenes that are taking place on an infinite scale in the eternal world—oh! can we not to-day say: "I accept this Christ—this is my God, this is my hope, and this is my salvation"?

## NEEDLESS CARE AND ANXIETY.

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“Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you.”—I PETER v. 7.

THERE are very many humble virtues, as men call them, that have more to do with daily life than the loftier aspirations and experiences of men. It is a good thing to cultivate noble ideals, but realities are the germs of idealities; and while there is abundant reason to believe that men are to live as seeing Him who is invisible, there is an equally abundant evidence to show that we are to live mainly in this world, and that religious experience does not consist chiefly in veneration and in enthusiastic experience of joy and love, but that it consists in the hourly and momentarily states of our own mind, in the dispositions which we have. In other words, it is a good thing to make it sure that we shall live hereafter; but it is also a good thing to know how to live here and now. It seems to me that this is simply the practise ground, and that we are to live hereafter, and to know that we are, by practising those virtues which will make it possible for us to understand anything in heaven—its company, its joys, its associations.

I am going to speak to you this morning on the subject of needless care and anxiety. If there is anybody here that is not guilty, he will be kind enough to lift up his hand and let us see who it is that casts all his care on the Lord, or fulfils the other injunction, “I would have you without carefulness.” If there is anybody that lives here in a spirit of quiet and equable joy, mind-tranquillity, then life has written a false line on your faces. I sometimes stand at the door in the city and watch the people going by with wonder—there are so few people happy, or, if they be happy, there are no signs of it visible on their countenances. I make some exception to this in the

case of little children. As a general thing, children are happy, cheerful, merry, thoughtless of to-morrow. "Except ye be converted and become as little children," the Master says. In other words, He looked at childhood, restfulness and trustfulness, as something that men outwore; and it would be a blessed thing if they could get back to that tranquil state. When I look at the structure of the mind I see that God has made it for happiness. It is true that the capacity of being unhappy increases with the capacity of being happy. In that regard we differ from the animal kingdom. It has sometimes been a question whether the world was created for pleasure or for malice. If you judge by a survey of the conditions of happiness, high and low, widespread, I think you will say that the God that made this world means happiness, just as much as the man that builds an organ means music; but then if in the bombardment of a city a ball has gone smashing through the organ, and you then undertook to play it, you might come to the conclusion that some philosophers have arrived at—that the organ was made for discord. How hideous it sounds! It was built for harmony and beauty of sound, and something has happened, or it would still give forth that for which it was built. I know that there are many puzzling questions in regard to this. They once puzzled me, but they have lost their power. I see that Nature creates unbounded multitudes of things, and that other things are created to eat them up. I see that insects and birds, and many of the feebler animals are so made as that a large and higher class in creation feed on them. In other words, destructiveness is the law of Nature; it is the very condition of existence on the part of strong things. The spider eats flies; the sparrow eats the spider; the hawk eats the sparrow; and man eats everything, high and low. Destructiveness seems to have been incorporated into the very necessity of living in this world; and when you apply this with the light thrown upon destructiveness as it exists between human beings, it produces a false interpretation in regard to design and happiness in the whole world. Because every single second that an insect lives is clear gain. If it had not lived it would have been nothing. If it lived but an hour it had that hour. And in all the inferior kingdom, death is painless, and not only painless—it is without foresight, without anxiety; and life is simply a gift of so much golden atmospheric joy. You might as well say that all the

creatures that are not created are evidence of a malign design as to complain that some are created with different ranks and shorter periods and lower tones of pleasure. All the way up to man there is no anxiety. It is anxiety that scours out the metal. It is to-morrow that is all that I am sitting in judgment on to-day. It is, to be sure, also the fountain of hope and expectation, but it is the foresight, likewise, of disappointment and of sorrow ; and taking life all the way through society, the lower, middle, and upper classes, I think it may be said that more than one-half of the possible enjoyment of life is dredged out of men by foresight. To be sure, foresight is a great blessing if you know how to use it. If you have a steed, and you just touch him with the spur, it is good for him ; but if you rowel him every minute you drive him distracted. So in life it is good for a man to have the power of foreseeing and providing against contingent or possible dangers ; but where a man uses this capacity of forelooking to bring imaginary terrors to him, imaginary failures, failures that take on different degrees of light or dark according to the condition of a man's liver or his stomach, or according to his exhaustions, it is very doubtful whether the power of foresight is not worse than any gift that a man has. I have this impression, that we waste more than half of the allotted possible satisfactions of life by care and by anxiety ; and it is against that wasteful, that rebellious spirit that our Master speaks so abundantly in the earlier chapters—the fifth, sixth, and seventh—of Matthew.

Now, when I look into a man I see that he is so organised that he has drastic animal powers and passions which bring so much of our suffering to us. They are, or should be, under the control of the spiritual faculties. In other words, if there are animal qualities, lusts and appetites, if there are these lower forces in the minds of men, then, again, there is hopefulness, there is imagination, there is benevolence, there is mirthfulness, there is humour, and all these qualities have levin, and they tend to create an atmosphere round about a man which overrules and controls these lower appetites and passions to a degree. It is a very great mistake, that the ascetics have made, and that, to a certain degree, our Puritan ancestors have made and that is made to-day by those that are supreme teachers of religion, that religion manifests itself by sobriety. Yes, if drunkenness is what is meant by being unsober, it does ; but when the apostles speak of sobriety, they mean

sobriety of disposition and thought, not sobriety of animal drinking. We are to be sober. Now, sobriety does not mean unsmilingness. A man can be just as sober when he smiles as when he does not. It is supposed that integrity and trustworthiness go with a certain gravity of countenance. If a man's face is cast in a mould of gravity, he cannot help himself; but if a man has a face that is competent to smile and be cheerful, and does not use it in that way, he violates the spirit of the Gospel itself; for the Old Testament and the New, everywhere, in their higher and purer forms, represent peace and joyfulness and trustfulness. But there came creeping in through the mediæval ascetic heresy the idea that he who is the most sad and sorrowful, and slavishly prostrate before God comes nearer touching God's heart than anybody else. Which of the children would touch your heart? Would it be those that stood at the door, and eyed you, and waited to see that you were in a happier mood, and then stealthily crept towards you, getting more and more prone till they got down before your feet? Would you not be inclined to kick them away and say: "You are no children of mine; I want you to come with the freedom of love to me or not come at all"? Yet men seem to think that the way to God is not that of hallelujahs, and chants, and joy, and radiance of spirit, but on your belly crawling before God; and that if you can get under a roof that is all dark, with the windows painted dark, and with solemn services that groan themselves out of the organ and the choir, that is religion. You might just as well say that midnight was daylight. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of gladness, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Paul had two things to say to the brethren—"Rejoice," and then he thought again, and said: "Well, again I say rejoice," as if there were only one thing to say anyhow. But the old hierarch and ascetic, long-faced, says: "Gloom, groan, sigh, confess your sins." Of course you confess your sins; but that is the door through which a man comes to light and joy, and there can be nothing to be more impressed upon the minds of the young and those that do not believe in religion than this—that the New Testament as well as the Old Testament conception of religion was sonship, and the mode of approach trust, love, and joyfulness. I do not say that men of a severe countenance and men that ask forgiveness if they smile are not good men; they cannot



help themselves—they have had bad theology to teach them, and it may be that they have a disposition that is arid, not fruitful in imagination, in joyfulness. But this I do say, that when they set themselves up, or are set up by other people, to represent what true religion is in a man, they are condemnable, they bear false witness, for I say to you that the truest spirit of religion, according to the declarations of the New Testament, brings light and peace and gladness, not only as towards God, but as towards one another.

The Bible certainly does not neglect the duties of reverence, of worship, of benevolence ; but it takes care of everyday moods, of the things that make this life easy and beautiful as well as of those that secure the other life. Here was the root and the stumbling point of the ascetic doctrine—namely that in Adam's fall everybody was cursed throughout the world, that natural laws were cursed, that man was cursed body and soul, and made incompetent to any good. It is the devil's own gospel that. The true rendering of that most cheerful, joyous, sparkling book that ever was written, is this : "Rejoice and be glad," just as it was in the Psalms and in many of the rapturous passages of the Old Testament ; and gladness, peacefulness, restfulness, and trustfulness are the signs and tokens of true religion. These our children should be taught, and we should teach them by the effect of religion upon our own dispositions and our own lives.

This contentment—that is, absence from care—is founded partly on a wise preservation of health, partly upon a wise education of your minds, partly on a conscious trust in an ever-present God, who loves you and will take care of you—that mainly and chiefly. If trust in God and His providence be not taught by the Gospel of St. Matthew, if our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount does not plough and subsoil all these ungodly anxieties and forecastings, then I do not know what language can be made to mean. Repentance and reformation, growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, are more emphatically taught by a quiet mind than they are by a mind that is drooping and dragging and melancholy.

The roads which lead to anxiety may properly attract our attention for a few moments. In the first place there is that kind of living which exhausts the vitality of the body. Men spend their capital, and they break down with liver complaint ;

they spend their capital, and break down with dyspepsia : they spend their capital, and vices have drained them dry long before they should have been blighted. Anything that takes out of the nervous system its vital tone lowers a man's conscious enjoyment ; and if, therefore, men are melancholy, sad-minded, and see nothing hopeful or healthful when they are sick, they ought to be treated like sick men. But a man would never want to see the benefits of health by going into a hospital and seeing the woes of sickness ; and in life we are not to go to men that are desponding, and dull-eyed, and complaining, never having any luck. There are thousands of men that never did have luck but once in their lives, and that was when they died. Such men oftentimes throw a gloom over the whole landscape, and over the whole experience. This is all bad, all bad !

But, aside from this, the melancholy that comes from exhausted nervous forces—the invalid's melancholy, which is a matter for medication just as much as any organic lesion—there are great differences arising from national character. Nations that value time, that are inspired with endless industry, that are taxing in various ways every resource—the weaker among them, and those that fail, naturally fall into a kind of gulf of despondency ; they are more likely to be attacked with it than any other. I am speaking about your nation, I am speaking about my own—I am speaking of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are a driving, accomplishing, enterprising, industrious people, and we are very apt to waste our forces without moderation, and to determine our enjoyment by the amount of ambitions which have been fulfilled in our strife with Nature and with society. I do not think that in the Oriental lands, where men do not try to excel and do not excel, there is half so much mis-enjoyment as there is in the nations that have aspiration and ambition. It is a national temptation.

Then, besides that, modern civilisation is so complex, and so exciting, and so nerve-consuming, that that tends to mislead men and draw them away from the true spirit of religion. I would not on that account untwist the cords that go to make the strong bonds of civilisation. A man lives in our time in a civilised community, and in the full enjoyment of all the things which knowledge and refinement and religion bring. A man lives more in one year than a savage life affords in eighty years. We live more in one hour than the majority of the globe

live in twenty-four. And thus, as there is so much excitement, and such a play of the mind perpetually, and so many things in civilisation that are neither wise nor wholesale, by the very mercies of civilisation we are in danger of bringing ourselves into the shallow waters, and coming into that state in which we are anxious and full of cares as to what will happen to-morrow and what will happen next week. In business it is largely so. It is largely so in that part of business in which men commit themselves to trust, to credit. The man that pays as he goes, and that at every day at sundown knows just how he stands, must be a very sad-minded man if he does not find it easier to be trustful and calm than the man that is trusting everything to contingencies in the future. So, then, our very style of civilisation tends to lead us into false conditions of mind.

Then there is this greed of wealth, I think, perhaps, almost more than anything else, and it is that that Christ struck between the very two eyes when He said to His disciples: "Take no thought for the morrow; the morrow shall take thought for itself: the Gentiles seek what they shall eat and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed; be ye not like them; trust your heavenly Father, who knows that you have need of all these things." You can push that to an extreme in which it would be false; but as an overruling idea of living within the scope of an easy hopefulness there can be no question what Christ meant in that matter. When men have enough for to-day and measurably for months—raiment enough, food enough, shelter enough, prospect enough—they are not likely to be tempted with carefulness of this sordid kind; but where a man wants not only enough for himself and his wife and children and household, but more than he has any need of, when a man wants enough and a surplus, and then wants enough and a double surplus, and then enough and a quadruple surplus, he begins to have the ambition of wealth; he wants more than that man who has got who used to hold his head so high, and he says, "I will show him some day;" he wants more than his father had, more than that old banker or capitalist had. He has just found out the way to get rich; it is not because his children need it, it is not because he needs it, but because he thinks he can get it, and then he will have the credit of it and the power of it, and can parade himself among admiring crowds, who will whisper:

"See there the richest man in town." And so it comes to pass that that which, in a moderate degree, is a virtue and a benefit to the individual and to society, multiplying the means of civilisation which we can yield for ourselves and for others, leads us to become the slaves of avarice and greediness ; and where this comes to pass see what strife, what collision, what rivalry, what envy, what morbid solitudes ! So men are disturbed by their enterprise.

Then society itself is a great bundle of legislation. After all the laws of Nature have been laid down, and the laws of civil society have been introduced, then the great mass of mankind introduce another and more subtle set of laws of etiquette and procedure, never written and not writeable, but nevertheless learned, and by-and-by the question comes to be : "What will people think of us ? What must we do at table ? What must we do in the carriage ? What must we do in the sidewalk ? How must we dress ? What is the public sentiment, and how can we defer to it ?" All these ten thousand nebulous questions harass some foolish people's lives, and render them full of care and perpetual anxiety. Simplicity dies in the presence of fashion.

But besides these there are the tendencies which are bred by poverty that is never so poor as in the presence of wealth ; and never so poor as in the case of men that have had wealth and have broken down and sunk little by little to the bottom of society, and lost self-respect and reputation and everything, and that look even upon their family and their children without any remuneration of joy. "Once," they say, "I could have brought up my children like anybody else—now I cannot ; I can do nothing for them ; my life is ended ; I have got no property, no reputation." Good heavens ! Haven't you got a God left ? Haven't you immortality left ? Have you not all the realm of peace which God ministers to the soul of a man ? Get up out of the dungeon of your passions ; get up where the sunshine comes ! A man has stumbled on the road of life, and has lost his house. Well, it is hard to see the piano go out and be sold by auction ; it is hard to pull off the diamond rings and sell them to raise a little money ; it is harder yet to see a person whose spirit is cowed because he has to get rid of the superfluities of life ; it is harder yet to see a man that has so little conception of what he is in God ! I am a son of God. Roll my garments in the dust—what

then? Roll my crown from the head—nobody can take away my crown; it “remaineth”; there is a peace of God that remaineth. There is no rivalry for your faith, none for your hope, none for your joy, the endless treasury of a son of God, who, because he is an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ, owns the universe. The idea of man knuckling down to disappointments and troubles that has all this left to him shows that the man is broken not only outside, but inside, shattered to atoms. Your life is not here, it is hid with Christ in God; and every man ought to feel in himself: “I am that that no man can smirch; no matter what reprobate lips may say, it cannot touch me.” The eagle sits upon the topmost crag, and the fowler far below draws vain arrows at him. There is not power in the bow to send the shaft so high as where he sits securely. And he who has made God his trust need fear neither bullet nor arrow, for no man can reach to touch him with harm there. In that hope ought we to live; we are the sons of God.

Hopefulness, cheerfulness—these are the tests of trustfulness; and the question comes up from you: “Can we get these things if we do not have them by nature?” And here let me say it is more easy for some men to be trustful than others. So it is easier for some men to run fast than it is for others. But do not the slow-paced run? Some men are taller than others; but what has that to do with life? Some men think faster than others; some men have a good deal more feeling than others; some men are arithmeticians and mathematicians by birth, and some are not; some men can paint, others cannot; some men can write poetry—thank God all cannot do it! There are, of course, variations of attainment following variations of constitution, education, natural forces. Some men are by nature hopeful. Now and then I see a man so constitutionally hopeful that, come weal, come woe, he is always bright and cheerful; there are other men so constitutionally dull that they make me think of a waggon whose body is set down on the axles, with no springs at all under it; every stone and pebble jolts it on the road; and so these men get on through life. Yes, there is a good deal of difference between one man and another. That is no reason why, in a school, each child shall not make attainments according to his talents. Everybody can work towards cheerfulness and happiness and sweet content in the Christian life.



Some will do it as leaders, some mid-way, some as laggards, but all can do a good deal in that direction ; therefore it becomes the duty of men to study it. You certainly cannot do it by excusing yourself. I have heard men say to me : " Yes, Mr. Beecher, it is very easy for you that are in prosperity and in popular conditions to stand up there in the pulpit, with your salary, with all your loving friends around you, to talk to us about patience. Just come down where we are, and take the buffeting life as we do, and you would see." Then thank God that there is somebody that stands so much higher than care that he can tell you what you ought to feel. But don't be in a hurry. I have had my share of trouble in this life, and, thank God ! I have had my emancipation out of the very doctrine that I am preaching to you to-day. If I were to groan and grumble as some men do over trials that have pursued me, sometimes like a hurricane, the bereavements and sorrows and various trials of my life, I should be like a fountain of complaints all the time. But I learned early to love Jesus. I learned early to take that peace which passeth all understanding from Him. He has never forsaken me ; and I have carried this thought with me at every step through my long, and laborious, and varied life ; and I bear witness to you that, though I have courage and hopefulness naturally, I should have been crushed long ago if I had not had it. I know that I am dear to God ; I know that He would not have put these troubles upon me if He did not mean to sustain me. I have said in many and many a dark hour to the Lord : " Lay on ; I believe You would not put on more than I can bear, and I will bear whatever You put on." What earthly parent would not think of his child's capacity ? And is there an earthly parent that is half so tender to his children as my Lord is to me ? And if I can carry an atmosphere full of God round about me, I say to the storms : " Come on ; " to darkness : " Gloom ; " to sickness itself : " Shake your poisoned dagger ; " yea, and to death : " Glory be to God that death, on this side so full of darkness, on the other instantly is full of glory, and light, and joy unspeakable." So, then, while some men have a constitutional tendency towards hope, and patience, and courage, it is a part of the constitution of every man which he can cultivate. Do not, therefore, excuse yourselves.

Brethren, how do you live in your families ? Old men, you



ought to be like autumn, like October in the year. It is not June, young and smiling, that is most beautiful, tender as it is ; it is not wealth-producing July and August ; it is not September even ; it is October, when all the trees put on their beautiful garments as if they were going to the Lord's wedding, to death itself. The man that has gone through life, fought his battles, and accepted the results, and is nearing his heavenly home is conscious of his riches in the future and in his God ; and the old, of all the men in the world, ought to be ashamed to sit with a haggard face, and in a moping way to say to the children : " Ah ! you will find that the world is not such a world as you think it is now ; it is a sad world, my dear ! " You lie ! It is a glorious world ; and old age ought to be ashamed to mope heresy in the ears of the young. It is a world for strength ; it is a world for enterprise ; it is a world for achievement ; it is a world where a man can prove himself a good soldier. When you shall see an old veteran of the wars who has fought a hundred battles sitting rheumatic and crooning up in the corner, disdaining his campaigns, refusing to tell the children of his hairbreadth escapes, then you may find an example that old men may perhaps be allowed to follow. An old man should say to his child : " Be brave. " An old man should say to every one about him : " I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory which Christ, the righteous Judge, shall give. "

And more than that : we have everywhere throughout the Bible exhortations to this spirit of hopefulness and cheerfulness, which show that it is a main consideration in the training of the Church of Christ. " Let your conversation, " says Peter, " be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, so that I may boldly say, I will not fear what man shall do unto me. " What encouragement that is in the trials of life ! " Come unto Me, " is that wonderful voice of God, " all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. " " Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. " Does religion mean joy and peace, or does it not ? Does it mean anxiety, moping, melancholy testimonies ? It has always seemed to me that while the Hebrews were not a mirthful people, and while there is nothing in our

Lord's teaching that indicates humour or mirth, there is one passage that comes so near to it that I think it must unconsciously have been so. In those very passages in which He was disdainful of the anxieties of men, he says: "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Here is a man only five feet high; he cannot draft into the army; every one looks down on him; he is sad about it, and he goes about saying: "Oh, if I were only a few inches taller?" Christ says: "What is that? Wishing you were taller won't make you taller." Which of you by taking anxious thought can add a cubit to his stature? Which of you, by all your anxieties, can make to-morrow any smoother than it would have been without them? Which of you by your groaning and grumbling can change the future? It changes you, it rasps you, it wears you out, it puts bitterness in your sweetened cup. I tell you, the spirit of trust, hope, and joy in the Lord Jesus is the most victorious atmosphere in which a man can work out his temporal or eternal salvation. Joy in the Lord is healthy, it is happy, it is normal, whether by natural or Divine appointment.

And that is not all. There are reasons for cultivating this spirit. It will make you happier. Your own happiness will be wonderfully promoted. But, what is more to the point, you will make those round about you happy. There are two ways of living. One way says to the people round about: "Come and make me happy;" and the other way says: "Come and let me make you happy." And that brings you on to the declaration which might have been left out of the Bible if Paul had not happened to think of it and bring it in: "Remember the words of the Lord, how He said, it is more blessed to give than to receive." If your circumstances are making you very unhappy, try to make somebody else happy, and you will find what light will arise upon you. Do not live for your eternal self; live for others, as God does, and He will breathe something of His spirit of happiness on you.

And that is not all. It will be one of the testimonies to the reality of religion which can not be made in any other way so easily and so effectually. A chemist sits down with his class and says to them: "Darkness is the subject on which I shall discourse. Darkness is nothing; it is the mere absence of light;" and so he gives a chemical and philosophical statement

of the fact that all darkness dies the moment light comes into the room. Now a cheaper way would have been simply to light a candle—that would settle the whole thing. Men are teaching religion, not living it. Men are teaching botany out of books; why don't you plant plants in the garden and let the children go and see what they are? Men are teaching you that you need to be born again. Well, you don't need to be taught that. I find that out every time I run against anybody. I found it out myself first. The power of the spirit of God to regenerate a man: you can prove it by the Bible, you can prove it by a hundred thousand sermons in church, you can prove Christianity historically and theologically and scientifically, but one single living Christian is worth more than the whole thing put together. The church in many and many a town does not shed so much light of conviction on the minds of men as one sweet, patient, gentle woman in poverty, the richest of all that dwell in the place. I have known in my long ministry that the marrow of my church lay among the poor, the broken-down in this life. I recall to-day Mother Rice, the wife of a drunken sea-captain, who had drifted far away from Maine into Indiana, living over a cooper's shop, the floor of her chamber wood logs, with interspaces such that she was likely to drop her plates and knives into the shop below. There she stood, with a sweetness and cheerfulness that I then had never seen or dreamed of. Wherever there was a creature that was poor, Mother Rice was there; wherever any one was sick, Mother Rice was there; wherever anybody had come to death, Mother Rice was comforting those who remained. Everywhere where cheer and contentment and patience and sweetness were required, there was Mother Rice; and I have confounded many infidels when they were telling me that they did not believe in these parsons that preached for money by asking: "Do you believe in Mother Rice?" "Ah! that is another thing," they said. One person that exemplifies Christ in human form is the gospel for that neighbourhood, and there are ten thousand heretics in every neighbourhood that are teaching for gospel by their bad lives things that ought not to be taught. "Let your works so shine that men, seeing them, shall glorify your Father which is in heaven." How many folks have glorified God because they saw that you lived so beautifully? That is something for you to take home with you.

I could, of course, descant with endless variations and applications upon this most important subject. Every house ought to be a church, and every person a preacher, and the sermon should be that part of the gospel that has been dissolved into your own life, and which in action, and conduct, and disposition will give to men a specimen of what you mean when you speak of religion, and this with a sweetness of love that never fails, with a charity that extenuates all faults except its own, with a cheerfulness that gives testimony that you are a child of light, and with a trust under all circumstances in life which leads men to believe that God is with you, and that you have the Almighty arm round about you. This is that which every man should preach ; and every man should preach who is himself called of God, and who has hope, through Jesus Christ, of immortality and of glory. Oh ! when that day comes when there shall be one single family in a village that is full of the fragrance and brightness of a true Christian disposition—when that day shall come that any church has six or eight families of that kind of whom the pastor can say : “Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men ;” nay, when there shall be in town or village a score of different denominations, not scuffling, and envying, and quarrelling, and criticising each other, but all filled with men that exemplify the spirit of love, and all helping each other—why, there will come such a pentecostal whirlwind as shall put an end to all doubt as to the final triumph of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The world is never going to be converted by books, nor by missionary societies, nor by missionaries, but by the great body of Christian men that live so high, so pure, so sweet, so noble as that heaven shall have seemed to come down on earth, and men shall not want to disbelieve, and infidelity will die because men cannot but admire true religion. To that great work and this great millennial future, brethren, let us all address ourselves. And that you may do it, begin with your own soul, and work within it, that you may be prepared to work within other souls ; and so, by that of Jesus which you are living, grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

## HEROISM IN SUFFERING.

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“Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.”—2 COR. i. 3—5.

THERE is a joy that rises higher than any suffering ; there is a happiness that can have an under-tone of sorrow and an upper tone of ecstasy ; and while there is a great variety of enjoyments—the scale is long—no man has touched the ecstasy of happiness who has not been able to find it while under great sorrows and crushing griefs. No man ever made wine until he had crushed the cluster, and the heart-wine never is distilled till after the affections have been crushed. Suffering is the universal law of God. Every step upward which a man takes of real attainment is hewn out of the rock. “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” If a man grows up without any suffering whatever, he has the most odious stigma put upon him : “If ye be without suffering ye are bastards.” A man is by birthright an animal, but every step of life is a working up all the way from the purely animal and throughout higher conditions. The animal, solitary for the most part, thinks simply of itself, and yet there is no selfishness in an animal : there is no higher part of its nature that is denied. There can be no sin except there be a conflict between higher and lower, and that cannot exist in the herd or in the flock. But man, unfolding into a social creature, has no right to regard his own self alone ; he must be in concurrence with society ; and now comes in selfishness. Not that a man is forbidden to take care of himself, but he is



forbidden to take care of himself at the expense or even the neglect of his companions. That is the selfishness—not the care for one's-self, but the want of care for others.

Well, at every step going up men learn by self-denial. Their temptation to selfishness is perpetual, and their combats with selfishness are indispensable, and they are more or less painful according to the victory which accrues from them. The same law applies to intellect. No man learns by nature. Every man learns by hard study. As he learns the lower departments of life he does not find rest. Although the victory over labour is pleasant, yet step by step as men ascend they must pay for it by thought, they must pay for it by withdrawing from all contradictions or distractions. Scholarship is a ladder in which at every step exertion, more or less painful, and self-denial are to be found. And when you come to the moral elements, which are the highest of the soul's powers; to faith, which is imagination sanctified; to a commerce with the invisible; to the preference of qualities rather than of things; here is opened a still larger and wider battle-field, and at every step upward, from stage to stage, the labour pains are renewed. Men are not born singing, but crying; and as they are at birth the children of sorrow, so at every new birth, every step upward in social excellence, every step beyond that towards intellectual, and every step beyond that towards moral excellence, have more or less the emblem of mortality upon them, which is suffering.

Now we must not confound pain and suffering. It is true that all pain is suffering, but all suffering is not pain in any strict sense of the term. The body feels pain; it is the mind that suffers. All pain, therefore, of the body may be supposed to spring from the violation of the laws of the body; but suffering has a much wider range than that. A man suffers from the violation of law, but the fulfilment of the law more eminently than anything else brings suffering to men. As long as the example of Christ is before us we ought not to be surprised that suffering is a badge of fidelity and obedience. The subjugation of the inclinations brings suffering; the subordination among our passions, that are quarrelling all the time with each other for precedence, brings suffering; all self-denial by which the inferior is made subject to the superior brings suffering in milder or severer types.



But while every man owes his growth to successive births in himself, which births are with pain or suffering, so there is a higher type than this ; it is the suffering for others. Some men have supposed that God could not suffer because He was perfect. I cannot conceive of any being as perfect who cannot suffer, not the suffering following transgression, not the suffering that comes from sin, but the suffering that comes from sympathy. Can you conceive of a mother that cannot suffer ? What ! not when the little babe in her arms is helpless, and needs her body by day and by night, through weariness and at all hazards ? And shall a mother not suffer the waste of her strength and the very substance of her life ? And when the child is sick shall the mother be sweet and smiling as a chippering bird over the cradle of the dying child ? Or if the children are tempted unawares to swerve from the line of rectitude and fidelity and love, does not the mother suffer for them ? And are not these the traits that make motherhood heroic ? Is there no suffering in friendship for our friends ? Do we not bear their burdens ? When they knuckle down under weakness are we not at once ready to substitute our strength ? Do you love a man ? I do not look at the emotion, I look at what you are willing to do for him ; that measures love ; pleasures do not measure love, suffering does. The father and the mother, through long years of the child's inexperience, are building him up all the while by their solicitude, by their care, by their painstaking. A child is wretched in this world that has nobody to take pains with him. Think of the phrase : it is *taking pains* on yourself for the child's sake ; as one holds that in the great redemption-scheme the Divine took pains on Himself for the deliverance, for the elevation, for the final glory of His creatures. What a revelation this is of God as a Being that fills the universe ! not sitting, not lying supine, not instituting certain great machineries, and then lying by while the engine operates, He Himself taking his ease. He is the heart and centre of the whole universe, and is lifting up men on His heart and carrying them in their weakness, planning for them, forbearing with them, solicitous of them, playing the universal father and the universal mother ; suffering for men, not once in Gethsemane, not again on Calvary—these were simply types, specimens of that which has been going on—"the Lamb

that was slain from the foundation of the world"—the Being that is most burdened, and the Being that suffers solicitude—not degrading suffering, not weakening suffering, but love suffering that is full of gladness as well as suffering. For oftentimes it is the case that suffering is the sub-base of the organ underlying the grandeur of all the upper notes, and the beauty and the sweet tone of the instrument would be comparatively thin were there not that great undertone all the way through. And so is it with the nature of God.

And not only do men suffer through sympathy in this way—and this is the basis of education—but unconsciously they suffer in another way for each other. Men's mistakes are the next men's blessings. One man lost; the next man won't go that road; he sees that he is lost, and he takes another, and he escapes, and others follow him; thus the sufferer opened a way by his suffering which saved scores, nations, ages from suffering. And so it is that there are men that are hopeful, and run forward in life with new inventions and discoveries, and waste and ruin themselves before men believe in them, and die; they are said to be schemers who, while they schemed, reaped their reward—(they did not in this life). So it comes to pass that men make mistakes in right ways and directions, and these, though they suffer, bless the race. The history of men that have developed art and beauty, even in the lower tiers of life, that have developed excellence, is a history of heroic suffering, often without sympathy from their fellow-men, or any recognition in this life. In the same way ages suffer; one age suffers for the next. Civilisation is the generic accumulation of the trials, mistakes, ascertainment, and victories of the generations that have gone before. Look at any stable civil government to-day; how many thousands of men have shed their blood for it! If there be anything dear to man to-day it is liberty of thought; but how far back is that Egypt in which men, pressed down by superstition, and threatened by the finger of the law of the priesthood, had no liberty of thought? They were like the swine that eats what is poured into the trough for it. But to-day men are free to think, to explore, to sift knowledge, and to save the precious parts of it. Once men were padlocked when they thought, felt, realised; they had no right to speak;

the universal priest was the universal man to speak, and men were not at liberty to declare what God was revealing to them in their own experience and moral consciousness. That at last has been triumphed over; but what seas of blood the world went through before men had liberty of conscience and liberty of speech! How have men aspired to liberty as citizens, and through what ages of barbarism has the world gone before coming to our relatively happy times, when men are free citizens, not simply obedient, but also bearing part, through public sentiment, in the ruling of the government! So revolutions have brought on the world a certain way. The "garments rolled in blood" have been significant of the white garments and the white banner of peace, and the world, little by little, has emerged out of its lower states by sorrows, and by tears, and by strong crying, and by affliction, and by patient waiting and suffering, until we are the children that reap the harvests of blood. We are strong and wise and happy by reason of the weakness and the unwisdom and the tentative processes and all the sufferings of the whole human family that have gone before. For the world was at the first hardly better than so much soil; but the soil began to develop life, and life itself in its circuits began to cast down the leaves of the trees, new soil, and advanced harvests; and little by little the soil has grown deeper, and the harvests have grown richer and more abundant, and we are all of us living in our relative joys upon the sufferings of those that have reaped these joys and given us the seeds to re-sow them.

But now it is time to remark that suffering is not the antithesis and antagonist of joy. Suffering and joy are not incompatible; they are co-operative. I had almost said that nobody knows what highest joy is that has not known deep suffering. This has been remarked in various ways by various observers. Spurzheim, the great phrenologist, said no woman was fit to be married until she had seen much suffering, which is a ripening and qualifying process. The persimmons in our own land are horribly acerb until they are frost-bitten, and then all their bitter and acid turns to sugar. So multitudes of men, so long as they are in the natural state, are bitter and unedible, but when trouble and sorrow come and freeze them they turn sweet and are worth something. I have been very poor in my lifetime, and I was not cast down. I had this feeling: "The

less I have, and the more I can serve my Lord and Christ in my poverty, the happier I shall be. This life is not my home; the other life is mine, and He is looking upon me; and if I be heroic, and take suffering and sorrow for His cause, what triumph is mine!" And above all bodily wants and above all sense of shame or comparison of estate with other men's, I went through the wilderness; for I was a missionary in my earlier days in the unsettled and newly-settled portions of America, and I gloried in my poverty. My name was as nothing, my means were none. I expected to live and die in obscurity, and I gloried in it. For me to live was Christ, and to die gain. And I do know—oh, not as much as I should, not as I ought—but I know enough to declare that in the midst of sufferings and deprivation there may be rising out of the soul notes of exquisite music, peace that passeth all understanding, joy in the Holy Ghost. So then a man may, by his very sufferings, rejoice. In that wonderful necklace of pearls in the 5th of Matthew, where blessednesses come into life—"blessed are the poor," "blessed are the meek,"—Christ blesses the things that all men despise and try to avoid as much as possible, but amongst the most astounding blessings is this, "Blessed are ye when men shall speak evil of you and revile you falsely for My sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad." Have you ever looked upon your struggles in that light? Have you ever rejoiced most when your tears flowed? Have you found treasure in your poverty? Have you found your upper life fed by the depletion of your under life? "Who, for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." Here is the biographical experience of our Saviour Jesus.

Suffering, then, may be said to be education in benevolence. Let me read again the text: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies." What a title! as if the progeny of God, all the sowing in His thoughts and purposes throughout the world, were mercies. "And the God of all comfort." What a title that! The whole creation groans and travails in pain until now; and God comes forth and says, "I am the God of consolation, of comfort." "Who comforteth in our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." The moment that a man

falls into this higher mood, into any state of distress, and begins to find his alleviations by the inspiration of God, he says in himself, "Thank God for this experience!" Now, if there is one there are a thousand, and I know the way, I have found where His mercy seat is. My trouble has been blessed to me; and I will go to those in trouble, and I will say it is blessed to them also; blessed be God that comforted us in all our trouble, that we may be able to comfort any in like tribulation. What a nobility of sentiment this is! what an instance of effluent benevolence and sympathy with mankind is this word of the Apostle!

There are those who have been feeble, and laid aside from usefulness. I do not know that there is anything more trying to a man of energy and activity and pride than to find himself crippled, and to see the whole world going by him. He once had the power of the senate, he once had power over the assembly, but now his voice is feeble, and his zeal is spent, and men are saying, "What a man he *was*," as if he were but a mere trembling, shivering shadow now. Although sometimes the decay of mental faculties takes off the acuteness of suffering, yet there be many men who have pride that will not be alleviated, and that cannot bear to see the world going past them, and they not keeping step but standing still. Not to be able to do what you once could do—to many souls there is anguish in that; there is grace in it too, if you only know where to find it. Autumnal days are the most beautiful days of the year, and they ought to be the most beautiful days in a man's life. In October things do not grow any more, they ripen, they fulfil the destiny of the summer, and the thought of autumn is that it is going down, going forth. When all things in nature know and feel that death is coming near, do they sheet themselves in black as pagan Christians do? Do they turn everything to hideous mourning as pagan Christians do? They cry: "Bring forth our royal garments," and the oak puts on the habiliments of beauty, and all the herbs of the field turn to scarlet and yellow and every colour that is most precious; and the whole month of autumn goes tramping towards death, glowing and glorious. It is only men that make death hateful and gloomy and black, servants of midnight the whole of them. Why, when the gate of heaven opens into a man's house, one would think that it is the glorified life that



comes pouring in. Oh, no ! they put linen over the pictures, they lock up the piano, and bring to the blinds, and everybody walks softly in the house. God has come, the Emancipator, He has come to crown some one, and we are all of us imitating the miserable hibernating animals that when autumn comes creep into a hole and sleep until spring wakes them up. What heathenism, what paganism is there ! Shall my child, taken out of my arms, go to the better school of angels ? I have a right to weep ; Nature has its due ; but I have a right to rejoice, too, as did the mother that saw her child dying, and cried out in ecstasy : “ I give thee joy, my darling ! ” as it went up from her. And shall we that are disciples of Him that overcame Death by dying, shall we who believe that immortality lies just beyond the mortal, act as if Death were a tyrant ? Shall we put in our houses the skull and the crossbones, and the *memento mori*, and go, sheeted like pagan nations, down to the grave, and look in it, and not see anything there, and not hear what the disciples did when they looked and saw the angels and heard them say : “ I know whom ye seek : He is not here : He is risen ” ? To every truly Christian experience the grave is as a telescope, and as a magnifying glass, through which the world beyond and the triumph over this world are being celebrated.

There is in warfare a heroism that hardly appears in moral life, not certainly often enough. When Badajoz was to be stormed, in the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington, it was considered an unjust thing to select himself the regiments that were to be the forlorn hope, and, at the peril of almost certain death, storm the breach. He then called for volunteers, so that there might be no partiality. In many instances the whole body of soldiery rushed forward to volunteer, and he was obliged to put them back. There is in war the feeling that the most desperate enterprises are those that the heroic want to achieve ; they want the chance of danger and peril. And so it is in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Men are often chosen, if they would but know it, because they are supposed to be competent to heroism under those conditions. Not every man is a poor man ; but there be many who, when they have been robbed by the hand of fortune, and especially by the injustice of that that gave them distinctions before, are cast down, and as they lose their



property and go out of the big house into the little house, they say : "It is no use, my dear, our prosperity is over ; I never can make another fortune ; all our friends will fall off from us, and as we go through the streets people will say : There is the man that used to be rich." Good heavens ! you ought to be a thousand times richer than you were then—then you had outward riches, then you were in mere bodily conditions ; now stand up, if there is any manhood in you, if there is any holy or consecrated pride, for manhood is better than moneyhood. Ah ! you that have lost your money, and lost your courage, and lost your hope, and lost your faith, get out of the way ! But if you have lost that which gave you exterior position among men, and you can still stand up, and men can say, "He is grander than he ever was—no tears, no whining, no complaints, no conscious weakness—I never saw a man that seemed so manly !"—oh, blessed man ! do you know that the treasure of the soul outmeasures all other treasures whatsoever ; and Christ says to you : "I want you to abound ; I will make you rich," and then you walk in more humility, gentleness, meekness, sympathy, and benevolence, never showing yourself so much a Christian as when dealing with those round about you that need you, not with men that can bring praise to you, but the men that can bring nothing but the opportunity for you to do self-denying work. It is a great thing to be able to stand and represent Christ in prosperity, but when Christ says : "Shift the scene," and the curtain rolls up, and you stand in the midst of your wreck and ruin, and when Christ says : "Now be heroic, show what grace has done for you ; show that you are a child of God in disguise ; make illustrious your faith, your patience, your kindness, gentleness, sweetness, long-suffering, uplooking trust"—oh ! blessed be the man that has thus the chance of representing Christ twice, at the top of prosperity and at the bottom of affliction. He will not forget you. Milton says :

He also serves who only stands and waits.

It is a great thing for a man to stand and be active and so get credit ; but it is a great thing, also, for one to be bedridden, to lie through weary days and nights uncomplaining, though pain be like a sword in the bones, to see the days waste and weakness holding you down. You say : "Why is

this ? why is this ? ” “ Dear child,” saith the Lord to such, “ I have need of some one to exhibit patience and sweetness and goodness on a sick bed, and I chose you because I thought you could show it ; but, my child, if you are not willing for this office, let me raise you up, and some other hero shall be called.” Methinks the heroic heart would say : “ No, no ; let me lie, if only I may glorify Thee by being sweetly contented in my disease, in my sorrow, and in my trouble.” You know that there never would be a rainbow if there was not a storm. There are many people that have storms, but there are very few people who know how to put rainbows on them.

How far below these ideals, and this standard of living, is the average Christian experience of so-called Christian men and Christian women ! There are a great many people, I think, that will be saved ; they have got something in them, and they will be “ saved, so as by fire.” Well, I would not reject the glowworm. Though the glowworm does not compare with a candle, or with a star, or with the sun, yet it has something after all of life in it. So there are Christians that are mere glowworms, emitting a furtive flash every now and then ; but how many are there of whom it may be said that the rising light grows more and more in them unto the perfect day, they are triumphing over temptation, over selfishness and indolence and all self-seeking, and they are living so that no one can look upon them without saying : “ This is a case of another sort, there must be the Divine power here, or no man could live as this man or this woman lives ” ? I think there are probably a good many saints that go out of our churches ; but I think there are a great many more going out of our hospitals, and not a few out of our poor-houses, and a great many out of the lower walks of life. If the angels of God were to come and gather up those that in distress and poverty and suffering have maintained a holy faith and a godly life and example, they would garner from the bottom of society, and last, and with the smallest sheaves, from the top of society. “ For the last shall be first and the first last.”

Now look for a moment at the disagreeable side of actual experience. When men are in trouble, accompanied by weakness and sickness, what is the fruit that is usually brought forth under such circumstances ? Why, complaining, fault-finding

with Providence ; they do not know why they should not be prospered as well as the men the other side of the way ; they have not sinned worse than anybody else, yet they have broken down ; as to God being a Father, they do not find any evidence of it, and God's grace does not sustain them more than anybody else. So men sit at the door of poverty ; whining and complaining. How many men there are who in their sickness have chorused, "Disgusting ! odious !" They count over their pains ; they want to show you their sores ; they strip off their bandages and hang them up as if they were so many banners. So they sit down together and mope and whine, and complain to each other, as if that were the way to get some comfort out of the misfortunes of their lives. It is time for such men to be buried. When men condole with each other let me be absent. But when men are sufferers, let it be with them as it was with the old shipmaster who had lost a leg. When I was talking with him he said to me in a cheerful way : "Why, my legs are my test of Christians." "How is that ?" I asked. "Well, when a man comes in to me and says : 'Oh ! my dear friend, what a loss that must have been to you !' I know he is a discontented Christian ; but when a man comes and says : 'My dear friend, you ought to be thankful you have one leg left,' I know he is a contented Christian, who looks on the right side of things." It is the pining over what we have not, and over what we have and do not want, that marks the dispositions of men very largely. Discouragement, recounting of aches and pains, all forms by which we seek to make other men serve us, by which we seek by reason of our afflictions to be permitted self-indulgence—all those things mark any other spirit than that of the apostle, and that of true heroism in suffering. Many persons allow a child to be spiteful because he is sick. Bad practice ! And they excuse men that are rendered by sickness irritable and nervous. That is charitable on their part ; but they that are sick should of all other persons in this world seek to rule the spirit. They have no right to make others serve them unnecessarily, nor to be fitful and think they deserve compassion simply because they are sick. Be heroic in your sickness, and watch against the temptations of selfishness because you are sick. The whole opportunity of heaven is frequently thrown away and squandered. The same in all the humiliations of life, in poverty, in insignificance, and

in inferiority. I know that Christians every day say a good many prayers ; the prayers are long, but the meaning is short. I have seen a great deal of praying in my day ; I have known people to beseech the Lord, and when He heard them and came to them they cast Him out and rejected Him with scorn. "Do that which is best for me." The Lord comes and takes your property. "O, Lord, O, Lord, I cannot bear that." "Take up thy cross and follow Me ; give all that thou hast, and come and follow me." "He went away very sorrowful." He was very amiable, sweet-minded, and excellent, and the Lord is said to have looked upon him and loved him. He had a burst of enthusiastic friendship for Him, and he came to Christ and said, "I have kept all the commandments now, what else can I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ gave him the touchstone : "Enter into that service in which God lives ; if you want to come into partnership with Me, be as I am ; My whole life I hold for the service of others. Go, sell all you have, and come and follow Me in this blessed service." That was the end of the Old Testament and of the New to him, but he could not do it. It is a very solemn thing for a man to say, "Thy will be done." If God really consulted your best interests He would break that plan for you, but you do not want Him to, yet you say again to-morrow, "Thy will be done," and then comes some offer of Divine Providence that requires patience and self-government. No, you will not be patient, you will not self-govern ; yet the next day it is just the same, "Thy will be done." Then come losses and sicknesses and humiliations. God is dealing with you as sons. "What son is there that his father chasteneth not? If ye be sons God chasteneth you ; yet when the chastening comes you always feel that it is a tyrant who has done it. It is God who controls His providence for those who are wise enough to know it and acknowledge it. All things work together for good to those that love Him ; not work together for your money, not work together for your political influence, not work together for your honour among men, or to give you genius, or eloquence, or anything else ; but work together in such a way that you get what He knows is best for you. Oh ! if a man has only that faith, that God is dealing with him in such a way as shall be best for him here, and best for him for ever in the other life ! What a different state of mind will be bred in the

man who can say : " If it be the will of God I can walk, I think, Christianly in high places, and if it be the will of God I can go down to low places ; the will of the Lord be done ; though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." How hard it is for a man to pray " Thy will be done " who is looking at the fearful process by which it is done ! There is an old avaricious man who would have gone to destruction if God had not smitten his treasure-chest ; there is the mother that was growing more and more idolatrous till God sent her little child to lead her thoughts up to the heavenly land, and she was afterwards, when the grief had ripened her, able to say : " It is good for me that I have been afflicted." " All ye that are weary and heavy laden," Christ says, " come unto Me." Come to have happiness conferred ? Not at all. " Come to Me, take My yoke on you ; My yoke is easy," when you get used to it. The yoke galls the neck of the steer at first, but afterwards it toughens it. " My burden is light." The voice of God is calling to us in all worldly experiences and trials and troubles, and angels are watching, seeing whether we are living after the spiritual man or after the temporal man. And when that day comes, that will soon come to most of us—to me and to you—and we go up, not those that have seemed to men to be the most illustrious shall receive the most radiant welcome, but those that have served Christ in extremity. Welcome, O thou whose head has been bowed in affliction ! thou baredst it graciously. Welcome, O thou, that didst come forth out of poverty ! thou didst live richly in the soul. Welcome thou that didst suffer reproach for righteousness' sake ! Then in that great day of reception, those that have suffered and rejoiced in suffering, and used their own suffering for the comfort of others, shall stand foremost ; and prophets, and priests, and bishops, and archbishops, and leading orators, in the pulpit and out of it, will come a long distance behind, for the children of suffering, that have been baptized in sorrow, and have risen out of their sorrows by the grace of God, will take the foremost place. " Who are these that have washed their robes and made them white ? " " These are they that have come out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

These are the visions of the other life. Go home, Christians, and think of these things, not of me, not of my sermon,

but of yourselves and of your own hearts. Is trouble blest to you ; and being blest, are you saying : “ This is the capital of my example and ministry ; I thank God, the Father of mercies and of all comfort, for the afflictions wherewith I have been afflicted, because now I know how to comfort them that are in like affliction ” ? God grant you the mind of Jesus, and then take you to reign with Him.



## THE DOCTRINE OF REPENTANCE.

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“From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”—MATT. iv. 17.

“Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”—PHILIPPIANS iii. 12—14.

JOHN began his ministry by preaching the doctrine of repentance, by which he meant a change of life and conduct, produced by a change of mind—that is, of thought, and feeling, and will. And when Christ, following, opened His ministry, He began where John left off and said: “Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand.” It was a repentance not simply for the person’s sake, but it was a preparation for a great spiritual development of which they were pioneers, and into which they were to enter—the spiritual kingdom of God. But the doctrine of repentance since it has become a doctrine has been very much mystified, and it has been preached almost until it strikes the minds of men as a mechanical matter. The essence of it is very simple. If a man is travelling and supposes he is going North, he is somewhat weary, and finally he is informed: “You are travelling South, not North,” and he stops and turns round and begins to go the other way—there is no moral element attached to that, but it is a simple illustration of that which substantially takes place in all instances of moral repentance. It is an awakening perception of there being wrong in some things or in some conditions and states, and it is a sense of not only being wrong, but of being

so wrong as to make it necessary that there should be a change ; and repentance is changing from any thing, or any course, or any character which appears to be wrong, into the opposite way, or that which is opposite.

Now, repentance ranges from a mere matter of convenience, for we are repenting every day ; we are making mistakes every day, and when we rectify them we repent ; but in business matters and in little social matters we are not accustomed to call such changes repentance. The substance of repentance, although not the sum of it as attached to moral conduct, is familiar with every child and every man, and there is no mystery in it, except that mystery which comes from our ignorance in the higher operations of the human mind. So, then, a man may repent of his mistakes, of his sins individually, or of his character and his whole career, and the differences will be simply the differences that spring from the complexity of these higher stages over simpler and lower ones. Generally, repentance is expressed in the Old Testament : "Cease to do evil and learn to do well"—that is the whole of it. Stop being wrong, and get right—that is the whole of that. But men have been accustomed to hear repentance preached in churches and in revivals of religion, and they are told that they must pause, reflect, and that they must come to a seriousness of mind ; that they must even feel the pangs and sorrows of conviction, and that finally they must be converted. By this time the thing has been mechanically taken out of the range of common ordinary life, so that men feel as though repentance were something very strange and something that belonged to the Gospel. The higher forms of it are found within the scope of religious duty ; but the thing itself is of every-day life and continual occurrence. So men may repent of a single act. A man being furious on account of his beast or servant, as the case may be, knocks him down ; and in a moment of restoring good sense he says : "I am sorry for it." He picks him up, if he is not up already, and he expresses his regrets, and makes all suitable apologies or remuneration. There is a complete repentance. The man did wrong, and he came to the sense of it ; he recovered himself, and did what was necessary to make that wrong all right again. A man may repent because he has told a lie—one single case ; and he may repent because he stole, and may make up his mind never to

steal again ; at any rate, he has repented of that one act. A man may thus be said to repent of his single actions, whether they be mistakes, whether they be sins, or whether they be crimes ; these are merely different grades of the same thing. Having gone wrong, we desire to reinstate ourselves as if we had not gone wrong.

Then men may repent of a course of action, as, for instance, a man may fall into habits of gambling, and run a year in that direction, or into habits of drinking, and may run on through months. By-and-by he will have a survey of his life and of his prospects in the future, and there may come such power of meditation and of moral impulse to him that he says : " I will stop this thing ; I will stop it." Now, he has thought of the actions that were joined one to another till they have become habits, and he is determined to bring them to an end. Well, how much must he feel ? He must feel just enough to make him change, and that is all that is necessary. How much must a man feel when he has been going North, and thinks he is going South, before he turns round ? The only use of feeling in repentance is to make a man change. That which will make a man change is feeling enough, and the old midnight of horror that does not change a man is not good for anything. Men say it is being sorry for your sins. Yes ; that is an element of it ; that is a primary element of it. But what is the use of being sorry for your sins if you do not quit them ? No use at all. Sorrow is not broth that gives any digestible quality to a man's sin. The only use of feeling bad at all is to remedy something. If you feel bad in bone or muscle or nerve, on account of dissipation, the feeling bad about it, over and above the physical ache, is simply reforming your manners, your way of living ; that is all it is good for. Pain is the incitement to reformation.

Then, again, there is a repentance that is far more comprehensive ; it is not repentance simply for single acts, nor for habits, but repentance over our constitutional and normal organisation. Men are not all made up in the same bundle ; they have very different constituent elements ; for although everybody has something of everything that goes to make the mind and the conscience and the heart, yet they are in very different proportions. As there are mixtures of flour and such other substances that make one kind of bread, and then

another kind, and then a different cake, and then something else—and there are a thousand combinations possible—so, when you come to take twenty or thirty different component parts of the human mind, and they are mingled together constitutionally in very different degrees and relations to each other, it makes very different characters; and the whole operation of change under such circumstances varies from man to man. Thus one man's faults come from his being slow, lethargic, watery, puffed out; he thinks slowly and acts slowly; events run past him, and he is always catching at their hindmost parts, as it were, and does not get them anyhow; his faults come from indolence and inertness, and his repentance would run that way. He has not nerve enough for his body, he has not activity enough for the functions of ordinary life. Another man goes to the other extreme; he is all nerve; he thinks quickly and feels quickly and intensely; his tongue is a great deal quicker than a rifle; he is angry quickly, and he does not always easily get over it; in everything he is fiery and intensive. That man repents very differently from the man who is constitutionally indolent. Some men have a great deal of—firmness, the books call it, obstinacy, people call it—and their faults lie in that direction. Another man has a great deal of self-consciousness—dignity, some men call it, self-esteem, others call it, pride, others again call it—and his faults are of a different kind from the others. Now, in the readjustment of men's lives, it is not alone their outward conduct that has to be readjusted; we have to go through a process by which we shall equalise and subordinate all our internal dispositions to some common rule or standard. There is, therefore, another department of repentance which carries with it, not instantaneity, but the element of education. One man says: "My temper is my great trouble; I repent of such a temper." Watch and pray, for you have got your hands full for a great while before you subdue it. Repentance in its nature is chronic; it is not touch and go. Another man finds himself by nature a great lover of property, and through want of example, and other powerful temptations, he has been avaricious. At last he meets, in some great revival meetings, an impulse towards a higher life; he begins to see the law of God, that love is that law, and that in all its modifications it is his duty to follow it. He has a constitutional

tendency to property, to get it, to hold it, and not to give it away; and he has got some considerable time in which to do his repentance. For although he may make a beginning, although he may have such a consciousness of his wrong disposition as that he says to himself: "I will, by the help of God, change it," he cannot do it in an hour; he cannot get rid of the temptation to-morrow. I have known persons who thought they did; I do not know whether their intimate friends thought that they succeeded as well as they themselves thought they did. I have heard men say that, having been for years addicted to drink and tobacco, they prayed the Lord, and He changed their taste and their whole disposition in a minute. Brethren, that was a miracle, and we cannot, therefore, reckon that among common events. Miracles and common events do not stand in the same ground. I have heard men boast in my meetings of that wonderful change. I always rejoiced that there was such a change, for it would be rather hard to say to a penitent man: "You are deceived." If such things are done I rejoice in them. All I say is that that is not the way the Lord usually works; that is not the way in which repentance usually changes men's dispositions. When, therefore, there are these constitutional inequalities and combinations that are to be evened up, it is a process of moral education. Repentance is simply the first step—it is far from being the last step; it is a continuous regret for that which is evil and a continuous aspiration after that which is better.

But there is still more than that. As men go on in life every step of right living prepares the way for the next step of right living, a higher one; and the moment you change the higher level of moral sense in a man you throw everything into a different angle. Thus, for example, a man is coarse in language, and gruff, and blunt, and people say: "He means well enough." He may mean well enough, but he does not do well enough. Then, dwelling in refinement, in church life, and working with godly women and supreme benevolence and gentleness and sweetness of temper, he sees how they get on, and it opens to him a new idea that there may be a blessing in a man's tongue for all that are near him; by-and-by his wife tells him so, and he begins to believe it, too; at last the conviction strikes him: "Why, here I am, coarse and rude and headlong; but I am going to do differently; I begin to see that my bluntness does



not mean truth or frankness or sincerity ; it is mere downright boorish rudeness." So he says to himself: "I will develop sweetness and gentleness and kindness of speech ; I will make my tongue a minister of good." The moment he begins to feel that there is a moral law in regard to that, how many things round about him change ! In regard to actions that he did not think to be bad he now says : "That would not be right, would it?" New rights and wrongs spring up before him, and every step he takes he goes up.

Take, again, a man who—honest or dishonest, as the case may be—has not been instructed, who is low down, and who feels as though keen bargaining were perfectly permissible and rather praiseworthy. He likes to recite how he got the heavy end of the bargain on that man, and he thinks he is praising himself for his smartness. At last he begins to come into such instruction that he says to himself, "I declare I begin to have a different idea of that." Before, he used to take the odd change himself, especially if a child or an ignorant woman came to deal with him. He always felt, "It is all right enough ; it is not very much, and I have a right to a little thing like that." But he begins to be ashamed of the little thing. Once he said, "Anyhow, business is a conflict in smartness between man and man, and if I can be smarter than that man that is his look out ; men must look after themselves. I cannot take care of their consciences." By-and-by he finds that he ought to regard every man as his brother, that his obligation is not to feather his own nest, but to see to it that everybody around him shall be profited and benefited and helped by him. The moment that idea of benevolence is in his mind, what a light it casts on all those sinuous ways, those faults, those peccadillos, those petty thoughts of selfishness ! The man's whole life grows more and more to him a moral schedule.

So, then, with the increasing light that men have, their ideal of what is right and wrong increases also ; and that is one reason why men, as they really grow better, seem to themselves more sinful than they ever did before. They are not more sinful, they are not as sinful, but they have a sensibility of conscience that interprets a milder offence more severely than in the beginning a much sterner offence was by their dull conscience interpreted. So that you observe repentance is not



merely an instantaneous change got up at some particular time; it runs through a man's whole life, it follows him in every department of life; everywhere, for the schedule of duty is so complicated, and the circumstances in which men are tempted and tried and buffeted are so many, that there is not a man living that has not occasion every single day to say: "Where have I fallen below duty? Where have I failed to fulfil the command of God this day?" It would be a great mistake to suppose that under such circumstances a man must go through a fermenting process such as you see in times of revival of religion. Repentance then may begin at once, and may end at once, by a blow as it were; or it may be a career, a growth, a change from evil to relative good; it may be an education.

Now, let me speak of the relations of sorrow or suffering to the feeling of repentance. There are great mistakes in respect of that in every way. All feeling is relative to the production of change. There are a great many persons who are urged to embrace a religious life, their past bad lives are pointed out to them, and men say to them: "You are a sinner, and you know you are a sinner, and that Christ died for sinners; you ought to repent, have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and come into the Church." That is the common, familiar way of mechanical address. The man thus addressed says: "Yes, I know it, I know I am a sinner; I fell with Adam, and my actual transgression has been piled up on the original sin; I know I have to repent or I shall be lost for ever and ever; but I do not feel, I have no feeling." Men seem to think that they have to wait till there is some feeling given to them. They are exactly like a locomotive standing cold on the road. You may say to it: "Take this train and run it to London," and the locomotive, if endowed with intelligence, would say: "I have no steam, I have to wait till they fire up. Then when they get up the steam I will do it." And men well instructed in life are standing round the Church or sitting within the Church and saying to themselves: "I hope there will be a revival, I hope that by-and-by something will happen that will convict me, I feel that I am a great sinner and need to be born again." They have an impression that that is indispensable.

Now, how much wind does a vessel need to get out of harbour? A tornado? A gale? A fresh, strong-blowing breeze?

Open your sails, and if there is nothing but a zephyr, if it swells the sail and gives steerage way, and you can go slowly out of the harbour, you have wind enough ; you might do better with more, but this will answer your purpose. Nay, more than that, men have an impression that the intensity of the feeling under which they are acting determines the quality of the change. You will hear Christian men in a church say : " I love the service of God, but I have always had my doubts ; I never went through any such process of conversion as I hear of with many men, and I have my doubts whether there has ever been an efficient work in my repentance." There is something very fascinating to men's minds in a dramatic conversion. They see men of great emotion rise in the conference or in the class-room, or elsewhere, and say that they went on as sinners doing the devil's work through a long life, and one day the Lord appeared to them in a dream or came to them like a spectral appearance, and they were smitten to the heart with a sense of their sin ; they prayed and yet no light came, they could not sleep, appetite left them, and then they wrestled with the devil. They were told to repent, and they said, " I cannot." Finally there was a day when the Lord manifested Himself to them, and peace suddenly came to them. Now, far be it from me to say that there are not men who go through that career. I do not say that I think it is any worse than the other, I do not think it is any better. All that there is good in it is that the man was going wrong and has turned round and is going right. But take the case of a mild, gentle man, who, as a child, was never largely out of the way, who was always sweet and peaceful. Imagine one of these roaring old sailors, knowing all the wickedness of the world, and telling of the experience he had when God changed his heart, and then hearing this dove-like man say : " I never had any such experience as that." Of course not ; it was contrary to nature that he should have any such experience. " But did you not have such a sense of imperfection and wrong-doing, so that you abandoned many things behind and aspired to many things before ? " " Oh, yes ! but then I never had any such cleansing work." Cleansing work ! Do you suppose that feeling is soap and sand, and that it scours a man out ? That is how you mechanicalise the process. There are men overtaken on a summer-day with winds that capsize

their boat. Some fall out on one side and some on the other. One set get ashore where, happily, the water is shallow, so that they are only a little wet ; the others get out where there is the eel-grass, the flags, the weeds, and all sorts of mud, and they have to wrestle with the bottom of the water as well as with the top. They are spent and weary, and they get to the land out of breath, and down they go on the beach. Those that escaped very easily are standing and looking at them panting, and they say to them : " Did you have such a hard time of it ? We did not ; we just waded quietly ashore. If you escaped I am afraid we have not, for we had no such time as that." There is a great deal that is dramatic in men's change under religious influence that is material, and it is very deceiving and misleading.

But more than that ; the idea that you have got to stop and wait for the steam to rise before you confess your sin and forsake your sin is the very essence of ignobility. So far from its being a better thing it is a worse thing. Two children are quarrelling ; they have disobeyed their father and their mother, and they have come to blows, and they are both arraigned before the mother. One of them, as the mother looks upon him, bursts into tears and says : " Oh, mother, I am sorry, I am sorry," and he rushes to her and buries his head in her lap. The other says : " I am not sorry, and I am not going to be sorry," and the mother talks to him, but he pouts all the more. By-and-by she administers some punishment ; that makes him more obstinate, and he fights it out all the afternoon and evening. Then he is sent to bed without supper. Next morning he gets up and has nothing to eat. About mid-day, or towards night, he begins to come round, and finally he goes sneaking up to his mother and says : " Mother, I think I was wrong." Which was the nobler of the two dispositions ? The moment that one of them saw he was wrong he gave up and confessed it ; the other doggedly, obstinately, meanly held out. Yet men who are seeking religion often feel—" Why, I know enough to begin to change my life, but I am waiting for greater influence and sufficient persuasions and more helpfulness." The more easily a man who has done wrong comes to God and confesses it the more noble it is. And if in your after life you are following out your purpose and resolution you are converted ; for to cease to do evil and to learn to do well—that is conversion ; and if you require tremendous

motives it is because you are tremendously bull-headed and bad or else misinstructed.

While not criticising any of the methods by which God brings men to a sense of their sinfulness, yet it may be said that the very first intimation that any man has of a conviction is when he begins to say to himself: "I am not living right." He has not any great experience, perhaps; but he says: "I am not kind to my wife." Well, that is a very good place to begin with. Or he says: "I am neglecting my children," and he may feel very bad a good while before he does take care of the children. The moment you are convinced try it on; begin at the very first moment. But, you say, that is not conversion. Why, a man has to be converted five hundred times before he ever gets to heaven. I never saw any man so converted as that he did not need any more watching, any more repentance, any more help on the part of his friends, of his God, and of his own self. Let a man begin with this understanding. "At every point as the light reveals it, and I see where I have been wrong, I am going to step back." Do not wait for a revival to come; do not wait for some great stirring sermons; be thankful if they come to your help; but if you have any moral insight into the course of conduct and character follow that, follow it at once. Do you suppose that all those who followed Jesus were at once converted and became saints? During His whole ministry His disciples were poor things; they were converted because they undertook, according to their light and opportunities, to do better than they did before.

And one step would lead to another. We do not mean that any man should think that because he has been unjust and has rectified it, because he has been stingy and becomes benevolent, he has become a Christian; because to be a Christian is to adopt the whole schedule of Christ's life; it is to substitute benevolence for selfishness; it is to join yourselves consciously to the spirit of the everlasting God, that you and He may be one in motive and in feeling. But the way to come to that unity of heart with Christ's heart is to begin at every single step where you are wrong, and undertake to put it right. And if you want conviction of sin, try to live as you know you ought to live. If that does not convict you of sin I do not know what will. The attempting to be what you know a

Christian life ought to be is a revelation to many and many a man. I believe that in thousands of cases it is after men have become Christians, and are converted really and genuinely, that they have the first real conviction of sin—that is to say, the conviction that springs from their increased moral sensibility, and from the development in them of affections and disposition that make sin exceedingly sinful to them. They never found out how wicked they were until they had advanced some steps in the direction of reforming their wickedness. In our country, where the original soil lies undisturbed, when it is first ploughed it is just as full of malaria as it can possibly be. Let it alone, and men are tolerably healthy; but stir it, and they all come down with chills and fevers. You undertake to plough up your heart, and you will find that there is malaria there—you will find enough of it too. One of the evidences of a growth in grace is a growing knowledge of our frailty, our weakness, our wickedness, our pride, and the growth of that will throw its own interpreting light upon man's experience.

Now I am coming to the second text, which seems not to have been connected with this. Paul says: "Not that I had already attained"—speaking of his career. If any man was ever a Christian I think it was Paul; and he says: "Not as though I had already attained or were already perfect." What then, Paul? Why, "I follow after if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." He was not so lucky as many men in our day, who say they have become perfect. Paul said: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Paul persecuted, did he ever sit down and mourn over it? He spoke of it with tender self-reproach; but he had too much to do with the future to be groaning over the past; too much to do with rebuilding to be criticising the old structure and delaying himself. "I have not become perfect, I have not reached my ideal, but I forget all the past," that is to say, "I do not stop to talk about my guilt, my wickedness, my unbelief, and all that sort of thing; I just let that go; it is past; but for the future my life lies there; I see what I mean to be, and I



press toward it." Paul's life was in the future ; he lived by hope as well as by faith and love.

Now there are many other persons who live just the other way : they live largely in re-hashing their sins and their sense of guilt. A man cheats the minor heirs out of their estate and holds it for twenty years. One of the orphan children dies, the others live in poverty. At last he is brought to his reason and his manhood, and he says to himself : " I cannot recall the dead ; that will be a sorrow as long as I live ; but I can reinstate the wrong ; " and he does it, and he joins part of his own estate to that of which he was the guardian ; he exalts the children into their proper station, and he rejoices in it. But there is always a wound in it, and after five years have gone by he says : " I cheated them," and he has a day of fasting and prayer every day over his old sins. Why did you not repent of them ? When a man has repented of his sins, that is enough. Kick them out ; do not keep them like so many mummies or corpses in the house. When you have done wrong and found it out, and have changed to right, and have rectified all the ways in which your wrong-doing has affected anybody else, that is the end : the sum is complete ; you have no business to come back and sit down on your old grave-stones. Paul did not do it, and you have no right to do it.

Now this has a wider application than men think. There are many persons who feel that it is their duty every day to confess their sins to God. Don't you suppose that He knew them before you confessed them ? Then look at the foolish way in which men confess their sins. They do not confess the sins they are committing every day—not one in ten of them. They confess generically that they are sinners ; they are the descendants of Adam, and they have a dividend of a crime which they did not commit, but which their ancestors are supposed to have committed for them. It is orthodox, it is regular, it is the Churchly way ; so every day they go over a long list, and that it may be perfectly accurate it is written down precisely and printed in the book, and they go before God and read it to Him, because they think that God will like them all the better if they go through the confession of their sin. Now, if my boy, going through college, and misled, had drawn on me unduly, and had been caught in certain sprees, and finally robbed, I would settle the thing up at once



and for ever. Suppose he came to me and said : " Father, I admit everything, I have been very wrong, but if you will trust me, this shall be the end, and you never shall hear any of these things again." I should say : " My boy, you shall never hear another word on the subject—the thing is done and gone." In the Prophets God is represented as saying to men that repent, " I will never make mention of your sins again." There is a way in which men forgive with the liberty of bringing up again what they have forgiven. " I forgive you, but I cannot forget." Why cannot you forget ? Why, because you want to use it for a fling. " Don't you remember what you did ?"—and so you have the whip over a man's head all his life. God says : " When I forgive I sink the memory of it, like a millstone, to the bottom of the sea, I wipe it out as it were from my memory." God remembers we cannot conceive how much. Yet there is one thing He does not remember. He does not remember what He has forgiven ; the thing is ended with Him. Suppose that about once every six months my son should come into my house drooping and saying : " Oh, father, I know you have no right to trust me." " What, have you been at it again ?" " No ; I have kept my word, I have been all right, but I recollect——" " My boy, I don't want to hear anything about that ; that is all done with, as if it had never happened." Then about a year afterwards he comes round again. " Father, I have been thinking over that college life of mine——" " Get out ; you are no son of mine. No boy of mine can come to me in that way ; he is not of my blood or of my disposition. You did turn wrong and you did turn right ; you were sorry for it, and I forgave it. Do you suppose that I am keeping all these things in my mind ?" Yet how many persons are there who will talk about their old sins ! If your old sins are hanging on, you need not call them old—they are new sins. As to this general confession of your sinfulness, do you suppose that the doctor thinks the better of the cripple who comes round every day to be attended to, and who begins by saying : " Doctor, you know I have a club foot." " Of course I do ; I have known it for five years." Or it may be that a man crumpled up by rheumatism begins by making a statement to his physician : " I have had rheumatism." " Of course you have, or you would not have sent for me." And you hear people going through a regular billet, a journalised

and printed formula, which they say every Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon, and Sunday night, and, for the matter of that, almost always in their prayers. "We confess our sins." Well, is there anything new? You have confessed them about five hundred times, and God has forgiven them all the way through. If your old sins have broken out again they have been new sins, and God has still forgiven them; you have asked forgiveness and you have been forgiven. When once you have repented let that stand. Yet how many think that they are very pious for saying: "O Lord Thou knowest what a miserable sinner I am," and other people sometimes listen and say: "What an humble soul that is!" No such thing—it is a diseased soul. But then suppose that some great crime has produced remorse, would you produce that? Remorse is the disease of repentance; repentance is not remorse, and cannot be; and no remorse is healthy that lasts long and becomes chronic. "Forgetting the things that are behind and pressing toward the things that are before, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

And the same thing is true in regard to a particular day set apart every year for a man to examine himself. Very few men examine themselves with reference to the future, their aptitudes, their ambition, their desire, their purpose. That is the only direction in which there is any profit in it. Take the cases of self-examination, nineteen out of twenty of them. What fitness have these people to find out what is inside them? If there are any visible signs breaking out into conduct they do not need any self-examination. If a man was drunk last Tuesday he does not need self-examination to ascertain that fact. If a man cheated, or swore, or did any other act of that kind he needs no self-examination to ascertain it. But men say: "Search your motives." I should like to know how many of you know what motives you have got, how many of you have any such knowledge of mental philosophy as that introspection does you any good. The law of motives and the law of combined motives—how many of you know anything about it? It is a very subtle thing even for those who are intellectually exercised in such matters. Men are told to look down into their own hearts. As an illustration and as a very powerful passage in the sermon that may have some considerable influence. A man that lights the candle and goes down

into the passions, into the dungeons of his own nature, may see a good many things that will scare him, but he will not have much knowledge of himself when he comes to the light again. You know perfectly the course your life is taking, and you can judge what the tendency is. You know whether your dispositions are towards honesty, towards gentleness, towards kindness. That comes by inspection from without ; but to go down within, to go into the dungeon, you can know but very little in that way, and that mostly through mistakes. I do not believe in the setting days apart for self-examination. Life every day gives you the opportunity of wholesome self-examination. Every man ought to know what he is about. "Am I lazy, or am I active ; am I self-indulgent, am I living for to day, for myself, and for the hour?" Everybody knows that without much introspection. "Am I suspicious, am I jealous, am I envious?" You know these things ; your neighbours will tell you if you do not know, and there is no necessity of introspection under those circumstances. Do you pay your debts? You know perfectly well whether you do or not. Are you charitable? You know whether you are or not. Is prayer spontaneous? You know whether it is or not. Have you conscious communion with God? Is the influence of the Divine Spirit resting on you as the sunlight on your garden? Men know whether it is or not. A vast amount of mediæval self-torment yet lives in the Church, and instead of doing good it does a great deal of harm. Do not go back into the rubbish of old days ; date every day anew, and go forward.

Well, that which applies to self-examination—if you will allow me to say it with all tenderness—applies to old sorrows or recent sorrows. I have seen men, and women particularly, who have lost dear friends, and are plunged into the greatest suffering ; and one could hardly rebuke them, though a higher standpoint of Christian allegiance would largely alleviate the breaking of natural cords and fond relationships. If we believe that Jesus rose from the dead, and that He will take with Him those who died in the Lord round about us, that ought not to be a groundwork of excessive suffering. But nature will have its own. Christ Himself wept, and He permits us to weep. But is it of the spirit of Christianity that men should wear their sorrows outside? The door of death is the door of hope ; the grave is that lens through which we see immortality.

It is the point at which all burdens fall off, and all temptations cease, and all sins ; and when our friends come to this inheritance of perfection is it right for us dolefully to sit down and nourish our griefs and sorrows ? If you go into a house and a valetudinarian or an infirm person begins by telling you how his food affects him, and what his symptoms are, and how his liver is acting all the time, and what kind of whirling round there is in his head, you soon begin to feel—well, fully satisfied with the information that is given. To-morrow, he begins it again, and the next day again, and then if he wants you to see all the sores he has on his arm you say : “ Look here, my friend, keep your clothes on ; I don’t want to see your sores.” There is nothing more disgusting in the world than the talk of the sick about their sicknesses ; it is well enough to tell it to the physician, that he may know what it is, but that should be the end of it. After a little while, as men get well, that all passes away, or should pass away. Now, taking not the outward life of the body, but the inward life of the soul, I cannot endure to see persons muffle themselves from the midnight loom because they have lost a child. It looks an unfilial thing in the perverted public sentiment because no mourning is put on. I do not know that I am obliged to see your grief paraded on your back. Piety is not midnight, it is sunrise. I understand perfectly well, and I would be very lenient and gentle with those who, following the fashion, are afraid not to dress in mourning for fear it may be accounted as a want of affection for those who are gone, and they would not have the world suppose that they were indifferent to their loss. There is on that side a shade of amiableness ; but then, on the other side, a Christian mother, a Christian father, a Christian husband or wife, under a great and crushing affliction, ought to stand up and let the world say : “ We know what a grief they have felt ; but see how they mount by faith and hope and love above it.” One of the strongest persuasions of religion is the capacity of a religious man to bear losses and troubles with a serene, sweet, cheerful, and singing disposition. This outward mourning is a sign of weakness, not a sign of faith, nor necessarily of affection.

Let me close by saying again, that the life of a Christian is a life of one who, conscious of evil, determines henceforth to live a higher and a nobler life. The Christian repentance is

the repentance of those things that are forbidden by Christ, and it is a growing up unto Him in all things which He commands and exemplifies. And in that work let no man suppose that he can repent once for all.

Repentance in its very nature is distributive. In our very nature we are like children at school who learn their lessons ; they are more or less dull, and every time they go aside from their purpose of education they are sorry for it, and they have reapplication and intensity at the next hour. We are all imperfect. We come short of the glory of God ; we come short of our own purposes ; we look back upon our lives, and see to-day that we purposed to go all day long in the bright sunshine of hope and love, but before night comes there are storms in our sky, there is fretfulness in our sky, there is injustice ; and when the sun sinks down we say : " I would have done good, but evil was present with me." " The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not that I do " is the experience of every man. What then ? If a man is travelling and slips and falls, does he sit still ? or does he say : " I am not a traveller " ? or does he say : " I will get up and go back " ? No ; he gets up and goes forward. And at every step of the Christian life our infelicities, our want of right dispositions, our indolence confront us. For life is very large and multifarious, and the events are multitudinous, and there is no person that every day will not have occasion to say : " I have not done that which I meant to do ; I have not reached the standard I set before me." What says Paul ? " This one thing I do, forgetting the things behind, I reach forward to the future ; I have put behind my memory, my failings, and my sins ; I do not count them any more—they are all gone and done with. This is my life, to hold the idea of duty and rectitude and tenderness and love and activity, and every single day, instead of looking back to see how much I have come short of it, I look forward and take a new look at the standard of duty—I go toward it, I work toward it." In that course you save yourself a vast amount of mischance, of mistake, of worry, and useless trouble, and you have the sympathy of God. " Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For he knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." We are weaker in His sight than we are in our own ; we come short in His sight more than we do in our own ; never-

theless, He takes us with the compassion and the capacity of a father who takes a little child in his arms and carries it. Let us not, therefore, fall into these stupid furrows, these ways of repentance which are external, which are very often merely aggravations rather than benefits to us because we have done wrong. Live to-day by your standard, and so far as you come short, say : "I am sorry, but, Lord, I come to Thee." And take a new start, and so day by day live by faith of Him that loved you, and gave Himself for you, and who ever lives to intercede for you and to succour you.



## THE DIVINE ABUNDANCE.

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end."—EPHESIANS III. 20, 21.

**T**HIS is the climax of, perhaps, the noblest expression of religious emotion that ever fell from the lips of man. The preceding verses, together with this, are something beyond all parallel as to experience :—

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man ; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—EPHESIANS III. 14—19.

There is an immeasurable sweep in that. No man can hear it without falling down before it, without saying, "This is a poetical inspiration, but it is a thing not practicable. No man can reach as high as that, no man can live in that atmosphere." Therefore comes by way of encouragement another opening, as it were a dash through the clouds, and a vision of God. It is a vision meant not merely to teach us something of the magnitude and wonder of the Divine nature, but to give us an interior view of the Divine nature that should inspire hope and confidence and certainty in Him. Having made this majestic flight round the rim of the universe, and praying that it might be all theirs, the Apostle says : "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in

us, unto Him be glory in the church." It is a presentation of the highest Christian model idea of the nature of God. It does not praise Him because He made the world and all that is in it, nor because He sustains it, nor because of His privileges, nor because of the history of His grace, and its unfoldings through the ages. He rose higher than all these; though they are eminently worth our consideration, this is something higher—the work of God in the human soul. And in delineating this for encouragement it gives a conception of God that, perhaps, has no parallel anywhere else, even in Scripture. It is not an abstract possibility that the Apostle here sets forth in the character of God, namely, that God can do anything, that He is omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient. Those things are all true, but this abstract view does not come home as it should. The view here given is a view which tends to inspire hope and courage and gladness—that God is able to do all the things that we have asked, able in such a sense as that we may expect that He will do it, that He is the helpful God, the inspiring God, the all-succouring God, God as the Nurse of the soul as well as its Schoolmaster and Leader and Judge and Rewarder. We rejoice to think of the future, of the triumph with which the emancipated soul will come into the glory of the Father's kingdom, the wonder of that word which not all music can ever express, "Welcome!" We love to think of those future things, but just now we are a great way off; we are bending under our burdens in life, and they make us crouch and sometimes crawl; we are in dimness, and sometimes in darkness; we are certainly sinning, and we know that it is doubtful in our mind whether we have any right to believe that we are in any way redeemed. We are in the battle, and what we want in this life is something that can take hold of us in the midst of the struggle with the temptations, the strifes, the failures, the blindness, the unfaith of this mortal life. And here we have it.

The extraordinary intensity is worth a moment's consideration. Men that are very certain of things generally express themselves not merely strongly, but if they have the slightest poetic temperament they heap epithet on epithet, intensity on intensity. Things that men are doubtful about they state stealthily and carefully, little by little, and with argument,

binding it by various ways to men's belief. But there is no such process as that here. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly." Abundance? What is that? It is enough, and more than enough. A table spread with sufficient for a man's hunger may be enough, but it is not abundance. If there is an apple for each child round the table, that may be enough, but it is not abundance, as any child will tell you. Abundance means carrying a thing over the economical line; it is not merely what will just supply, but it is a heap on heap. And when we speak of abundance, we naturally take our measure from the measure of human or daily life. Abundance is limited by human conditions. That which is abundant for the peasant is not abundant for the well-to-do farmer. The peasant has, with much labour and economy through the summer, got in his little store of esculents, and he has his single rick that may, perhaps, give him grain, or may feed his cow, which is a dependent of the family, and he has reasons for gratitude, and he says: "Now we have a good stock of fodder for the coming winter; we have enough." But a few acres off there is a farmer that has twenty ricks, and more roots than he knows what to do with. Compared with the other man, what abundance he has got—everything for the barn, everything for the stable, everything for the cellar, everything for the house for every month of the year. "Oh," you say, "he *is* well off; he has abundance of support." But go to the capitalist who owns a hundred farms, who is receiving his pay in kind, and pours his stream of produce like a river into the market. What is the abundance of the plain farmer compared to his? And when you consider that of royalty, with imperial wealth, having the election of all the world's things, it puts to shame the abundance of the others. Give a little child a bit of quartz set for a brooch; she has never had anything of the kind before; she puts it on her bosom, and goes round, and stands so that everybody can see it, and what a treasure it is! What delight and what joy! But now go and look at the diamond that flashes upon the hair of nobility; it puts the poor little stone of the little girl out of countenance. To her it is everything, but when you go up high enough it is nothing in comparison. Now, abundance in God as compared with any conception that we have of abundance, if you carry it up by that measure, step by step, beyond those that are with

us, beyond those that are rich, beyond emperors and sovereigns, beyond the utmost treasure that earth can heap together, what must be infinite abundance ?

Well, that was too cold, "Exceeding abundantly." The word seems likely to break down under that. "Exceeding abundantly" must mean no miserly God. No, no ; no hard, stern God that will finally be persuaded, like a lock that has not been oiled, but you wriggle the key in and work it, and by-and-by it grates and falls back open. No such God as that. "Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly." Well, do what ? More than we ask. Well, how much can a man ask ? What end is there to intelligence ? If a man gives consideration to it, what a sphere of asking there is ! If a man should say to me : "When you are in trouble, Mr. Beecher, at any time, and want fifty or a hundred pounds, draw on me, don't hesitate," I should feel that I was pretty well lifted up anyhow. To some of you who are richer that might not be much, but it would suit most folks. But suppose, instead of that, a great business firm should say : "You are a stranger here in England ; if you want a thousand or two draw on us," that would be a greater scope still. But suppose, again, that the Bank of England should say to me : "Never stint, draw *ad infinitum*, don't care how much you draw"—what should I think if I had that permission ? All that I can ask ! "To Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly"—He is my banker. "*Above.*" You see you began too low. It is "exceeding abundantly *above.*" Above what ? All that you can ask. His bounty only begins to show itself when you have exhausted the possibilities of your asking—that is what the text says.

But that is not the end of it. "Or think." Why, I can think ten thousand times more things than I can ever ask, because, when I think, it is not thinking, it is the feeling that makes the thinking in me. When I am sick and feeble I have very little that I can ask beyond this : "Give me health ;" but I can think a great many things. By my thoughts I have ubiquity ; by my thoughts, without ship or sail, I am at the North Pole ; by my thoughts, without steam or any such help, I am under the equator ; by my thoughts I am where the morning is the whole year round in summer ; by my thoughts I fly without wings, I run without feet, and am everywhere, as

quick as the spirit life is supposed to dart everywhither ; the heavens above, the mines in the earth, all lands, all territories, wherever they may be, my thought traverses them all. I think of dear little children, and I think of what I would do if I could only touch the sick mother and bring her to her feet again. I think how I could build hospitals and schools, and how I could gather up the lost in a thousand ways. I think, I think, and I think ! "Now unto Him that is able to do abundantly above all that we can ask or think." That great word "imagination," that great productive word "thought," not half of it could ever be reduced to words. Do you not know that human language records the chaff and the straw, but not the wheat of life ? No man that ever had a heart worth calling a heart could ever tell the most precious part of loving. No person could ever express with sensibility the element of the beautiful that reigns in Nature. No person's generosity could ever frame itself into anything like a thought in that unbounded expanse of human life where all things come into us, and part of them come with aerial wings because they will not be incarnated in gross matter, or in speech, or in language, which was made up first from the bottom, and only grows gradually to express the finer thoughts and feelings at the top of life. And yet this is that which the Apostle held forth for the disciples.

But that is not all. Now turn back a little, and see what it was that he made this the appendix to. The codicil of the Will is greater than the Will itself. "I bow my knee to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit"—not out of rheumatism, nor out of neuralgia, nor out of decrepitude, but "in the inner man," the energy of your being and the quality thereof—"that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." What poor, miserable sawdust and chaff it is to hear men quarrelling and fighting about whether Christ was Divine or not ! What does He care what we think about that ? "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ;" so that you are transformed into little Christs ; as one might almost say, the emotive substance, not as to scope or authority, but the dispositions that make Him what He is should become transferred to you in small miniature Christs. That is what every one of us ought to be. "Strengthened with might by His Spirit in



the inner man ; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Now it is on the top of that that our text comes in. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think"—that is what he has been asking, that is what he has been thinking, and so there is something transcendently higher and more abundant than that in God—"to Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end." I can worship such a God ; I cannot help it ; I dissolve in the presence of such a God as snow in the presence of the summer sun. It is not my duty, it is my necessity. If there is a God so glorious in love, patience, grandeur of benefaction ; if He has given us such inspirations and liberties as are indicated here ; if He stands above all the swarms of human beings that, like so many worms and so many inferior beasts, are wrangling and quarrelling with each other ; if He stands over this great world that groans and travails in pain until now, and yet says : this is the genius of God, He overhangs creation with this disposition out of which comes everything that is good in man, and is attracting everything that is good in men to lift them up little by little, higher and higher ; if this is His Providence, if this is His grace, if this is His life, if this is His business, and has been from eternity to eternity ; if this through the long ages, in spite of all the inexplicable things that are in them, and all the seeming contradictions, if this is the eternal summer of God Himself overhanging creation, oh, what joy ! what rest ! I rest in God. If this be your God, do not let anybody cheat you out of Him by any other doctrine. This is the view which every one of us is permitted to take—infinite goodness inspiring goodness in us, waiting on us weak and struggling men, waiting by what I may call the eternal nurse, Love.

Now, in contrast with such a view, let me call your attention first to the mean and meagre views of God commonly taken. The average view of men of some education is that God is a Being of infinite power and infinite wisdom. Well, He may have infinite power and infinite wisdom, and not be much to



me. I go by many and many a mansion which is magnificent, well-built, and most beautiful ; but I do not know who is living in it, and, therefore, it is not much to me—the brick and mortar. So with God, who is the great moral Architect of the universe ; there are moods in which we admire and rejoice, but, generally, what do I care when I am sick and broken down, when all around me is desolation and darkness, that God made the stars ? Stars are no medicine and help to me. What do I care for all these things in the infirmities and necessities of my mortal struggle here ?

Others think that He is a God of justice. What is justice ? It would puzzle you to tell. I hardly know what name to call it. My own impression is that, taking the history of justice, as it is called, through all periods of time and through all developments of the world, justice is a thing that you cannot do without, and that you cannot live with. It is another form of organised crushing ; it is a blind avenging ; it is a dreadful thing, justice. And yet there must be justice somewhere ; without it things would run into interminable confusion in this world. But, taking your ideas of justice from the limitations of it that we see in society at large, tell me that God is just, that He sits in Heaven, and has a system of law over the universe, and that His business is to see that law maintained and continued, that He is, therefore, nothing but a great engineer oiling the machinery of a great manufactory, and that He cares for nothing so much as for His machinery and His law of government—is that God ?

But then “He will by no means clear the guilty.” He is an avenger. Oh ! that is what men dread. It is that there is infinite strength out against infinite weakness ; infinite knowledge out in the universe as against infinite ignorance ; infinite integrity as against infirmity at every step. And what sort of comfort would a man have in looking up to the heavens and saying : “I have a God of justice ; I have a God of creative power ; I have a God of vengeance” ? I would run and hide myself. I do not wonder that the day is described pictorially as coming when men shall pray that the mountains may fall upon them and cover them from the wrath of the Lamb. So, then, making a kind of compromise, men have heard that there is a sort of redemption from this God, that He has arranged it so that if men submit and repent—and repentance does not

generally go very deep in this world ; it is like ploughing with a scratch plough, no subsoiling in it ordinarily—that if they repent they will somehow be saved. But oh ! where is God ? Where is the star ? Where is the shade in the weary sun ? Where is the shadow of a great rock ? Where is the tree of life bearing its fruit every month, with its leaves for the healing of the nations ? Where is our companion God ? Where is God in us the hope of glory in any way of thinking like this, mechanical, earthly, and too often sensual ? Suppose one should try and make a portraiture of God. I do not wonder that the Jews were forbidden to make any picture of Him, or carve any statue of Him, or have any form of worship addressed to any physical and visible sign. That way goes to the grossest form of idolatries ; for the pull down towards the material is always greater than the uplifting towards the spiritual. But suppose a man should undertake to paint a portrait of summer—I think he would have a big job on his hands—to paint the morning light, to paint all the dewdrops, to paint all the birds, all the trees, all leaves, all mosses, all blossoms, all fruits, all that is going on when the whole hemisphere is glittering with riches. I think he would want a pretty big canvas. Therefore men are content to paint only a tree, or a bit of water, or the rising or setting sun, and they are called artists. I should like to see a man that could paint a hemisphere. There is not any such thing possible. Yet here are men that get together a few attributes of God, which we conceive by virtue of our material organisation, and they call that God, and they put it down in the Confession and in the Catechism, and then stand and say to every man : “Open your mouth and swallow it, or we will damn you.” Is there any being so abused as God ? He is goodness and glory, exquisite loveliness and tenderness, long-suffering, gentleness, patience ; and yet when men paint His portrait, there He sits saying : “Sin, and you shall be destroyed unless I find a release for you.” Is that a representation of summer ? Is it a representation of a summer God that makes all things grow, that is cruel to nothing but winter, cruel to nothing but barrenness and poverty ? And yet what better God have we ? What do you think of every day ? If one is a lover his love perfumes everything. As he rises in the morning, every thought of her is sweet. He goes to his toil, works all day, and says :

“Oh, I could work twice as many hours, if necessary, to prepare the dwelling for us.” And then, when they are brought together, and the signs and hints of love have really blossomed and come to the very fruit of love, and he journeys far away, the thought of her makes the journey itself easy; the annoyances and the dangers are all nothing; love destroys them all. And with what speed love brings back the wandering swain or husband, as the case may be! Oh, what power there is in love! And now look at the God of attributes as He is taught to us—the God of intellectually crystallised attributes. He is just so much, and no more; so far it is true, but if you go beyond that it is not true. Is that a God of love? Too long the Church has undertaken to present this false portraiture of God. The Infinite Infinite in what? In power? To be sure; but in power that He does not choose to use except on matter. Towards the human soul the Lord is “gracious and slow to anger, abundant in mercy and goodness forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.” While He is in the work of building men up into purity and holiness, and will not give them up, will not clear the guilty, and make it indifferent whether a man is good or bad; while He is doing this grand work in the universe this is the mood and disposition in which He does it. Where do you find that portraiture? Oh! in many a heart. I would to God it was in many a pulpit.

And why do Christians have so little comfort as they have in God? Why do they take so little comfort in this view? It is because they do not really feel as though God was their own God. How does a son feel in regard to his father and mother? How does one feel in regard to great riches and estate if one's father and mother have them? They are his, too, because he is theirs; if they have titles and honours, he has them, too; the father and the mother overshadowing like a generous tree, every child having the fruit dropping into its lap. Why do not men carry that same idea into the relationship between the Father God and His children? Men are low-minded; they are material; they care for this outward life; they care for praise from men; they care for honour and riches; they have no conscious need of God; the things they are set upon are things that perish in the using. Well, but what about the eternal future? They do not know exactly

how it is, but then it does not come to-day, probably not to-morrow, and they hope that by-and-by they will make a turn somehow or other, and get into the land of promise and be saved. But they go on through months and years, not having any conscious need of God, and, therefore, they do not search after Him, and do not try to bring down His life into their life.

Idolatrous reliance on the mere means, of churchly origin, is another reason why men come short of this knowledge of God. Men have a feeling that if they do these things that have been prescribed for them by their religious teachers they may not be the best off, but they are safe anyhow; if they keep the Sabbath, if they are reverent at worship, if they aid in accordance to their means, if they do all the duties to the poor that are incumbent on them according to the measure of their ability, then—"What lack I yet? You cannot expect everything from a man. The Church tells me to do these things, and I do them; is not that enough? If not, tell me, and I will do more." And this is a substitute for rest in God. There is a great deal of difference between doing duty and doing love. When Christ had His disciples with Him, for a long time they were obliged to depend on His direction; but one day He said to them as they began to blossom out into a larger spiritual comprehension: "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends." They had gone up higher; they had come within the conscious realm of His own heart; no ordination, no touching, could be a substitute for that. "I call you My friends." That is the coronation of the soul when Christ says that to any of us.

Now, the Church is not to be despised, and ordinances are not to be despised, unless you put them in the place of God; they are not to be despised if they lead you up to God, and so vacate themselves. A ladder is a thing that a man must leave every round of, or else he will not get to the top. If a man takes just one step on the ladder, and stops there and roosts, the ladder is of no account to him; the rounds of the ladder are things to be left behind or below. Multitudes of men there are that are so busy looking at the rounds of the ladder that they do not see the angels at all up there; they are looking down to see if they are stepping right. So it is with men who are very conscientious, very cautious, very ignorant, and

much misinstructed, that the very means of grace, which otherwise should have lifted them up, are their damage and their injury ; they are substitutes for God.

Then there is a false view of God taught in theology. It is taught that men must repent before God will care for them. It is because God cares for them that they can repent. He cares for them before they repent, or they never would. Do you suppose that it is the growing up of the asparagus, the grass, and the spring flowers that brings the spring ? or is it the spring that brings them ? Do you suppose that our determinations and purposes and wills and all that can bring God to us ? It is His drawing that brings us to them. And yet how strong is the feeling ! Ah ! my soul, thou knowest it well—I lie down dead as a thorn. Was a man ever taught by a nobler father than I ? And yet what weary days I have known, and what an utter degradation of spirit and soul does it seem as I look back upon it now, when I thronged the doors of the house of prayer, asking men to pray for me—as if Dr. Humphrey or anybody else was nearer to my soul than Jesus was ! And what utter repetitions ! “ Lord, convert me ! Lord, convert me ! Give me evidence ! Give me evidence ! ” I held my soul as a man might hold a watch, and stop it to see whether it had been going or not. The evidence of a man is his life. Start in it at once and you have the help of all heaven. Begin—move. Ah ! when a man has been nearly drowned and rescued from the water, and brought home, the wife, in distraction, fills the house with shrieks, “ He is dead ! he is dead ! ” And there is every sign of death on him. By-and-by the physician, applying his remedies, feels, and he thinks there is a faint deep breath ; he holds the glass to his mouth, and it is bedewed, and the word goes out, “ He is alive ! he is alive ! ” and the whole house roars as it were with hope and joy. The man is not walking about ; he need not get up or sit down at table ; he cannot do anything ; but the slightest touch of evidence that he is beginning to live has in it the whole promise of the future.

Now, if a man wants God he wants the higher life in God ; it is not for him to wait till he can robe himself in saintly garments and say : “ Lord, I have complied with Thy conditions, accept me.” No man is ever going to be accepted of God except as a babe is accepted by its mother ; and of all



things that ever lived on this earth there is nothing so near zero as a new-born babe. But there is a provision in the mother of a love overpowering, more than the child needs by day, more than it needs by night ; a myriad preparation for all that the child shall need is waiting—waiting on his development, waiting on his first dawn of thought and intelligence, waiting on his crooked dispositions, waiting on him all the way, and the mother is the living sacrifice for the child to guide him to manhood, to virtue, and to truth. And shall a mother be all this to her child, and we not understand what God is to every struggling human soul—the life of our life, the inspiration of our dulness, the light of our darkness and our hope and joy ? This is what faith means—taking these declarations in respect to God as if they were true. A man stands in a garden and says : “What is this tree ?” “A pear tree,” he is told, and he believes it. “And what is this tree ?” “It is a rose tree,” and he believes it. Yet when God has made known to us the infinite depth and riches of His grace we analyse it, and we ask : “How can it be, consistently with this and consistently with that ?” Take it, believe it ; trust it, live it ; that will settle it.

But, coming to the question of punishment and reward and justice, do you separate justice from love ? “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.” Chastening comes from justice, but it is love that inspires the chastening and inspires the justice. There is no separation in the Divine mind between the element of loving and any other ; it is the one grand element that includes in itself everything else. The wrath of God is love, the penalties of God are love ; they are schoolmasters, they are mothers, they are leaders. Do not stop outside and say : “The justice of God may meet me in the way.” As a figure of speech Bunyan has made it very vivid indeed ; nevertheless, the unity of the Divine nature is seen in the Divine compassion and Divine love. Well, why do not all men get it if that be so ? Why do not all men get sunshine when they are blind ? It is there, only they have no organ to receive it. “To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of G d.” Open your heart, open your soul to this faith and the benignity and bounty of God, the infinite tenderness of the Divine love—let it warm you, and you will begin to have perception of it.



A man may put himself in a bomb-proof house, with a slate roof, and stone walls, and closed shutters, and say : " Do not tell me summer is coming ; I do not believe it." Summer never comes to dungeons, whether they be human hearts or old castles. Be sure of one thing, that you will never go wrong by trusting God—not trusting Him as if He did not care what became of you, but trusting Him as if He did care what became of you, trusting Him as one who is more solicitous for your up-building and establishment in purity and truth and in all qualities of excellence—more anxious for that than you are a thousand times. Do you suppose that my child cares as much for his education as I care for him ? I know he does not. Do you suppose that he cares as much for his honour and his well-doing in life ? He has no such large conception of life, he has no such sense of experience as I have for him. I feel more for my children than they do for themselves. You do feel for yourself, and God feels more for us than we do for ourselves, in that He knows more of what the destiny of life is, what the greatness and grandeur of life eternal is, and what the awfulness of losing life, after spending it here, in the eternal dark is.

So, then, with this conception of the glory of God, it seems to me I am justified in asking every person to accept God as He is known to us in Jesus Christ for every purpose of life. I beg all you who have walked along in a formal righteousness, and are Christian moralists, to look up to the light. You have the twilight as we have the twilight through these windows, but not the clear shining of the sun. There is many a man walking in Christian life that does not walk under the full blaze of the light of God in Christ Jesus ; there is many a man that goes through the process of conviction, and then the experience of conversion, and then he undertakes to live in a certain degree conformably to his vows and promises. But that is a very different thing from having the day-by-day voluntary and involuntary sense of God with us, loving us strengthening us, helping us.

And I ask all those that have never named the name of Christ : Is not a God of this universal bounty and helpfulness a God that you can trust ? Do you dare to set at naught the riches of His grace, and, in the face of infinite patience, goodness, gentleness, go on to sin and harden your heart ?

Can you do it, and then call yourself an honourable man? If one plunged into the stream to save you and brought you out, and he only received buffeting at your hands, what kind of a man would you be? If one had supported you during sickness, and supplied you with all you needed, or shielded you under false accusation, and you turned traitor and sought his downfall, what kind of man would you be? Ought you not rather to herd with beasts than call yourself a man? And shall you take day by day the infinite goodness of God, His provision, His mercies, even physical and temporal, much more the overhanging atmosphere of Divine mercy and goodness, and not worship Him with all that have been redeemed, and join, while you live, in the cry: "Glory and dominion be to Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us, and washed us in His own blood"?

## THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

“For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”—HEBREWS xii. 6—11.

THIS, after its sort, is a kind of philosophy, a phenomenon of human experience. Everything in Nature, according to the measure of its power, is happier than a man. Life is brief and uncompounded in the lower range; it is not tormented by fears; it has no to-morrow, it has no remorse; its hours are few; but, so far as we can judge, the insect flits through the brief period of its life without a sorrow and without a trouble, and though death may come by violence it is not anticipated; it does not come so much by slow approach, it comes instantaneously, and everything below man seems to fulfil its destiny along the line unchecked of cause and effect. But the moment you rise above the animal kingdom you find man in everlasting conflict with himself, with his social surrounding, with society, with hope and fear of the future. Man alone is the one miserable creature on the earth, and yet he is called the Son of God. Men have been studying how to create happiness that should be undisturbed and unbroken in this world. They have discovered a great many things, invented a great many things, found out a great many medicines and remedies; happiness has eluded their

search. Single persons seem to have struck the harmony, but in multitudes, in nations, in ages, the whole creation has been "groaning and travailing in pain." Moralists and poets have descanted on the subject. This world has been called a vale of tears, a land of sorrows, a land of disappointments; from the cradle to the grave men have alternated between smiles and tears. A steady flow of happiness, a soul that knows how to keep time as that watch knows how to keep time, has never been born, and does not live. We flit between light and dark.

Now, happiness is certainly, we may believe, the final end of creation. Whatsoever maketh a lie or causeth offence in the grand land of consummation will have been purged out, and happiness without alloy will yet be the end of every true life that by sorrow and suffering has been wrought out into the full possession of its birthright. The process or education of man in this world proceeds on the law of suffering—happiness the graduating point; suffering the academy, the seminary; and the best teachers are the teachers that inflict suffering on man. And so clearly is this declared in this sacred philosophy of our text that it is said that a man is not a man that does not suffer; and especially in his relations to God a man is a bastard that dodges suffering, gets rid of it, gets out of it. It is the law of God. Now, suffering is taught not only as a fact, but there are in this wonderful book of Revelations, among all its horses and clouds and trumpets and armies and various symbols, some of the most exquisite truths wrought in between to be found in any of the books of the Bible. "One of the elders answered me, saying, What are these that are arrayed in white robes? Whence came they, the radiant? I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest; and he said to me, These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (that is, in the bath of suffering; for Christ's blood means suffering); "therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." Clear down to the last vision they are highest that have been most suffering in the great school of this life. It is the law of education. Why it was made so, if you know, please instruct me. There is that *why*. Why did God make things thus and so? Why did He so develop human life? Why did He make this the road through which humanity was to travel? Why did He make the law of suffering the law of education, rather than the law

of happiness ? This *why* pours into the gulf of ignorance. We don't know. We are ignorant in proportion as we go back to the beginnings of things. These are secrets that no science will penetrate ; at any rate, not for ages yet ; these lie hidden in the bosom of God. But Christ is the type of the moral kingdom of God. The sufferings of Christ have been alleged to be on this, that, and the other ground ; let him take comfort and consolation who may out of the several theories that have existed. It was necessary to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering, because He was leading the multitude, the whole world's population, towards elevation through suffering, and He entered Himself under that august law of the universe, suffering. The blood of Christ means suffering, as He interprets it Himself : " Greater love hath no man than that he should lay down his life for his friends." And the suffering and death of Christ, the shedding of His blood, which is equivalent of parting from life, is meant by His own interpretation to be the measure of the love that He has, and has had, upon the race. He is the Captain, through suffering, of men that suffer. It was necessary for Him, because it was necessary for Him to pass through the same road that we all have ourselves to pass. It is a badge of discipleship—suffering is. Men do not come to the fulness of their relation to God except through it. No man can blink it ; no man can dodge it ; no man, be he ever so wise, can escape it ; nor should he want to. The mother of Zebedee's children wanted her boys to go to the highest pinnacle without any suffering, and the reply, mysterious to them, is clearly discernible to us in its intent : " Can you drink of the cup that I am to drink of, and be baptized with the baptism ? " And they in the innocence of their ignorance said : " Yea, Lord we are able." And the reply intimates : " You shall have your cup and your baptism ; but as to the reward which you seek outside of suffering it is not mine to give." And it is not anybody's to give ; it is not God Almighty's ability to give without a violation of the whole law of the Divine economy.

Now, look at the scale of suffering. The first is physical pain, which is the lowest ; it is cautionary. Pain oft-times is like the thick-set hedge along the edge of the precipice, and men would go over if there were no caution or warning. If they grumble at the thorns, the thorns are their salvation ; otherwise they might have gone stumbling on and been pitched over. It is cautionary. The remembrance of it prevents a man

violating some natural law ; that is, some law that has its seat in the physical structure of the man's own body. A child has no knowledge. It gains knowledge by suffering. A child has no conception of the law of gravitation till he has tumbled downstairs or out of his bed. He has no knowledge of fire, no knowledge of the suffocating influence of water. It comes little by little. The knowledge of natural laws and the violation of them bring quick pain to him, and is his schoolmaster, in so far as a very limited extent of physical suffering is concerned. Physical suffering, or pain, as we should call it, is vindicatory, and, in its vindicatory life, pain, in some respects, is instantaneous, in other respects it is dilatory. In some respects it avenges the violation of the law early and vigorously ; in other respects it lets it lie long through years and years, and punishes in mid-life and in old age the transgressions of youth and strength. But he that has violated a physical law does not get rid of it. It grips him, though it may not choke him ; it holds him, as a lion holds and sports with its prey before he eats it. No prayer will set a man free from the pain of the violation of physical law, and yet there is something provided in that ; there are remedial tendencies in the human body—a kind of foretaste, or, rather, a foresight in material creation of that which comes, in a larger and larger way, in the intellectual and the moral development of the race, a remedy for the transgressor. So, then, there are pains that are vindicatory not only at once, but far along. Some of them without possible atonement in them, some of them more or less remedial in their constitution and nature. Yet even this, the lowest form of suffering—namely, bodily pain—is not without its relations to education, and to the development of a true and high manhood. It teaches men patience ; it teaches men to bear valiantly. Many and many a man has been burned at the stake without so much suffering as a man has had in his bed through ten or fifteen years' suffering and pain, and if during all that time while the body anguished, the soul is learning self-control, endurance, bravery, faith, even physical pain becomes a missionary and a minister of grace. Cheerfulness under physical suffering is a wonderful victory, repining is a defeat. I suppose that there is more martyrdom of a quiescent kind than there ever was of a flaming. I would rather be broken on the wheel outright—horrible as it is, yet it has this benefaction in it, it is immediate and you get through it pretty quickly—than be a man that has the gout. He is broken on the wheel through days and nights



with no terminable period before him, again and again with recurrent anguish. A man who being a martyr in suffering for a principle is inspired with heroism, and can go to the stake and bear torments is not so great a man as the man that without publicity and without any great moral end in view nevertheless has courage and endurance to bear up under these various bodily tortures. If a man shirks down, if he sneaks into complaints and all forms of bewilderment, and dissipated faith, he is wretched indeed, and there is no moral end gained under such circumstances.

Then, aside from the suffering which comes to us through our bodily organs, there is that suffering which comes to us through the law of evolution in ourselves ; the law of conflict between the lower man and the higher man, or, as St. Paul phrases it, "between the flesh man and the spirit man." If, in unfolding ourselves from childhood to manhood, the process goes on by which we subdue the animal that is in us, and the passions that belong to it, by the ascendancy of higher social, moral, and intellectual inspirations, then suffering is more immediately and perceptibly a schoolmaster. Here is the full sphere where self-denial comes in. Nobody is obliged to deny himself when the thing that he wants is the right thing. Pain in and of itself is a curse. Suffering in and of itself, without any moral end, without any prophecy of purpose in it, suffering is not good, and yet there are multitudes of people that are wearing hair shirts and sitting in sack-cloth on dust and ashes, and are inflicting pains and suffering on themselves, not because they know anything that they are going to get by it, but because, somehow or other, they think that something will come out of it that will be a fair equivalent. Any suffering that does a man good has its equivalent in his character in lifting him higher. In old times of war men fought at the walls or before the city ; driven in, they fought within the walls and on the walls ; driven thence, they retreated street by street ; by-and-by nothing but the citadel was left, and in that, on the highest point of rock, and the most firmly fortified, they held out and endured to the end. And so it is in life. Men are driven up higher and higher towards the citadel of God, by the sufferings which take place in the conflict between the lower and the higher man.

Living largely in the west in my early life, I had the opportunity of beholding phenomena that are good illustrations. When the great western rivers were suddenly swollen, and

booming freshets came tearing down, flooding the country on either side, I have seen the river Ohio, that was not a quarter of a mile wide, ten miles wide in the flood. Nothing is more familiar to the settlers than the fact that the animals are all driven from the lower places, and frequently it is the case that they mount to some round hill, and the water following surrounds it, and they are imprisoned on that hill. But they still go higher up and higher up and higher up until they get a place that is a refuge. Suffering that teaches an animal to go up ought to teach a man to go up.

Then suffering is still on another level, where we suffer by our social relations, where we suffer with and for each other; and here is the beginning of the grandeur of the kingdom of suffering. It is not our sinning that occasions suffering on the social plane; the other qualities are now the ministers of pain. Do you suppose that the cry and the pang of the mother springs from her sin? She brings her child into the world through her own pangs. Blessed be the name of the mother! From day to day she ministers her own body, from night to night her own wearing watchfulness. She lives for the child and in the child. If it be weak it is dearer than if it were strong. If it be strong she glories in it, and through the imagination outbraves the future. If it be brought into difficulties, who but she is in sorrow? Not the child itself suffers so much in its adversities, little or great, as the mother suffers for it and with it; and it is not because she has been a transgressor, but it is because she has been God's angel that she suffers with and for the child. Thus the law of suffering enlarges as you ascend upon the scale of developed being.

Vicarious suffering, then, I may say at last, is the law of the universe. Men have disputed whether in Christ's great mission and atoning the law of vicarious suffering could be justified, and they have reasoned very sagaciously upon the minimum of the question. Christ entered into the world to partake of those very things that the race have passed through, "Tempted in all points like as we are," tried into all points as we are; and as it is the law of social connection that one shall suffer for another, Christ suffered for men under the same great grand law of vicarious suffering. That is a wretched child, that is a wretched man, who has no one to suffer for him. Take the common popular phrase, "Oh! those children have nobody to care for them"—*care*, watchfulness, and pain are inherent in it. Every child coming up from below wants somebody to

suffer for it in thought, in feeling, in self-suppression, in energy of love; and any person coming into this world without some suffering for it is a bastard, with no father or mother morally.

Then, higher than this, or rather more extended in its relation, is the suffering which men have in civic relations. Men are not individuals. Man is a collective animal; every man stands on his own stem, but he also stands on the trunk which holds up a million stems, and if anything afflicts the root it afflicts everything at the top. Although blossom is not identical with blossom, nor fruit with fruit, human life is made up of individualisms, but collected and made into one great organisation. And so men must suffer when society suffers. Wars bring suffering not to the evil-minded but to everybody; revolutions inflict generic sufferings upon the race and upon the age; riots spread abroad suffering not on the principle of desert, but simply on the principle of our connection in civic unity. Commercial depressions do not take down the adventurer alone, but they take his family down, they take the colleague firms down, and though it may be in your counting-house that the thing began it runs out through the looms and the anvils, and all the multiplied wheels, and it is felt for a period far and wide, and those who are not responsible or capable suffer as much as they that are, on account of our civic connection.

Then next and yet higher, men suffer on account of their moral relations that unite them to man and to God and to the universe. The progress of knowledge is through suffering. One man suffers, and leaves a glow of new truth behind him, which irradiates the whole of a generation. The man had to suffer for it. Indeed, it seems to be the law in yet imperfect and corrupt human nature that when a man brings in a great good, men are so afraid that it will oust their lower good and investments that they all join together to pelt, and, if they can, to destroy, the man that brings the greater blessing, so unwise and ignorant are they. Men are cast out wandering in the wilderness, of whom the world is not worthy because they are seeking to bless the world. There are men in your generation, or that have but just passed out from it, there are men against whom the cathedral and pulpit have thundered execrations, that are God's angel messengers bringing into the world a knowledge that will be for the salvation of the gene-

rations in days to come. They suffer ; you reap. It is this that led the Apostle to rejoice in his infirmities—that is, in all the sufferings and the breakings down that came in his life, not on account of his infelicity, nor of his sins, nor of his unripe character, but because he was bringing into the world untold blessings. If the Saviour that came to bring immortal life was Himself crucified, shall His servants that come bringing in some small portions of blessing expect to go free? If the bearer of the thorn-crown is your Father, are you afraid of the nettle? The law of suffering is the law of honour, of emancipation, of glory in this lower state. The Puritans were not a perfect race, but they knew how to suffer for a great cause ; and you reap the benefit. The Covenanters were far from being perfect men ; but they that deride them in our day are not worthy of them. Their outside, like that of the shellfish, might have been crustaceous, but the inside was glorious. So with the Huguenot and the Reformers in our day. Robertson, who stood in Brighton preaching a wonderful Gospel then but little known, finding himself unpopular and frowned upon by his own church, has opened the gates of peace and salvation to thrice ten thousand souls. Oh, that we might suffer ! Oh, that we were accounted worthy to suffer ! Oh, that we could so advance the interests of God among men that ignorant men should pelt us with stones and stone us as Paul was stoned. The cross is the emblem of glory.

Thus far we can see and understand. But the world is the workshop of heaven. There we shall see the consummation of that which we see but feebly and understand but partially. The law of suffering runs on beyond, I believe, in multitudes of cases, although the final consummation is perfect and increscent joy and happiness. Many there are on earth who see no outcome ; they are underfoot, they are out of place ; suffering seems not only to bring to them no relief and no inspiration, and no help and no hope, but it seems never to have declared its real nature to their surroundings or to their generations. Oh ! there will be a land where these things will be known ; there will be an interpretation to every pang and to every tear and to every crushing sorrow ; and as for those who suffer for a noble cause, who suffer for children, who suffer for those who have no parents, who suffer for the community, though they are accounted unworthy, and

are cast out by the community, though they be crushed out of life and hope, and go mourning all the days of their lives, there is a reckoning—that is to say, there is to be an unfolding of the reasons of their suffering, and the results of it which do not by any means all appear upon this mortal sphere and in this limited life—it is to be made known.

Look at these magnificent structures that are growing up on every side, and look down into the deep pit where the cellar is being dug, and where the foundation-stones, huge and rude, are laid. On them is the wall, and by-and-by you come through much developing beauty to the cornice and the frieze and to all the carved statues. There is the glory of the architecture. You may walk through cathedrals and round about them, and through palaces, and you may say : “How beautiful is this !” and there are the poor great stones at the bottom, groaning and saying : “We hold the whole up : yet nobody sees us and nobody pities us.” That is so in this world ; but the men that are the foundation stones in this world will find that the last will be first and that the first will be last in the other life ; they shall not be hid, they shall be developed in that great day. Did you ever see a mosaic, a picture made of little stones which can be brought in by the bushel or the basket or the cart, and not one of them worth sixpence ? Take them up individually, and they are of no particular value or beauty ; but when the artist, upon the pliant background, uses one and another and another and another, and, having finished in darkness, withdraws the curtain, there shines out the resplendent image of Christ ; He is made up of all these little insignificant bits of glass and stone. Here we are mere fragments ; but when, after death, we are put together by the hand of the artist, God, we shall find that though individually we amounted to very little, when we were taken collectively, and put into proper relations, the glory of the Lord will shine out of our individual smallness.

I heard a conversation once in the mountains. There was gold that had been wedged in among the rocks, and had heard that gold was a wonderful thing for value and for beauty ; and it was murmuring and saying : “Here I lie, and here I have lain for centuries ; I am gold, and I hear stories of what gold is for value and for beauty and for power ; but here I lie in darkness crowded,



and hurt, and crushed." The engineer says: "Well, if you want to come out and shine you shall;" and there is great joy in all the ledges until the powder explodes and they are torn to atoms and thrown all round about. "Oh, oh, oh! this is what you have promised us—that we should have joy, liberty, and beauty." They are trundled into waggons, lifted with the earth, and as the light dawns on them they say: "Well, it may be alleviated a little, but this is a hard way to answer our aspiration." Then they are put down under the stamp, broken up with mallets, and at last ground into powder. They give up in despair: "If this is making us beautiful gold we would rather go back to our ledges." Then the water takes out the rock, and the gold lies scattered, and it is then poured into a bath of quicksilver, that eats it all up; the gold has disappeared, the particles of quicksilver have got it all inside themselves. It is collected and carried out, and then by heat the quicksilver is dissipated, and the gold finds itself lying under the sky, pure—nearly; then it goes through the process of perfect purification, and, at last, it passes into the Mint, where it takes the image and superscription of the Government, wears the crown, carries the sceptre, and it is sought by all men, and is used in all places, and at last through much tribulation it enters into the kingdom of glory.

You do not know what is going on, you do not know all the meaning of your sorrow; God does. Do you suppose that the wool on the sheep's back knows what it is coming to when it is sheared? When it was scoured and washed and spun, and twisted of its life almost; when it went into the hateful bath of colour; when it was put into the shuttle, and was thrust back and forth, back and forth, in the darkness, and out came the royal robe, it did not know what it started for; yet that is what it comes to—kings wear it. The flax in the field sighs to be made into the garment of the saints. All right. Pluck it up; rot it, put it under the brick, thread it, weave it, bleach it, purify it; and the saints may wear it now. It came to honour and glory through much suffering. "Who are these arrayed in white? These are they that have come out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Suffering is God's guardian, guiding angel to those that will; it takes them up through the gate of trouble and trial to that land of perfectness and of everlasting peace.



And you do not know what your suffering means? Yet you may rejoice in the general fact that somehow or other it is going to make you glorious if you are only worthy of it. Allow me still one more figure; for some may take one figure easily, and some another. When this organ was built the lead and the zinc did not know what the men were about when they were melting them, and making them into pipes, and when the work was distributed through the different shops among different hands. Here you have the *sesquialtera* and the *mixture*—hideous stops unless they are masked or hidden under a great weight of sound. If you tried them in the factory you would run out with your fingers in your ears, and cry: "Lord deliver me from that sort of music!" Then there are the *flute* stops, and the *diapasons* in their grand under tones. With all the different parts of the organ separately made, unconnected, nobody can tell what is coming except an experienced workman; but by-and-by, little by little, the frame is erected, the stops are all arranged and in connection with the wind chest, and now that it is an organic whole every part plays into every other part. As a whole, it is magnificent; but the separate stops were poor and weak and unsatisfactory. God makes stops on earth, but He builds the organ in heaven; and many a man will never know till he comes there what was the reason of that providence by which he was trained and fitted to be of that great band of music in the heavenly home.

Thus far illustrated and explained the subject will give rise to some applications. And, first, no man should hunt after suffering, any more than a man should hunt after sickness. Yet the ascetic heresy was this—that there was something in suffering, over and above the Divine nature and application of it, in the suppression of passions. They had a faith that a certain quantity of suffering here would secure an equivalent of joy there. Not that it sweetened them, not that it enlarged them, but it was the price of suffering paid for an era and a quantity of joy. Many people punish themselves now, thinking that that is the way to earn something by-and-by. All suffering that does not end in the production of more beauty and strength and sweetness of character is suffering thrown away. Do not regard suffering as if it were in and of itself a means of grace. If it makes you better it will come of itself. It is a pitiful thing to see men who in the main are living the

life of Christians unconscious of the great meaning of suffering, and trying to make the best of life they can, and, shooting out above them, many misdirected men of the other extreme, who suppose that moral development and moral excellence are to come only through self-suppression, who run to the cave to find sanctity there, as if they had not to go there themselves. A man that sleeps with himself sleeps with the devil. They run to all sorts of torture and torment, as if abstract suffering were an equivalent for abstract holiness. Do not hunt after suffering. Anything that is lawful and right is yours. The whole round realm of Nature, everything that is pure and just and of good report, the Apostle says: "Think on it"—that is, ponder it for the purpose of appropriating it. You need not trouble that you will not have trouble enough if you will accept it.

Secondly, lower animal suffering is penalty for sin; but, going up the scale, it is not punishment, but the other way. Men suffer because they are so good; they are the vicarious sufferers for those who are not good, through sympathy, through pity, through endeavour to help them, through self-repression for the development of those that are round about. Therefore, when you find yourself suffering, do not undertake to say: "Lord! what have I done? Why am I afflicted when other persons not so good as I am go free?" If anybody goes free he is a bastard; you are God's son, and what son is there that the Father chasteneth not? Men work for the comfort of their own families, for their own pleasure, but God that He may make us partakers of His holiness. Do not, therefore, suppose that simply because you suffer you are set apart of God and made an example. You are under the law which Christ lived under, which all human families live under. Yet I have seen such anguish and sorrow, young mothers mourning over their cradle and saying: "What have I done that my babe should be taken from me?" It may be that there is some reason in you; it may be that there was a schooling going on in you to prepare you to take care of others' babes—to be a nurse to those that have not your blood. It is not your sins necessarily that bring suffering, certainly not in the social and the spiritual sphere.

The end and aim of life, I remark again, ought not to be happiness, but fitness for happiness. It is not happiness that we should live for, but condition, conduct, character. And

yet men are living as if there never had been a Saviour, nor a Cross, nor blood. Men are attempting with all their might to make this world a great conservator of their happiness. They buffet themselves, and through every inventive agency, and through all their ambitions and the wide scope of their desires, they are seeking to get rid of suffering. Multitudes are seeking, however, dishonour, disgrace ; they are trying to get rid of care, not by casting it on the Lord, but by dodging the causes of it ; they are trying to bid for honours—sons of Zebedee—men that are seeking power, glory, immortality in other ways than in the path Christ trod and as followers of Him, and are thus seeking their own woe and wail. We ought not to augment self, but we do ; we ought to abase it, but we exalt it ; we ought not to surround ourselves with others, making them serve us ; we are to serve others. There is a reciprocal relation in this regard—we are to serve, they are to serve ; we are interchanging services ; we are the slaves of love, and they are the slaves of love. A true Christian life is the intersphering of the self abasement of the low and the self-abasement of the high ; it is suffering for one another ; it is “ Let every man please his neighbour to edification,” to up-building. The washing of feet is, I think, a part of the New Testament that many folks would like expunged. Men are quite willing to serve each other on the higher plane, where their service is a rebound of joy in themselves ; there are very few men willing to descend to the other end of human life and wash the feet—the lowest and most menial service of a slave. Yet that was what the Son of Man did ; and, “ If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another’s feet.” There are a great many men who are fierce for the Trinity, fierce for the Atonement, fierce for all the interlocked doctrines, but they are not at all anxious about washing feet.

And there is a relation in this subject to the training of children. We are seeking not to show our children how to bear bravely the troubles of life, but we are trying to bring them up so that the troubles of life shall not come near them. We love our children, and we should glory if we could only feel that they will attain to nobility, that the royal patent will one day lay upon them the garter or the robe or the sceptre, or what not. But according to the New Testament we are training them to bastardy ; we are not seeking to make our children enduring, industrious, energetic, self-sacrificing. What

was it that made the heroic men of days gone by? Were they clothed in soft raiment? Did they live in kings' houses? Were they men that were made hardy by having wrapped themselves in furs so that the weather could not touch them? They were men that came out of poverty; they were men that came out of deep necessities and overcame them; they were men against whom all nature and all society fought, and they overthrew them both; they were the men that had hardship, and hardship made men of them. And when in wealth and honour they began to have springing up round about them their own children, they turned right round and cut their throats. "Oh, my children shall not have such trouble as I have had!" It was the womb of your life—that is what made you. That which brings the beautiful statue out of the block of marble is not the shining of the sun on it. No Apollo, no modern hero ever came out of the solid stone by softness and by sweetness, but by the blow of the mallet and the chisel knocking off the superincumbent stone, and letting out little by little the inside man. That is the only way God makes men nowadays. How many men there are that are hedging in their house, hedging in their children, surrounding them with all manner of appliances which, in connection with a higher and nobler treatment, may not be improper, because it is a greater thing for a man on whom has descended the power of popularity, the power of wealth, the power of station to be humble, for him to be a servant of all men—it serves as a more magnificent illustration than a man in a poorhouse can make known to men; these things may not in themselves be bad, but we are training our children directly for elevated places without training them in the way by which they shall be elevated. Every man is an egg, and he ought to hatch his real mankind out of himself. We ought to teach our children to be good soldiers, to be manly, to be courageous, to be content with the condition in which they are until they come by strife to lift themselves to a higher condition. Do not go and sit down at the topmost seat of the table lest he that is worthier shall come, and the master of the feast shall say: "What are you here for? Go down, go to the bottom." But the law of society is every man for himself, not "What am I fit for?" but "What can I grab? What can I get? Where can I climb?" The higher a man climbs the worse is his fall when he gets it. Society has in other indirect ways perverted the

ideal among men. Men are afraid to-day to be individual; they are afraid to speak till they have calculated what the effect of the speaking will be. Ministers are afraid to speak for a variety of reasons; they do not know what will be the effect on the pew rents, they do not know what the effect will be on their standing among their brethren, they are afraid of the religious Press, they are afraid of public sentiment. People of God, are you not afraid of God at all? The man that has asked leave of all creation before speaking ought not to speak then—he ought to hold his eternal tongue; and yet how much cowardice is there; how much is lost, how much enterprise, how much freshness of thought! God sent every man into the world who is a witness for the truth to be a witness in some respects as no other person is or can be. A minister is afraid to preach poor sermons, but I hold that a man who does not preach poor sermons will never be a good preacher. There would never be any mountains unless there were valleys between. That is an illustration only, but this is certain—that a man must be so himself commanded by the truth that he shall not be afraid to let himself out. You will never get sons of thunder in the pulpit until you get men that are willing to fail when fail they must. But now they study up, they polish, they organise, and smooth, and run their sermons into a mould of polite phraseology, and they address them to a cultivated audience, and they have distinguished nobles come to hear them. John the Baptist was not a preacher of that sort, nor was Christ. “Woe unto you, Bethsaida! Woe unto Chorazin!” and so on. No man is fit to preach until he is fit to be sacrificed. A man that gives himself up to the work of preaching is bound to say in his ordination thought: “I will make a life-sacrifice of myself if God means it and requires it; but one thing I must do—I must be true to my own best thoughts, my own best beliefs, whether the Church likes it or not.” Oh! when the day shall come that there are more voiceless preachers—men who become holy, silent witnesses, mute preachers—the Church itself, exorcised of vanity, of fear, and of base aspiration, will be bettered, and the sufferings of these men will answer the great law of suffering, emancipation, elevation, glorification.

I have but one more thought, and that is final—not alone in this sermon, but final in creation. No imagination can conceive the wonder, the rapture, the ecstasy, of the great hour



of finding out. When we have borne our body, borne our allotted suffering and pain, borne our obscurity and our persecution, borne all the troubles that go to the making of manhood in this life, unrecognised, not rated according to our moral value, rated according to the law of selfishness in human society ; when at last, emancipated the pauper from the poorhouse, the debtor from the prison, the broken-down man in business, who has been living on the crusts of his former prosperity, mothers, nurses, servants, whose souls were greater than their places ; when at last they shall come and stand in the light of the eternal heavens—oh, what a surprise, and oh, what a dismay, when these tumble from their heights of imagined greatness, when the first shall be last, and the last first ! But oh ! when the suffering is all gone, and we come to find ourselves, and come to find that the work of life, racking, filing, sawing in various violent ways upon us, has made us perfect, and we stand in the light of the other life, to see the meaning of all that has taken place in our obscure life—oh, what an hour of joy and of consolation ! O ye that are in low places, hope and look up ! O ye that are dishevelled in grief, look up to be patient ! O ye that sit in the shadow of death, your Deliverer is at hand ! The prison door will by-and-by be thrown open, and you will come out, and, going up, emerge into the glory of immortality. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Dearly beloved, many of you will go, almost I had said, before the month closes ; you will have touched the celestial heights, and know the secret of life. The morning star already shines in the East, and the Sun of Righteousness is rapidly pursuing behind. Children of light, children of God, take courage : look up ; go on ; your deliverance is at hand.



## PRAYERS.

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L ORD, we look with bashfulness and shame into Thy face, and yet Thine eye is pity rather than rebuke. Thou knowest how unworthy we are. Thou knowest, O Master of love, what ill-taught disciples, what sluggards we have been. We are sorry, we are deeply sorry ; we will not that it should be so here. Oh ! give us some help. See how great our need is ; see how society dashes upon us. Lord, we struggle in the way, and, as with Thy servants of old that were sinking, put forth Thine hand, even if Thou dost rebuke us, and say, " Oh, ye of little faith ; " lift us up and give us that we may walk upon the wave as if it were the solid rock, because Thou lovest us. We hardly know how to love ourselves ; there are days and hours in which we utterly reject ourselves ; but we are lifted up because Thou comest to us, saying, " Poor child, I love thee ; " and he whom Jesus loves may rise to his feet and rejoice. Now call us every day with the rising of the sun, call us Thine own, and with the setting of the sun call us Thine own ; and may men have no occasion to say, " To whom do you belong ? " in that all shall see that we belong to Jesus, and so we shall let our light shine that men, seeing our good works, shall glorify our God in heaven. Hear our prayer, and bless us for Thine own heart's sake. *Amen.*

*City Temple, July 4.*

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THY words and promises are Yea and Amen ; Thou hast suffered none to be unfulfilled. We are witnesses ourselves of Thy great goodness. In looking back to our childhood, in our household and in all our family life, Thou hast

been with us ; in the valley and shadow of death Thou hast called our children to Thee ; Thou hast given us the cup of bereavement ; Thou hast at times dashed out the light of the world, and yet afterwards we have had occasion to recognise Thy faithfulness and Thy goodness even in our suffering. We are better for sorrow, and we look back on all the ways in which we have been led in the stormy scenes of life continually to recognise the invisible guide, the ever-present help, and we are what we are in all that is good by the grace of God. O Lord, we render to Thee thanksgiving for all Thy goodness, praise for all the revelations Thou hast made of Thyself, and with confessions of our unworthiness we still are emboldened to pray for more light and for great joy, and for the revelation within us of the truth of Jesus Christ. Grant unto us, we pray Thee, that fidelity that shall cling to Thee, not to Thy name, not to Thy church, but to Thee, the fountain of all that is just and pure, and true and tender, and loving and forgiving ; and grant that we may know how to partake of Thee as men of the loaf, that we may wear Thee, that we may put on the Lord Jesus Christ and be clothed in Him, and so may be established in the faith that hath no words, in all those truths that are unspeakable, in all those experiences that are full of peace, full of "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Bless this assembly. May Thy servant be guided to speak the right things and with the right spirit, and grant that the hours that we spend apart in the midst of outward tumult and the noises of the busy world may be hours as in the presence of the King, Keep us in life, and when we come to die may it seem to us as if the burst of joy had been for us as we rise through the untracked way which no mortal eye hath seen, convoyed by Thine angels, and entering into our Father's home, where we will praise Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, for ever. *Amen.*

**O**H, drive away the clouds, O Thou that sittest behind the cloud ; justice and judgment are the habitations thereof, but love also triumphs, and cleanses the eye from misconception. Give to Thy servants, we pray Thee, a larger sense of how they may glorify God. Grant that they may learn at last that Jesus Christ set forth in a sweet and Godly life by themselves is the Gospel that they can preach, and that no man can preach any more of the Gospel than he has living in himself.

Give to us all, O King—we are very poor—give us riches. O Lord, we have found Thee, and we will not let Thee go. Speak some words to us from Thy love for us. May we not care so much what men do think ; may we be benefactors in Thy place. Pour out the light of joy, and hope, and patience in tribulation, pour out the victory of “Christ in us the hope of glory” upon men, that they, seeing what we are, may ask, “How shall I find Him who hath wrought these things in you?” Bless thy servants that are aged, now treading on the border land, and send them up, we pray Thee, send them up with great joy, if not in a chariot of fire yet of joy, and may the cloak fall upon their children, and may they, too, become prophets. May the memory of sainted mothers, of venerated parents, work in us and for us, and may we hear Thee crying to every one of us, “The gate stands open : it is a time of hope, it is a time of forgiveness, it is a time for new life ; come thou, come all.” And may the bounty of Our Lord overflow in our hearts, not only on those that are present, but those that are absent. Sanctify life to us. Oh, make us patient. What if the path be thorny, it is but a little while. What if the flints do cut ; it is but a short passage. May we climb. Oh, grant us power to fly up all the way ; may we fly to Thee, and cast our crowns at Thy feet, saying ; “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name, Great Lover, be all the praise for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*City Temple, July 8.*

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A GAIN, O our Lord, descend from heaven upon each of us. We are of the Spirit, and Thou art the Great Spirit : through our soul and innermost nature make Thyself know to us as Thou dost not to the world. Grant that we may have such evidence of Thy nearness and tenderness of love as we have that summer has come when all the waves of heat and light do beat upon us. Grant that we may know that Thou art, and that Thou art the rewarder of those that diligently seek Thee. Accept the thanks and gratitude of our souls for all the wonderful way in which Thou hast led us in days gone by, and for all the hopes that cheer us under the burdens and troubles of life ! O give to us more and more the soul-sustaining consciousness that God is with us, and all things

shall work together for good, because we are called of God and have found Him and been found of Him, and love Him, and are beloved by Him. In Thee, as the strength of our faith, may we walk all the days of our lives, and be ready when the joyful message of time and the world shall come to us, "The Lord needeth thee, go up higher." And to Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be praise immortal.
Amen.

FOR all the past of our experience, we thank Thee, Lord. We are not contented. We behold how much of the land is yet to be possessed: the mountains are filled with Hivites and Hittites, thorns and briars are yet round about the fence; the fruit is poor. O, Lord Jesus, still shine on; O, Sun of Righteousness, still keep summer at work upon us; and for Thine own sake, and then for ours, bring us into that abundant grace of God in which every part of us praises Thee, and waits for the revelation and the glory when this body shall drop and our souls shall be with Thee. We are the sons of God. Lord, do not shut the door; we do not stand outside, saying: "Lord, Lord, open unto us; we have eaten in Thy presence." We have leaned our heads on Thy bosom; Thou canst not deny that. In days of sorrow we have clasped Thee; we have felt Thine hand pierced; we have laid our head against Thy wounded, speared side. Do not turn away from us: know us and lead us out of our sin and into Thine image; and when we see Thee as Thou art we shall be like Thee, and praise Thee for ever and ever.
Amen *City Temple, July 15.*

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WHEREFORE, O Father, hast Thou called us this morning if the door be shut? Behold, we stand waiting and calling, and if any are trembling reach forth Thy hand of mercy to lift them, that they may enter in and be at home. And all the household of faith welcome this morning, for we never had more need. Sometimes we are driven to Thee by stormy winds of trouble, but not to-day; sometimes we come hungering and needing to be fed, but not to-day. We come with joy and gladness, and it is a benediction to look

upon Thee, to feel how near Thou art to us, for in Thee we live and move and have our being; without Thee there is no sun, nor moon, nor harvest of the soul, and with Thee though the earth were barren we are rich, and strong, and most happy. We know that it is more blessed for Thee to give than to receive. Oh, what riches of benefaction, then, must needs flow from Thee! Thou art infinite, outrunning all reach of thought and all experience of man. Giving doth not impoverish Thee, nor withholding make Thee rich, and it is the music of Thy life, the joy of Thy soul, to give forth endlessly of all things partaking of Thee. All things that do fly, or swim, or walk are fed by Thy bounty; all things that disport themselves in joy, little or much, all things that bear Thine image, and all that walk in the largeness of the endowments of the soul—all of them are day by day enfranchised, enlightened, rendered joyful by the outpouring of Thine own love. And Thou knowest what the hours of secret joy have brought forth; Thou knowest what has been the bridal of the soul, the marriage vow and covenant between Thee and us. Thou hast embraced our souls, and we stand in the everlasting covenant of Divine love, and nothing can pluck us from Thine hand. We are Thine now; we shall be Thine to the very mortal hour, and to all eternity. With ever-blessed glory and joy Thou wilt make us Thine. We are overwhelmed to think that we can make God happy: even so, Lord, it is, for Thou hast said it, and we bring the little that we have, and offer to Thee the offering of our heart, of gratitude, of trust, and we would that it might be of loyalty and fidelity. But we are so weak, we are so forgetful; so often it is the miasma of selfishness steaming up from our lives to blight the fairest flowers of our affection. But Thou knowest us, and when Thou didst receive us Thou knewest us altogether. Naked and open were we and are we before Thee, and therefore it is that Thou hast cheered us in the hours of discouragement. When our righteousness seems so poor and so threadbare, then it is that Thou art calling, "Come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in every time of need." Is it not a time of need to many here this morning? Are there not some that are in grief, some in bereavement, some in bitterness of heart, some for their children, husbands for their wives, wives for their husbands? Lord, Thou knowest what the discomfiture of life is, and how



great and manifold are the afflictions of Thy people. Be near them in this time of need. Are there not some that are conscious of the great error of their way, some that have slipped and fallen, some that have wandered with the prodigal afar off, and are thinking of returning? But oh, the greatness of the way! It is a time of need. Draw near to them, and may every soul that would be better know that God is on his side. We beseech of Thee that those who are perplexed in life's endeavours, all that know not the way of duty, nor the way of prudence and safety, grant that they may hear coming to them to-day the voice of God saying in their souls: "This is the way; walk ye in it." We pray that Thou wilt look upon those that are hungering and thirsting after righteousness—the yearnings and the longings of unsatisfied souls; deepen in them the wells of salvation, that their waters may flow evermore. Spread the table of Thy love before them that they may hunger no more, for Thou hast promised that they should be filled. And we beseech of Thee grant Thy blessing to Thy servant whom Thou hast set forth as the teacher of this people. Teach him, and may the Gospel of his own soul be as the interpretation of the Gospel of the letter; may he go in and out before this people, whether in weakness or in strength, while serving the Lord with strength and with weakness—the Lord that loved him and bought him with His own precious blood. And be with all the officers and members of this church in all that Thou dost inspire them to do for the welfare of men, and for the honour and glory of their Redeemer. Grant that they may be strong and abundant in their performance. Let it not be done in a grudging spirit. May they know that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and may they rejoice in the Lord, and again may they rejoice. We pray that Thou wilt be near to all the churches of this great city, to all Thy servants that preach the Gospel, whether they preach it in truth or manifold error. Overrule the evil, and sanctify the good. Bring Thy people near to each other without murmurings and disputings. May all those that are called, or who call themselves by the name of Jesus Christ, dwell together in unity and mutual helpfulness. We pray that Thou wouldest take all stumbling blocks out of the way. And remember the nations of the earth. Be pleased to remember this great kingdom and empire, and Thy servant and handmaid, whom through so many years Thou hast sustained both in sorrow and in



rejoicing. Bless the Queen and all the Royal Household, the Heir Apparent, and his household, and the people related to them. And we beseech of Thee that Thou wouldest grant in the time of excitement, and in the time and striving of men together, that the still small voice of God may be heard in the hearts of all that love Thee. Rule and overrule the councils of Thy people by the furtherance of Thine own purpose. And we pray for the nations adjoining, and for all the nations of the earth. Lord, what aileth Thee, that Thou dost hide behind the cloud? Dost Thou not hear the sighing of the captive? Dost Thou not see the garments rolled in blood? Dost Thou not hear the thunder of the battle and the outcry of the weak and the spoiled? Come forth, O Thou King of Salvation! Roll back the darkness and the ignorance of men. Give growth to all, that they should be too strong for tyranny. May superstition perish with ignorance, and may the bright shining of intelligence bring with it love and gladness, and all the earth begin at last to march to the great call of God; and as time passes on may the redeemed world, sweeping round and round Thy throne, join in the universal chant of glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

DEAR Lord, send home to us the simplicity of truth as it is in Jesus, and give us clearly to see how we are constantly misled; how we are baptizing by names of holiness things most unholy; how we are seeking for a general form of sin and overlooking the real sins of every-day life. Shine upon us with the summer of love; shine and ripen us, that we may be full of righteousness. While we are in the garden of the Lord, let us not be weeds in the garden; may we all be vines, and grant that we may bring forth more fruit. We ask it for Thy Name's sake. *Amen.*

*Westminster Chapel, July 18.*

WE have heard Thy call, our Father, and we have come here this morning to ask what Thou hast for us, for our needs are more than the hairs of our head—needs of the body, and of the heart, and of the understanding; yet Thou

dost provide, and, according to Thine own sovereign pleasure, give to us, not the things which we ask, but the things which we need. Dear Lord, help us this morning to rise into the atmosphere of Thy life, to have all that is within us unlike Thee suppressed, all darkness, pride, wanderings, all deadness of the heart; and oh! to have everything that is like Thee rise up in us—rise up and acclaim Thee Lord and God. And may the service of the sanctuary be divinely guided, and may the fruit thereof appear in our thought, in our will, in our conduct, and in all our life; and so guide us as that Thou shalt be pleased with us and with our imperfect attempt at worship. We ask it through the name of our Beloved, to whom, with the Father and with the Spirit, shall be praise evermore. *Amen.*

L ORD, help us. We are broken down in the sight of Thy love and in the wonder of Thy grace. Being Thyself pure, Thou art the friend of the impure; being Thyself sinless, Thou art the best friend of those that are covered with transgression; being Thyself full of resources of happiness in Thyself and in Thy kingdom above, Thou hast everywhere given forth Thyself to those that sit in darkness, to those that are in the region of the Shadow of Death, and hast made Thyself the life of the universe. From Thee are issuing streams of life and help to every creature; to all that are in the sea, to all that are in the air, to all that are upon the land; the cattle upon a thousand hills are Thine; all things are Thine. But yet more graciously Thou art giving Thy life forth to us, made in Thy image, but disfigured; to us that wander, that stumble, that turn even and go away from Thee backward, to us that deserve the least. All creatures beside us follow the law of their being, and neither turn to the right nor to the left, and are without sin; but man, endowed more richly than all, chief is he of those that break Thy law, that destroy their own happiness, that fill the neighbourhood with sorrow. Selfishness and pride and cruelty have their home in the hearts of men; and yet, patient and gentle Saviour, Thou givest Thyself for them. Not alone is there a memory of Thy graciousness upon earth, but now and everywhere and always Thy life is poured forth for the sustenance, the exaltation, and the salvation of those that deserve nothing but penalty and sorrow

and suffering. Thou Infinite Love, shine upon us this morning. When we think of Thy great excellence over against our meanness and wickedness we first hang our heads in shame and would shrink away from Thy presence ; and then, caught by the better influence of Thy Spirit, we lift ourselves up in admiration and adoration for our God that stands over against the storm of righteous justice and indignation, not as thunder and lightning within it, but as the bow of peace that is spanned upon it. Thou Redeeming Heart, Thou Glory of love, Thou Hope of the soul, how shall we compass Thee with our thought ? We sit down in Thy presence with despair ; there is nothing like Thee among men ; nowhere can we find symbols and types of the grandeur of Thy nature, nowhere of the tenderness of Thy love, nowhere of the comprehensiveness of Thy providence, nowhere of the ambition of Thy government. Save with an everlasting salvation those that are in transgression and in sin. We praise Thee, and we praise Thee with the praise of love ; we trust ourselves into Thy hand ; do for us what is necessary ; hear us not according to our cry, for we are short-sighted and know not what is best. We seek to avoid pain ; if it be needful, give it to us. We strive to avoid bereavement ; if it be needful, take, though it be the eye or the hand. We strive to build ourselves up ; if it be needful, humble us to the very ground. Give what we do not want, keep back what we do want. Oh ! think for us, and plan for us, and guide us in the way which is best in Thy sight ; and year after year, whatever may befall us outwardly, may the hope of salvation through Jesus Christ grow stronger and stronger ; may the sky of our hope be without sunset ; may we believe, as the days go on, that we are drawing near to the eternal summer. Grant unto us that love for Jesus and that experience of the Spirit of God working mightily in us that shall overcome fear. Grant that this may be our faith : " God loves us, and who shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus ? " May this be the anchor of hope within the veil, holding steadfast ; though the winds do blow and the storms beat, yet in the midst of storm and violence holding steadfast to the end. Bless this congregation and all the households that are represented here to-day. Remember the little children, and be gracious to them. Remember those that are fountains of tears because they are not, and comfort them. Remember the bereaved hearts torn asunder ; may they be able to say and

to feel, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away." Bless those that are in the sense of guilt filled with remorse, and comfort them, and say to every one, "Peace be unto you ; come unto Me ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Thou hast fulfilled it a thousand times to us ; fulfil it to-day to every waiting heart, and grant, we beseech of Thee, O Lord, that the members gathered together in this holy communion and bond of church fellowship may more and more grow into the image of Jesus ; may Thy servant be strengthened in body, and yet more mightily in soul, to lead men from darkness and from sin along the shining way to light and holiness. And grant that we may see the joy of Thy salvation in the conversion of men and in the edification of Thy servants. And bless all the congregations that gather together in the city to-day. Though outwardly disunited, and oftentimes warring, Thou art the God of all, and in Thy soul there is unity and compassion. Grant that it may be diffused to every one everywhere. Be pleased to remember the Sovereign of this great realm ; and as Thou hast given her strength and endurance through a long life to do the things that are just and pure, so continue Thy bountiful benefaction to the end of this weary and mortal life. And remember her household and all the Royal families, and grant to them grace, mercy, and peace. May this great realm by which Thou hast served Thyself in days gone by, the fruitful parent of a great household—grant that it may stand before Thee, and that all its troubles may be composed in the wisdom of God, and that its life and strength may yet go forth for the healing of the nations. We beseech of Thee to remember all the nations of the world Lord, hast Thou forgotten? Why do men strive against each other? Why is the sound of battle yet rolling through the air? When wilt Thou put down ignorance and superstition and all despotism and cruelty? When wilt Thou give the light of knowledge to mankind? When shall the angel be permitted to fly through the heavens declaring that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Lord Jesus, come ; delay not ; the whole earth doth wait for Thee, groaning and travailing in pain until now. Come, Thou desired of the ages—Thou whom our hearts desire, come ; even so Lord Jesus, come quickly ; and to Thee, with the Father and the Spirit, shall be praise evermore. *Amen.*

*Westbourne Park Chapel, July 25.*

**B**EHOLD us, our Father, this morning, for Thou hast called us higher, and what hast Thou for us? We are needy and Thou art rich, and giving doth not impoverish Thee nor withholding make Thee rich. Cleanse, then, by Divine touch our eyes that we may see spiritual things; give food to our hungry hearts that have sought food and found it bitter, that have drunk at broken cisterns and our thirst has not been quenched. Give to us that bread of which he that eateth shall know hunger no more. Give to us spiritual life; give Thyself, for we are Thy children, and are beloved of Thee. Oh, give the flame back to us kindled in Thy nature, that we may love God, and love His servants, and love one another, and may this day be a day at home to the soul, and may the service be edifying to all that are gathered together. We ask it in the name of the Beloved. *Amen.*

*Liverpool, August 15.*

**W**E thank Thee our Father for this day of rest; and through these vapours may we behold the eternal atmosphere bright, clear, radiant with Divine wisdom and Divine love; and may there be something in every heart to-day that shall call out for God, not as the Creator, not as the sustainer of the world, but may every heart call out for Thee as a child calls for its father: for Thou art our Father; Thou art to us more than father or mother. We are borne up in Thy arms with all mercy sustaining us by day and by night, not in the moment of supplication but ever more. Conscious or unconscious we live in the whole atmosphere of Thy care and Thy kindness. Thou never forgettest, Thou never dost draw back from Thy word of love. We are known to Thee; we have not imposed upon Thee. Thou hast not promised Thy goodness to us on condition of our goodness. Thou hast sought in us vessels into which Thou shouldest pour Thine own self; and out of the fulness of Thy exhaustless nature Thou art pouring evermore Thy thoughts of love and kindness. What if we are sinners? How much more art Thou righteous! What if we are filled with broken resolutions and promises broken? Over against our weakness stands the mighty mercy of God, and Thy grandeur is made known to us



in part by our insignificance. For Thou dost forgive our transgressions, and in our repentance we derive the benefit of Thy forgiveness. Thou art making Thyself near and nearer to us not according to the measure of our righteousness; but according to the measure of Thine own generosity and the grandeur of Thine own love. We would think of the way in which the Lord has lead us, and when we have rehearsed Thy mercies, and told them over and over again, in our childhood, on our way up to manhood, the sparing mercies, the recovering mercies of God, all the fountains that Thou hast in the wilderness and in the populous places of life, when we think of all the benefit and privilege, still our thoughts are as nothing; Thy mercies transcend all enumeration. Thy thoughts of goodness to us how precious they are! The thought of God, the love of God, with all its power and purity and endurance, clothe us as with garments. Grant, then, that we may have faith to discern these great truths that hang above our heads; and to-day may we hear them enunciated as by joy bells from afar. How many there are that have known us and are gone. How many there are that taught us in our earlier life whose voice we shall hear no more. How many there are that we have held in our arms and loved, that like the birds flew early away. Our father, our mother, our brothers and sisters, and our dear little children are with Thee, and to-day our thoughts are with Thee, and we wander up and down to know where they are, and to discern their faces which now can never again be discerned, for they are clothed in beauty unknown to earth, and all that was dear to us in outward guise is swallowed up in the beauty and glory of immortality. And yet they are ours! they love us more than we love them, and yearn for us when the day of our emancipation shall come. Oh, dear friends, we are coming. The morning is dawning and the daylight is at hand, and life and love and joy forever. Grant that to-day we may stop at the springs of salvation and refresh ourselves. Grant that we may now take hold by faith upon all the promises of God. Grant that we may have faith to discern the invisible, the multitudes of those that are ransomed and redeemed, and the voices of the great heavenly host. And before we depart from the body may we enter into the rest of the soul and feel the sweet influence and incense of heavenly life descending upon us. Bless the members of this congregation. In all the households repre-



sented here dwell Thou. Be gracious to the little children ; inspire them with truth and love and loyalty to God and man. And grant that those that rear them may themselves be evermore taught of God, and may they live the truths of the Gospel which they teach in the letter to their children. If there be sorrow and darkness in any dwelling, strike through the dim and twilight experience and may Thy joy quench their sorrows, and may their faith pierce behind the belt of cloud that for only the hour surrounds them. If there be those on whom Thy hand has been laid heavily, who sit in darkness, Thou canst lift them up ; there is no night with Thee, nor darkness. Draw them up by Thy gracious power into Thine own light and hold them a little while in Thy bosom. Even as a mother quieteth her child so quiet those that sit in their great sorrow and are darkened thereby. Draw near to those that are in perplexity and doubt as to the way of duty and as to the way of escape. Especially be near to those that have transgressed and are in trouble and sorrow for their own sin. May they not look down nor within, but away from their stumbling selves and from their transgression, and may they look up to the great heart of forgiveness and hear Thee say to them, " Arise and go on," and may they redeem themselves from the past, not by brooding over it but by leaving it behind them with their faces heavenward, with new inspired purpose of serving God. And we pray that Thou wouldst look upon all wants of every kind. Every heart knoweth its own difficulty ; every one knows its own need ; Thou more than any one knowest. We pray that Thou wouldst bless all the officers and rulers and members of this church in their several degrees and duties ; and may Thy word that is sown here bring forth abundantly to the glory of God. May Thy servant the pastor feed not alone the sheep but the lambs of the flock. May his bodily strength be augmented ; may his mind be continually refreshed by intercourse with God. And we pray that he may see that the Word prospers in his administration, and may this church grow in strength in all heavenly resemblance in all things that shall win men to the love of God, to the beauty of holiness. We pray for Thy blessing to rest upon this kingdom, upon Thine handmaid the Queen and upon all her household. We pray that Thou wouldst counsel her counsellors, and that Thy grace may be their providence. We pray that Thou wouldst look upon the outspread peoples of this land that now wander in all

the world, and [upon all those that are joined with them in lineage, in language, in knowledge, and in national inspiration. Bring together Thy dispersed ones, if not in body yet in purpose. Hast Thou not planted us that we might obtain the later-day glory of God? Hast Thou not brought this great people through the wilderness to the promised land of light and liberty and purity and justice and love? Fulfil Thy promise, and speedily come; and let the nations that sit in darkness behold the light that has risen and is rising; and let at last the joy day come when through all the heavens and throughout the earth the voice shall be heard proclaiming the accomplished victory, and when the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ shall be established everywhere; and to Thy adorable name, Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be the praise evermore. *Amen.*

**G**RANT Thy blessing to rest upon us; for as the flower cannot blossom except the sun do shine upon it—whatever beauty is in it withers, so neither can we. Even when we come to the bud and the blossom we need to be unfolded by the bright, shining, and sweet influence of the Sun of righteousness. Lord Jesus shine with Thy love upon us, upon Thy servant the pastor, upon all those that bear rule with him, upon the members of this church, upon all those that are in affliction, upon all those that are in prosperity and enjoyment, upon the aged, upon the young. And may we all rejoice with exceeding great joy that we are drawing near to our glorification and that we wait expectant for the voice that cries, “Go forth to meet Him.” And when that hour of release shall come to us may there be oil in our lamps; may we not delay and lose His presence, but go forth with joy everlasting. And to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit shall be the praise. *Amen.*

*Edinburgh, September 5.*

**D**EAR LORD, Thou knowest us altogether; that is our hope. We shall never deceive Thee. When Thou didst breathe peace to our souls we were not better than we seemed to be. When we are mortified and discouraged because we

promised and broke the promise, Thou knowest us from the beginning, and Thou art still saying, "I love thee, I suffer with thee, and for thee, and I will make thee whole by faith in Me, trust Me and live." Dear Lord, we will trust Thee, even if we stagger often and fall down we will trust Thee. As Thou didst seek out him that was cast out of the synagogue, so Thou wilt find us, those that for truth's sake suffer, on whom a ban is put. Thou wilt have mercy on those that live in the sun of popularity, but Thou wilt shine yet with sweeter beams upon those who for confession of Christ are suffering all things. Now teach us the grand life of love, prepare us to go up, but let us not go till we can speak its language; prepare us to go up hearing afar off the chant, the anthem of love. With feeble murmuring voice we call to Thee, "We are coming." We hear Thee shout from the battlements, "Come, come, come all, and take of the water and live freely." Parched and thirsty, and scarcely articulating, we say "Lord, we are coming." Our children come and meet us, our venerable parents are there, the gates are flung open, the great procession pours forth; we have an exceeding abundant entrance ministered unto us as we come to the kingdom of love, and when we shall enter in and behold Thee for the moment we shall forget all other things to cast ourselves down in Thy presence, to love Thee and adore Thee, and as the sun gives all the beauty that there is in flower and tree, or earth or sky, so it shall be Thyself that shall give the love, the fatherhood, the motherhood, the brotherhood, the childhood—everything, more beautiful because it will shine in the radiance of Thy love. Prepare us, O Lord, forget us not, and let us not forget Thee. And to Thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son, and Spirit. *Amen.*

*Scarborough, September 12.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, we thank Thee that in Thine infinite power and glory Thou rememberest us, and dost condescend to us. More than the mother for the little child dost Thou care for us by name, each one. Our sorrow, our sadness, our burden, our life, is all before Thee. "Naked and open are we before Him with whom we have to do." We rejoice in Thy fidelity, for Thy love to us is over all things.

And it forgets not to chastise. "Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Let us not wander in pleasant and wicked ways for want of chastisement, pain, and punishment; Lord, forget them not; but for peace and gladness, for mercy and radiance, also bethink Thee. And as they that wake in summer know that summer is come, so may the joys that sing in our thoughts to-day, may all the sweet peace and the fragrance as the flowers in the Lord's garden be with us this morning, to tell us that it is one of the days of the Son of Man, one of the days for our own souls; and may we rejoice in seeing each other in the right hand of fellowship, in all interest and sympathy each with the other. May we rejoice in worshipping Thee; if we cannot in the beauty of holiness, yet with the aspiration for holiness. And grant that the service of the morning and of this day may be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Redeemer. *Amen*

THOU fountain of light and joy, scatter our darkness, and put away our night, and call to us that the morning of hope has dawned upon us, and let it be a morning of joy. We are unworthy of it; but never have we claimed to be worthy. We know how feeble we are; every day proves to us our ignorance, and if only by our own holiness we have hope of heaven and rest, we are in despair at once, for we are altogether out of the way, except in the few things in which we have by Thy dear Spirit been brought back to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. We thank Thee, Lord, that we may believe that we are being drawn upward by Thy universal Spirit, the light of the love of God. Thou art our Sun. Without the sun all things in nature do perish; it is the father of all beauty, and growth, and life; Thou art Father of all beauty and growth in us. We thank Thee that Thou hast made Thyself known to us in such easy ways. The voice of nature hath nothing in it but what we could understand; but when we hear Thy Son and our dear Saviour calling unto us—"Come unto Me, and ye shall find rest," then we rejoice, we make haste to believe that it is the voice of God. It is to us the voice of assurance, and we learn to follow it. Even as the sheep follow the shepherd, so we Thy monitions. Now, Lord, this morning we do not come to con-

fess our sins ; we need not, they are naked and open before Thee. We know them ; though we may not appreciate the wickedness and the ingratitude and the selfishness, yet we know ourselves to be so full of frailty and of transgression that we need not make known anything to Thee ; but we hear Thee standing over against our acknowledged iniquity, saying, "Come boldly to the Throne of Grace to obtain mercy and help in time of need." Dear Lord, Thou art not deceived, though we may be. When Thou didst take us Thou wert not deceived, and didst not believe that we should ever be better than we have been. With the foreknowledge of our weakness, and waywardness and obstinacy, Thou still didst take us, Thou didst know what the task was, and Thou didst willingly assume it, and we are in Thine arms. As babes whose mothers know that they know but little, and are weak, and feeble, and ignorant, and must needs be patiently dealt with through long months, and years ; so dost Thou take us, and so art Thou dealing with us. We need never be discouraged in Thy presence, thinking how many times we have promised and have broken, how many times we have resolved and failed, how many temptations have insidiously made our feet to slide into dark and forbidden ways. Thou knewest it from the beginning, and Thou hast known it all the way, and Thou art still saying to us, "Come and obtain mercy, and help in time of need." Dear Lord, this is the very time we need Thee ; to-day we need Thee ; now we need our souls to dwell in Thine, and to have our wills subdued to Thy will, and our aspirations purified, and all the purposes of our life like the purposes of Thine own life. As yet we are with the animal kind, with our faces prone to the earth, and feeding on vain pastures here. Oh, give to us the bread that cometh from above ; give to our souls that joy which the world cannot give, and that peace which it cannot take away. Thou art the bread of life, may we feed upon Thee, not as bodily food, but as the soul feeds without wasting that upon which it feeds. No man shall hunger again, after he has had the bread of life, as the body hungers. Give to us Thyself. O, Love Eternal, work in us the dispositions of love ; give to us that quiet spirit which Thou holdest in Thyself, and for Thyself, and for all Thy children. Look upon the various wants of those in Thy presence, the aged, those that stagger with the duties of mid-life, and the young. Remember



those that do not remember Thee, and by Thy goodness and Thy mercy lead them into a better way. Remember all those that are standing under conscious sorrows that seem to be greater than they can bear. Thou that didst bear the Cross, teach them to bear it; Thou that wert strengthened by the angels in Thine anguish, teach them that Thine angels are ministering spirits for them. Are there any whose hearts are full because the cradle is empty? Look upon them, thou Consoler, subdue their anguish, give them rest and trust in Thee. Are there those present that seemed disbranched, whose bereavements have taken from them counsel and counsellor, friend, and brother? Walk Thou in the midst of them, and if, like Thine handmaid of old, they cannot discern that it is Jesus by reason of the tears that are in their eyes, call them by their name, and let them know that Thou art very near at hand for their comfort and for their strength. Remember all the households that are here represented by Thy servants; breathe into every one of them the spirit of hope, and love, and joy. Grant, we beseech of Thee, that the atmosphere may be as that of heaven. Remember especially the dear little children. When upon earth Thou didst call them to Thee, Thou didst take them up into Thy lap, and didst lay Thine hands on their head and bless them; with the infinite caresses of tenderest love still call them, still lay Thine hands on them, still may they grow up unto all truth and fidelity and divine love. Grant Thy blessing to rest upon the place where we are; grant that all those who are resorting here for errands of mercy may learn of Thee. May all the households be blessed. Bless the Church. They are one or they are nothing before Thee. Let the divisions that separate them on earth pass away. Grant [that men may seek not the things in which they differ, nor sit not as judges one over against the other, but in the spirit of the equality of divine love, may they sit as dear children in the presence of God, and so may they be more and more perfectly in sympathy and unity for their common work of destroying evil, and bringing forth the pleasant fruits of righteousness. Remember this land, the land of our fathers, the land in which Thou hast done great things in days gone by. Remember, we beseech of Thee, the Queen and all that are joined with her in authority, and as Thou hast given her many years of prosperous reign, so unto the end continue Thy benignity, that her counsellors may be



the counsellors of righteousness, and that this great people in all their relations through all the earth may be a people of God, loving justice and peace, and seeking the prosperity of mankind. We beseech of Thee to remember the nations of Europe, in their sad and tormented conditions, in war, and revolution, and agitation ; O, Thou that didst quell the storm, see that there come at last calm to them. And remember the land across the sea, which our fathers founded ; grant, we beseech of Thee, that it may become an example of justice and of truth, and of divine fidelity to all the nations of the earth ; lead them away from war, from avarice, from oppression, and make them to all nations of the earth, not simply a people that love liberty and religion, but a people that interpret religion and make it to be love. Let Thy kingdom come everywhere in all the earth, fill the world with Thy glory, and to the Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be praise evermore.

*Amen.*

ACCEPT our service this morning ; forgive the imperfect utterance of Thy servant ; grant that every heart may be opened to the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Grant that men may not look for Thy kingdom, saying : “ Lo, here, and lo, there,” that they may not look to this church and to that church, to this denomination and to that denomination. May there spring out of the hearts of Thy called, Thine own elect, such an atmosphere, such a beauty of holiness, that men shall not desire to contradict the truth as it is in Christ, but shall come saying, “ Teach us the way, teach us this lesson of happiness.” Dear Lord, how long wilt Thou wait ? how long shall the whole creation “ groan, and travail in pain until now ” ? When wilt Thou take Thy great power and come to reign ? The whole earth doth wait for Thee. “ Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,” and to Thy great name, with the Father and the Spirit, shall be praise evermore.

*Amen.*

*Torquay, September 19.*

THOU that didst command the light to shine out of darkness, let the light of Thy countenance shine into our darkness. Bring forth in us not that which is of the flesh, but that which is of the spirit, that which calls for Thee and

cries in us Abba, Father. May we take hold this morning upon Thee ; may we embrace Thee ; may we love Thee ; and may love overcome all fear and drive away everything that shall prevent our coming boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in time of need. Dear Lord, what time is there that is not needing ? In Thee we live and move and have our being, yet are assaulted on every side to move us away from our steadfastness and our faith, and to substitute the things which are seen for the things unseen and eternal. We need the inspiration of the Divine Spirit every day that we may discern the things that are true as against the things which are visible. So grant unto us this morning that we may find ourselves in sweet accord with Thee, not because we are good, but because we are needy,—not because we have rendered any service, but because all service of God is ours ; so grant unto us the fulness of faith and trust, and hope and joy and believing, and may the service of the morning be not transient as the dew, but may it abide as the rain, and grant that it may spring up in all fruit and blessedness and beauty as the flowers in the garden of the Lord. We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

**V**ERILY, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. We are born in these later days, and the light and the glory of God as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ hath brought delight to us. Since we were children we have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; we have learned much and are learning still, and yet the lessons of life are not learned. We are seeking for joy and running away from sorrow ; we are praying for grace, and are unwilling to accept the answer to our prayers in the Lord's appointed way. We are making ourselves rich in this world, but poor in spiritual things. We are filled with zeal, with ambition, with love and desire of pleasure, with riches, with the praise of men : we are living to search out the things that the senses can behold ; but the unsearchable riches of the invisible world, how far are they from us, and how little do we seek them ! We walk with Christ among men, we praise Him in the cathedral and in the church, we praise Him in words and psalms and hymns ; but do we praise Thee in our weakness, in our suffering, in our temptation ? We are looking for men's

respect ; are we looking for Thine ? O Lord our God, Thou Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, intimately acquainted, do we walk with Thee ? Do we suffer gladly for Thee, and with Thee ? Do we remember day by day that if we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him ? Deliver us, we beseech of Thee, from the bondage of our senses ; deliver us from the heresy that misleads us continually, not of thought, nor of doctrine, but of life. Give to us, we pray Thee, all the purging influence of Thy spirit, and awaken in us the consciousness that we are the sons of God ; and that it doth not yet appear what we shall be when glorified. Oh, grant that we may discern what nobility there is in walking as the sons of God, and suffering whatever is needful to give emancipation to our faith and to our spirits. We ask not for happiness, we ask not for joy, and yet they are ours. We ask not that we may be prospered in life and in health ; we ask that Thy will may be done. If some of us are appointed to obscurity may we rejoice in that ; and if some of us are cast down disappointed may we learn to rejoice in that ; and if we are sick or feeble may we learn to rejoice in that. In all things may we learn to be content, whether to abound or to suffer lack, that we may in every place, exalted or humble, wherever we are, be the faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ, and show to men Christ in every phase of our own lives. Oh, that we could dwell upon the mountain of vision ! for to us Thou art altogether lovely, and there are no joys like the inspiration of the joy which we have when we are in the mind of Christ, and when Thou dost reveal to us somewhat of the eternal world : then we are lifted up, then angels lift us up lest we dash our feet against a stone ; and there are hours of glory, luminous beyond the shining of the sun, in which we discern Thee and eternal things. Destiny, son-ship—all things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. O Lord, that we might abide in these beatitudes ! Thy servant of old would fain remain in the Tabernacle built upon the Mount of Transfiguration whilst sin racked the world and drove men hither and thither below. Oh, grant, we beseech of Thee, that while we are with Christ, in search of luminous hours with Him, we may go down where darkness is and temptation and sorrow and sin, and be content to follow our Master in His humiliation as well as in His glorification. For in some dark hours we are overmastered of temptation ; we doubt because we

cannot see, and all our zeal is quenched and lies as plants overcome of the frost. O Lord, then Thou art blotted out and then we are as beasts that perish. Then in our darkness and trouble Thou comest to us in all sweetness and gentleness and Thou dost teach us again, and we cry, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and Thou dost reveal Thyself to us gracious, long-suffering, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. And art Thou to be for ever thus? Shall we go on to sin that grace may abound? Thou, O Lord, art a Saviour; not at death, but all the way through life Thou art saving us from our sins, our inconstancy, ingratitude, and selfishness. Still save everlastingly. And we beseech Thee draw near to us this morning—to this waiting congregation, not to give them the things they ask for, for they know not how to ask as they should. Blessed be Thy name that our prayers are not answered. Long ago we should have been blighted if Thou hadst heard us and answered us according to our unwisdom. According to Thy great goodness treat us as we treat our children, knowing what is best and refusing them that which they solicit with tears even, if it be harmful. So give us the things needed, and every day give us this patient waiting upon God, this strength in the Lord, and may we walk, whether in high places or in low, with Thee. Be our companion, our merciful High Priest—Thou that hast been "tempted in all points as we are yet without sin." Oh, let us hear Thee calling us to Thee, and saying, "Come boldly," for Thou knowest us altogether. And it is with this knowledge of our weakness, folly and sinfulness that Thou art calling. Oh, Physician of the soul, because we are sick Thou art near us, and helpful to us. Now enter into every heart and every household represented here, and may they know that the Lord has come by the light that shall stream through the dwelling, and through their own souls. We pray that when Thou hast tempted them and carried them through needed troubles, when Thou hast in Thy providence shewn them and taught them, "as good soldiers, to bear hardship," when Thou hast answered Thy purpose in them; oh, bring them forth into freedom and into peace—the peace which passeth all understanding. Bless, we pray Thee, parents that they may be faithful to God in the care of their children. And bless the little children, bless them, our Saviour, as Thou didst upon earth; take them into Thine arms, lay Thine hands upon them, and

bless them with a sweet and infinite caress of Divine love. Grant Thy blessing to rest upon all those that are appointed to responsible places, upon all that teach, may they be taught : upon Thy ministering servants that open the invisible world—may they discern it themselves. May Thy servants that are appointed to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ be themselves a Gospel, may Christ be so formed in them that they shall be able to preach themselves the Christ that is in them, the Christ that hath made their life His life and His life their life. We pray that they may never be discouraged. May they sow in weakness that by-and-by they may reap in strength. We pray for Thy blessing to rest upon all the churches of every name in this place. Let divisions cease, let the daylight of love dawn. Oh, grant that Thy people the world over may begin to see eye to eye and heart responsive to heart. Let the kingdom of love so long delayed and lingering—oh, let it dawn and shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day—and to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit shall be praise for evermore. *Amen.*

**G**IVE to us the Holy Spirit of enlightenment ; give to us the river of love ; give us to understand what are the things that are best, and to be content with the things that are best, though they crucify the flesh. Grant, we pray Thee, that we may not listen to the voice of the world, charm it never so cunningly. May that still small voice of God, through our conscience and through our faith, be heard saying, in sorrow, in trouble, in weakness, in persecution, in afflictions manifold, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Dear Lord, walk by us. We are as Thy servant of old, who came to Thee, walking on the sea, and, beginning to sink, cried out. We are as he that besought Thy mercy upon his son, and said, "Lord, I believe, help my unbelief." So, Lord, we trust Thee ; oh ! help our untrust and distrust, and if Thou lovest us, and Thou dost love us, then be faithful to us, and teach us in affliction to be faithful to Thee, and as the night reveals the stars, so through our sorrow and darkness may all the glory of the firmament be made to appear above our heads until the day-star arise ; yea, until the sun and moon wax no more ; but God shall be the light and the hope of the hopeless soul, and to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*

*Brighton, September 26.*



BY what name shall we speak of Thee? Dear Lord, we would call Thee Our Father. Yea, Thou art our Father and our Mother, for all the sweetness of motherhood, and all the strength and vigour of fatherhood, are in Thee. Father and mother sprang from Thee; they were part of Thy nature, struck off from Thy soul. Thou art the everlasting Father of every one of us, and we are Thy children, though we may not know it, nor improve our privilege. Why should we tell Thee that we are weak? Dost Thou not know it, who hast carried us in Thy hand? Why should we tell Thee that we are full of ignorance? dost Thou not perfectly know that? Why should we that have stumbled tell Thou that hast lifted us up? Why should we go mourning before Thee every day when the Lord knoweth us altogether? "Naked and open are we before Him with whom we have to do." And knowing us perfectly, knowing us from the beginning, when Thou didst receive us, Thou still art saying to every one of us, "Therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in time of need." O Lover, O gentle and blessed Saviour, loving for evermore, shall we smite Thee? shall we plait the thorns of our sins to crown Thee withal? shall we by our transgressions pierce Thee? Nay, Lord, hold us back, keep us from temptation, and teach us how more and more perfectly to love Thee, and to walk by the road of love, and to trust not our perfectness, not our faith, when we come to the royal gate of death, but to trust *Thee*; for all our hope of salvation is not in our attainments but in Thy superabounding love. It is Thy generosity, it is the very nature of Thy being to help towards perfection those who are struggling with sin. From love we have had all nutriment of life; Thy compassions, Thy long-suffering, Thy gentleness have been our salvation; and when we shall come to stand in Zion before God, then more than ever we shall know that it is the love of God, as made manifest in Jesus Christ, that has been our salvation; and then with all angels and all redeemed saints, then and for ever and ever we will praise the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. *Amen.*

*Norwood, October 3.*

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THOU art our God, our fathers' God, the God of our childhood, and every year and through all the experiences of life Thou hast still been our God, as much when

we turned our faces from Thee as when we sought Thee. Thou hast been the God of our recovery, Thou hast been our nurse ; Thou hast not been wearied with our weakness nor our naughtiness. More than any parent loves her babe Thou hast loved us and borne with us, and carried our sins and our sorrows, hid in Thine own heart's love, and still hast been drawing us ; and the more we loved Thee not, the more we needed Thy love and had it. Nor can we find among men any that can be likened unto Thee, long-suffering, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, whilst Thou art striving to lift us away from our sins and transgressions. We thank Thee, our God, that Thou wilt not by any means clear the guilty. Thou wilt not treat us as if sin and virtue were alike. Thou knowest that our whole eternity is in our purity and love, and in the power of the spiritual man, and Thou wilt not for our sake, neither for our cries nor tears nor smiles be other than faithful to us. Wretched is that child whose father and mother indulge it ; wretched is that child that carries no chastisement, no restraint, for whom no one cares, for whom no one suffers : orphaned, indeed, is such a one. Dear Lord, we thank Thee that Thou wilt not clear us, and make the wrong seem as if it were right ; but with constant updrawing, with rebukes of love, with the chastisements of love, Thou art still persuading us to know our better way. By sorrow as well as by joy, by chastisement as well as by promise of love and of mercy, Thou hast followed us all the days of our lives, and by the grace of God we are what we are in all that is good and aspiring and pure. We thank Thee that we cannot enter into the full conception of Thy nature. There is not among men anything that justifies our thought of God. At the best, how far away are we from Thy nature ! We are as the moles that burrow under the ground, and the sun finds them in its heat, but they see nothing and know nothing. We rejoice, O God, that we see Thee as through a glass, darkly. Though Thou art to us often disfigured, yet we rejoice that there is the upgrowing of Thy Spirit, that there is the kindling in us of something that cries out after Thee. And there are Thy servants that have come to hunger and thirst after righteousness ; and as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, there are those whose souls pant after Thee, O God. We thank Thee for every such intimation that we are of Thine own flock, and of Thine own heart's

flock. And now we pray, this morning, that Thou wilt take away from us all fear, all sense of discouragement, all repentance that shall prevent our looking up into Thy face. Give us, this morning, the liberty of children, even if they are disobedient, that have come home to Thee. Teach them of their ill way, and do not turn them away, nor shut the door upon them. Let Thy children come back to Thee, dear Lord; help them, make the way easy to them, or else their feet would stumble, and they would utterly fall. In Thee is our help. We ruin ourselves, but Thou art our physician and recoverest our souls. Now accept our thanks for all Thy mercies past. We cannot mention them. One might sooner describe all that Thy sun every day illumines than make mention of Thy thoughts. How precious are they! Grant that this morning, according to our several capacities, we may rise up into Thy presence, lay aside the earth and earthly things, and feel that we are sons of God for once, if it be but for the Sunday in the week, and that we may walk with glory and honour upon our heads; for though the world knows us not, before Thine eyes we are crowned and are going home. Our seat is prepared, our sceptre remaineth, none shall occupy or take it from us; come late, come early, we are waited for, and prepared for, thanks be to Thy name. Our steps are slow; Thine are fast for us, and such as may not walk of themselves Thou takest the lambs into Thine arms and carriest them. O Thou unwearying God, unslumbering watchman of Israel, eternal in love and the power thereof, we glorify Thy name, and join with those that have been gathered out of the experiences manifold of this life and are in Thy presence to-day rejoicing with Thee; no longer in outward form of worship, no longer cribbed and confined, no longer through images, but they see Thee as Thou art. We, as we best can, imagine Thee. There among them are those that taught us something, themselves now more taught and better, of God. There are our little children; they are not in the grave nor can they be, they are with Jesus. They heard Him say, though we did not, "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" and behold they went, and we are left behind to weep and to sorrow, yet not as without hope. To-day they are blessed and our hearts find it easy; they are as so many steps toward the throne, helping us to go up. There are our parents, there are our brothers and sisters, there are

the companions of our earlier years. Oh, how full is heaven of the joyful memories of love growing richer to us every day ! We would not desire to depart ; we would rebuke ourselves that we sometimes wish that it were over, and that the dimness of this life might come to the clear sight of the heavenly life. But we are willing to wait if it be Thy will, yea, in pain and imperfection still to work and do the best we may. But do not forget us too long, O Lord ; do not let us linger after we can serve Thee no more, but gather us then home. Grant Thy blessing to rest upon this waiting assembly. Thou knowest as they know not themselves. Hear not their prayer, but only listen to Thine own wishes respecting them. Yet let them cry out unto Thee for whatsoever they think they need, and answer Thou that which is best for them. As we do by our little children, so do Thou by us. We beseech of Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt comfort those that are comfortless. Thou art nearest sometimes when we think Thee farthest off. When the blind that was restored was cast out of the synagogue, Thou didst find him, and Thou didst show mercy unto him then. Show mercy unto all those that feel that they are turned out from human sympathy, that they are overshadowed by misfortune, give them bravery of soul to endure the righteous will of God ; whether in joy or in sorrow, in pain or in ease, give them patience to endure unto the end. Be with those parents that know not how to instruct their children, that are weighed down by a sense of responsibility, and since they have put themselves into the arms of Jesus, why should they not put their children there too, and trust in Him and rest in Him ? Be with those that are strangers far away from home and home sick ; make this the House of God a home to them to-day, a place of refreshment in the wilderness. Grant Thy blessing to rest, we beseech of Thee, upon all those this day that are in perplexity of mind ; give them counsel—Thou that givest liberally and upbraidest not. And we beseech of Thee that Thou wilt give fortitude to those that are vehemently tried, and banish discouragement from any that are drooping and ready to sink down. Strengthen their hands, and so may they stand up and know that they are the sons of God, and be ashamed of cowardice and infidelity. Grant the blessing of Almighty God to rest upon Thy dear servant who here in this place teaches the people and feeds them with the bread of life. O, Lord, feed him more and

more, and may Jesus dwell in him, and may Christ and he be so identified that He shall preach Himself, "Christ, the hope of glory." And be with all the members of his church, and with the youth that are being brought up in the midst of this congregation. In all the services from day to day and from week to week of Thy servants at home or in the sanctuary be with them. Even as the light that guides but never oppresses, so lead Thy servant and this flock, we beseech of Thee, in green pastures and by the side of still waters. And now, Lord, what wait we for? Thou knowest all that we ought to ask. Thou givest liberally and upbraidest not, even when our imperfect thought omits the things most weighty. Accept our services. We are ashamed to offer our love to Thee, so poor, so intermittent, so selfish; and yet, when little children pluck rude flowers from the roadside and offer them to us, though they be not stately, nor fragrant, nor much beautiful, we take them because it is all that the little children know how to do. Take our offering and accept it because we are weak and ignorant and poor in every way, accept it for Thine own sake and perfume all these offerings with Thy love, and make them sweet and dear to Thyself, and to Thy name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be everlasting praise. *Amen.*

LORD JESUS, when the mist hangs low and dark, and we cannot find our way, how good is the wind coming from the north that sweeps it all away, eats it up, drives it, and gives us again the light of the sun and the warmth thereof. In our errors, our misconceptions of Thee, we are blinded and go chilled and drooping; fear is predominating and piety is a burden, and Thy service is a slavery and a bondage. What time the heavens clear and the sweet things of truth come blowing and letting us know the glory of God as made manifest in Jesus Christ; what time we hear Him crying to us, "O, come, ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" what time we hear Him saying, "They that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick; I come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance"—oh, are there any burdened consciences? are there any souls sick of sinning? are there any that mourn because they are so feeble in the royal way? are there any that look upon their useless and comfortless prayers? are there any that fain would rejoice but

know not how? Dear Lord, oh show them the heavens, and the fulness of Thy presence therein ; and may they not seek as if by their own strength and wisdom they could reach these altitudes of experience ; but, oh, may they lay their head upon the bosom of Jesus as Thy servant of old did, and, like John, learn to love and to trust, and to hope not in their goodness, but in the great power and glory and goodness of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Hear our petitions for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

Harecourt Chapel, October 10.

○ THOU Eternal God, Father, Son, and Spirit, shine forth this morning upon us that we may have the light of higher life, the light of Thy kingdom to interpret to us the darkness and the troubles of this mortal life. Give to us to behold not alone the golden thread of the past which led Thy people, but may we see in our history and in our time that there is a secret leading of God, and that darkness is covering the light, and that trouble is the bud of enjoyment, and that the fruits of righteousness while green are bitter, but when ripe are full of rejoicing and of mercy. May we learn how to live as seeing Him who is invisible ; may we make use of our senses for the lower necessities of life, but be not enslaved by them, nor judge all things higher by the feeble light of our lower life. Give us that faith that we can read an open vision, that we can discern therein the great number of the ransomed of the Lord that have returned and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads. Above all, help the great multitude of the redeemed to behold the Redeemer, and may everything that is in us cry for good, cry out for Him, the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. May there be in us this morning that from which our hearts spontaneously, unconsciously shall be calling Thee Father, Father, Father, so that we may feel that we have come home, and that we are not in the house made with hands but in the house of faith. Oh, grant that we may look up and behold the invisible life, and that it may shine down with all sweet interpretations upon us, upon our mistakes, upon our sins, upon our grievous stumblings, upon our sorrows, upon our mourning and desponding. Grant that we may, though we have not received the promises, believe in them and be sure that they shall be interpreted, if not in our senses here, in the great land above. We pray for these gathered together this

morning to worship Thee, that they may have the illumination of Thy Spirit ; may they have full possession of that which is best in themselves ; may all doubt and fear that have clouded in their minds flee away ; may all deafness and insensibility find life throbbing within itself. Grant, we pray Thee, that those who have in the week been wearied by the necessities of temporal things, may find here peace ; and as Thy servants went through the sea dry, this day may they be able, though the waves rise on either side, to walk in quiet and in rejoicing in the spirit of rest. Grant unto all these, we beseech Thee, that are burdened with trouble the power of casting their care upon Thee. Thou carest for them. Grant that those who are making vain complaints, and are speaking repiningly, and are seeking in restless prayers for they know not what—grant that the Spirit may intercede for them. They know not what to ask for as they should. May they have the assurance in them to-day that the Lord thinketh of them, that He is their guardian and their guide, and that He shall be their everlasting reward. Oh, that we may to-day be lifted so high that we can despise the world and all that it contains, that we may walk as the sons of God, conscious not of our own dignity, but conscious of our elevation above all earthly things. Are there any that are steeped in sorrow ? Oh, release them from the dead body of the past, and give them the life that is now and is coming. Are there any in fresh sorrow, any who rock the empty cradle, who behold the couch robbed, who no longer have fellowship and sweet friendship, from whom have gone on and up those that have divided their life in days gone by ? We pray for parents bereaved of children, for children whose parents have gone away, for those that love from those beloved. In all this great land of darkness and sorrow Thou Consoler of the ages, Thou God of all mercy and consolation, draw near to them and rebuke their unbelief, irradiate their darkness, and give them something by which they can take hold of and climb into the land of rest. Oh, how sweet is the heaven above, full of joy ! and our children are there singing, and our companions are there, no longer troubled with the wave or the wind. There are those with whom we have laboured through many a year. Oh, sacred Lamb of Peace, distil upon us to-day something of the dew of God's peace ; fill us all with hope and with joy. And grant, we beseech Thee, if there are strangers in our midst, that they may be at home

together with us in the house of the Lord, the home of the seeking, the separated, the solitary, those that yearn and have not. The Lord remember them and bless them to-day, the poor, those that feel the grief and the burden of ignominious poverty, those that are cast down, and overwhelmed ; Lord, take them into Thy care, and give to them if not relief outwardly yet the relief of the soul in knowing that God careth for them. Though lonesome they are not alone ; though in great trouble they are not abandoned ; they are ever more in Thy presence. Thou thinkest of them. And we beseech of Thee that Thou wouldst grant upon the young the blessing of the sanctuary ; may they love manliness and abhor all that corrupts it. Give largeness to them and courage, we beseech of Thee. And remember the children, those that are yet in the arms, and those that are beginning their life, and those that are yet unripe : will the Lord take care of them and inspire their parents not to love them for luxury's sake, but for God's sake, and to rear them not for prosperity here, but for immortality there. Bless Thy servants that may be present who minister in sacred things, and grant that Christ may so dwell in them that they shall be able to preach Christ out of their own experience, out of their own souls. And as the bread is no longer bread which gives us strength, but has been developed into our own selves, so may the bread of life eaten, dissolved, distributed, fill all our body and all our souls. Bless Thy servant that stands appointed of Thee to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ to these people. We thank Thee for the greatness of the success that Thou hast given him in days gone-by : yet let him not be lifted up, give to him the spirit of humility, give to him the privilege of serving Christ in least things, yea, in obscurities, in things unknown, and more and more bring home the living Saviour to his consciousness that he may walk in the light of life as it comes from Jesus. Bless his household, bless the church of his charge, bless all its officers, and all its members, and may the Word of the Lord grow and prosper in the midst of this people. Remember all those that are round about striving to teach : may they cease to strive with each other, may they not provoke each other, nor sit in judgment upon each other ; but may they in the spirit of love bear each others burdens and seek to bless each other to edification. So may the spirit of gladness spread from church to church, bringing out at last the hidden light and the hidden truth and the hidden power of Thy

people. Bless us, we beseech Thee, in the further waiting upon Thee; and this morning accept our thanksgiving, give strength and grace to us. When life here is over may it blossom there, and in the renewed life and more glorious liberty, and in the full shining light of knowledge we will give the praise of our salvation to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

O LORD, Thou crowned Sufferer, teach us to suffer, teach us the hidden meaning of it, the purpose of it; teach us in the spirit of Thy servant of old to desire that that which is lacking in the suffering of Jesus might be made manifest in our bodies. May we have an ambition not to suffer, but to be counted worthy to suffer; for, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Keep before us ever more the law of suffering, not the law of selfishness. And now bring balm through these thoughts to many a troubled soul, and clearness of vision to many that are perplexed in the way; bring us near to the invisible God, that we may endure as seeing Him. When our short life is over, Oh, Thou Redeemer, do not forget us. Thou that hast never forgotten us in our life, Thou that hast chastised us as a father his child, do not let us be lost in the gloom of the sepulchre, nor lost in the way. No man can pluck us out of Thy hand, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth—nothing can take us from Thy hand of Divine love. Oh, Thou God of Love we love Thee, and yet how feebly, how poorly! Bring up the summer in our experience, and may the garden of the Lord be filled with precious flowers and luscious fruits in our lives: we ask it for Thine own name's sake. *Amen.*

City Temple, October 17.





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